The Saturday Evening
POST
December 20, 1958 – 15¢

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How "Advance-Fee" Swindlers Victimize Property Owners

By JOHN KOBLER

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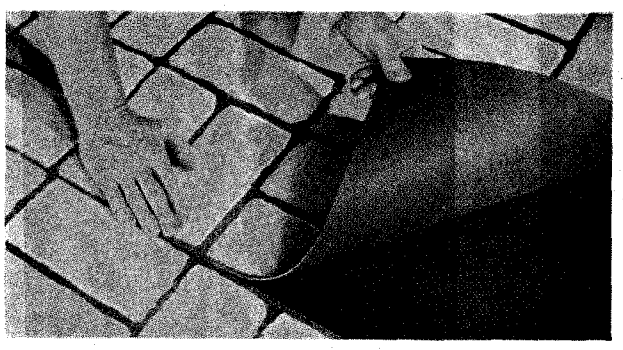
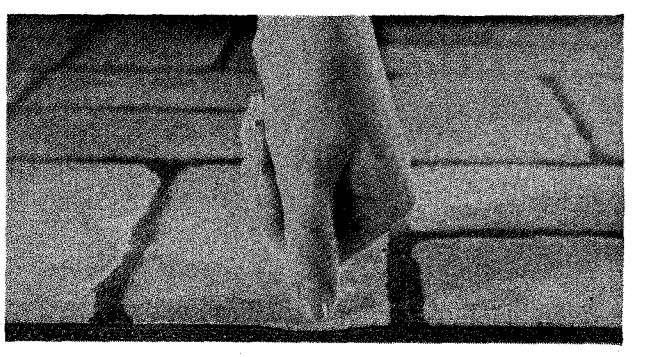
THE KENTS REMODELED THEIR KITCHEN COUNTRY-STYLE

with a "white brick" floor of carefree Armstrong Linoleum. Hardly a seam!



All the charm of old-fashioned white brick blends with modern practicality in Mrs. Kent's new kitchen floor. It was installed with invisible seams under the skillful care that only a professional craftsman can provide, so there's no place for dust to hide.

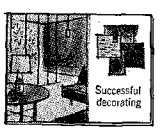
With a 4-year-old in the family, accidents will happen. But they're not catastrophes any more for the Kents. Spilled things—even grease—wipe up without a trace from their new Armstrong Linoleum floor. Occasional washing and waxing will keep it looking beautiful for years.



Imagine the comfort of having a cushion of foam under the floor! It's new and it's called Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment. Such a relief for a busy housewife like Mrs. Kent who's on the go all day long. Be sure your dealer includes it with your new floor.

Mrs. Kent chose Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, style 5571, from many smart designs in Armstrong floors. The mortar lines between the "bricks" are gently embossed to give the floor a smart, natural look.

SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," 32 pages of ideas in color for every room. Description of this "Country Kitchen" available free. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5812 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 128-J, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.



Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE, ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

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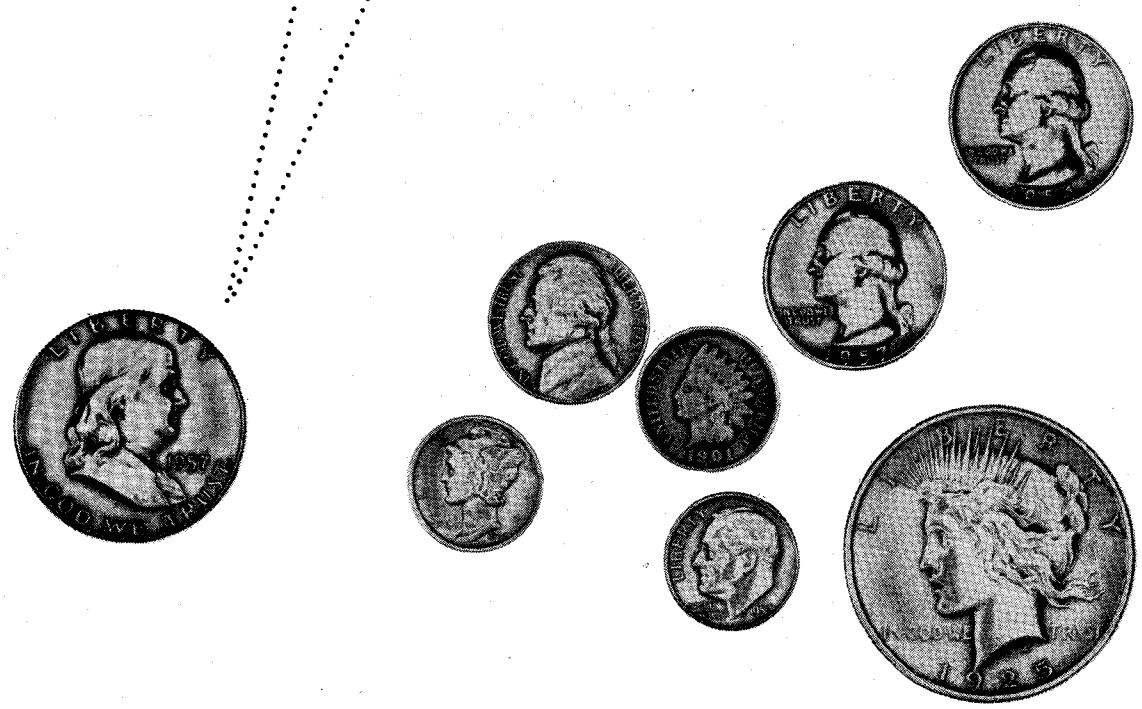
how much are you paying for socialism?



You wouldn't knowingly pay a cent toward socializing the U. S. A. You've seen what happens to the rights and freedoms of the individual in other countries when government takes over and runs things.

Yet you and other Americans have already paid more than *five and a half billion dollars in taxes* toward the socializing of the electric light and power business. So-called "public power" has now put control of almost 1/5 of the country's electricity into the government's hands.

And that's just the beginning. The federal "public power" pressure groups are pushing the idea that Congress should spend *another ten billion dollars* to carry this grab farther—with taxes to be collected from *you*, of course.

And it's all so unnecessary. For America's many *independent* electric light and power companies are able—and ready—to supply the electricity the nation needs—*without* spending a cent of your taxes.

The reason this *socialism by taxation* goes on is simply that most people don't know about it. So you can help halt it by spreading the word to your friends and neighbors.

As soon as enough people know that their taxes are being used to buy socialism, they will stop it, you can be sure.

WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS—YOU LOSE! *Every time the lobby for federal "public power" pushes another government electricity project through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill.*

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

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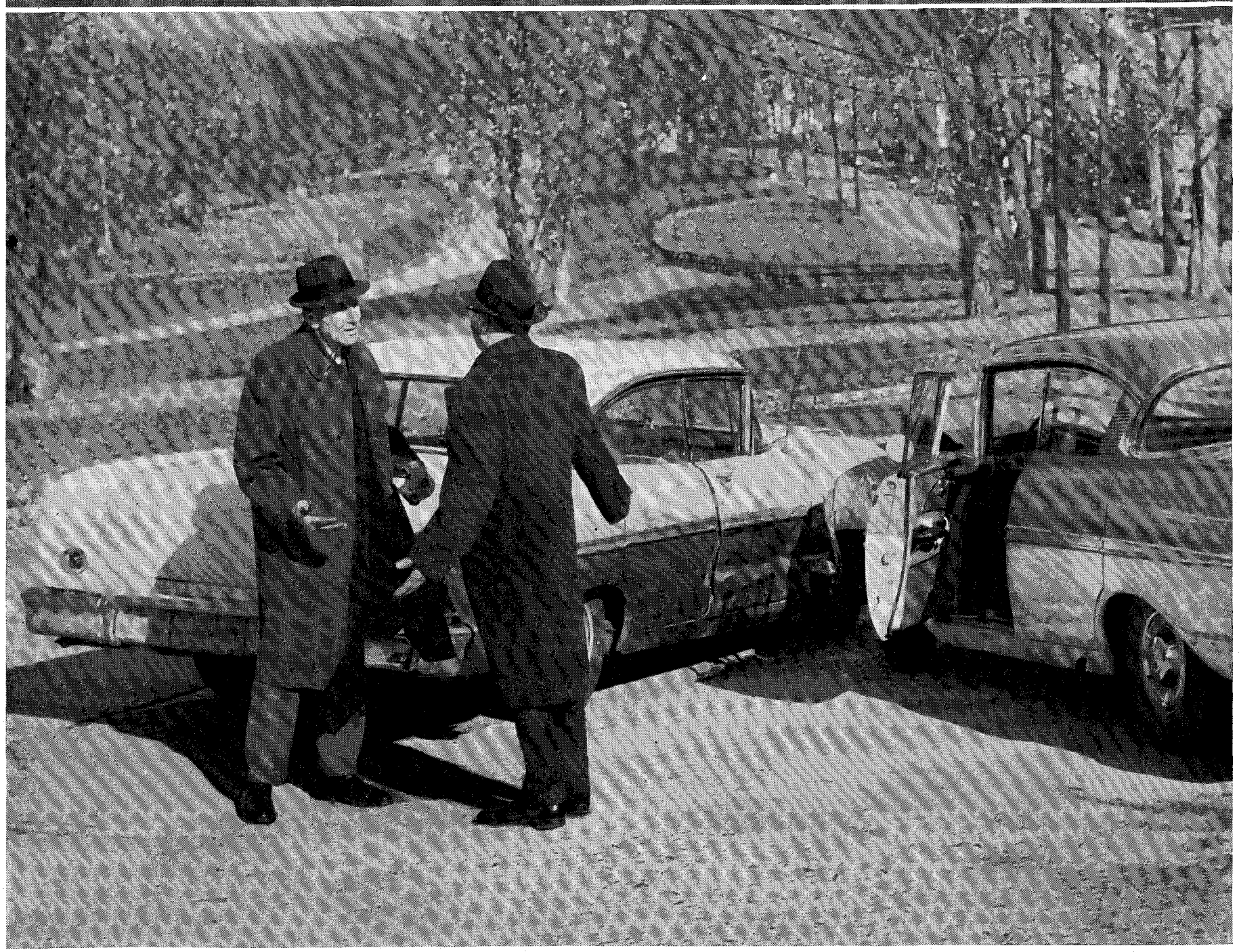
The Company that stands by you®



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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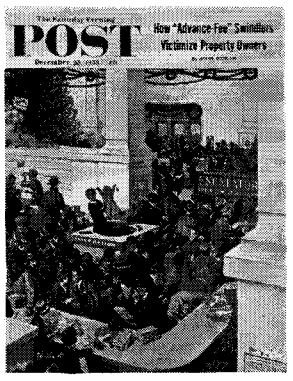

THE COVER

Let's say that artist Thornton Utz's mob scene is located in the Madding Throng Department Store, where Tom, Dick and Harriet are doing their Christmas shopping better somewhat late than never. Of course this hurly-burly has joy at the heart of it; tensions fade dreamily into the spirit of Kriss Kringle's coming. If the parents of that misplaced urchin are having fits about where he is, well, they'll find him, and their distress will lose itself in the reunion—their sweetest Christmas present of the year. In the foreground Mr. Somebody is having his pocket picked—but it's to make somebody happy. And if that lady up by the moving stairs buys her husband a dizzy set of underpants, why, on Christmas morn he can rejoice that they won't be worn visibly—like a dizzy necktie.

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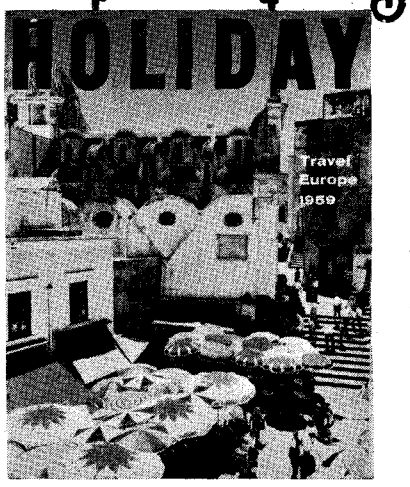

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Our most comprehensive and most colorful issue on the Old World. A glittering array of authors and photographers present the Western European—a complex, resourceful, continually fascinating creature.

Noted Holiday writer V. S. Pritchett sounds the major note with his continent-wide look at *The Europeans.* Under his personal microscope they parade, each displaying his jealously guarded identification marks, his bonds and quarrels with the rest of Europe.

AUBREY MENEN journeys to *CAPRI,* beguiling island of past wickedness.

JOSEPH WECHSBERG paints an affectionate and nostalgic portrait of *THE VIENNA OPERA.*

FREDERIC MORTON takes an eye-opening tour of cosmopolitan *BERLIN'S NIGHT LIFE.*

GERALD BRENAN guides you through the fantastic galleries of *THE PRADO.*

ALFRED DUGGAN *captures the* extraordinary vitality of the *CATHEDRAL OF ST. SAUVEUR.*

LAWRENCE DURRELL portrays student life at a great European seat of learning—the *UNIVERSITY OF GRENOBLE.*

WILLIAM SANSOM visits the *BONNE AUBERGE,* one of France's great restaurants.

In all, 20 features

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A Curtis Magazine

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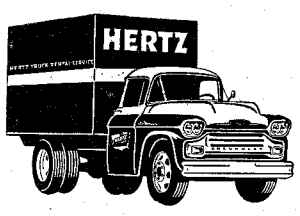
Take a tip from these young homemakers: rent a truck from Hertz and do your own moving job. That's the way to save up to half of ordinary moving costs! You'll get exactly the truck you need . . . any size, any model Chevrolet or other easy-to-drive truck. Just a proper driver's license and identification put you in the driver's seat. Also available at Hertz—trucks with hydraulic lift tailgates, pads and dollies. Low rates (by the hour, day or longer) include all gasoline, oil and proper insurance. Phone number to call? Your local Hertz office is listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books everywhere! Hertz Truck Rental, 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.



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HERTZ
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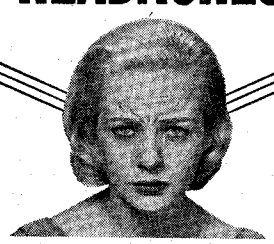
Better than aspirin even with buffering for
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES



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3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

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HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $2.00 an hour in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal, and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

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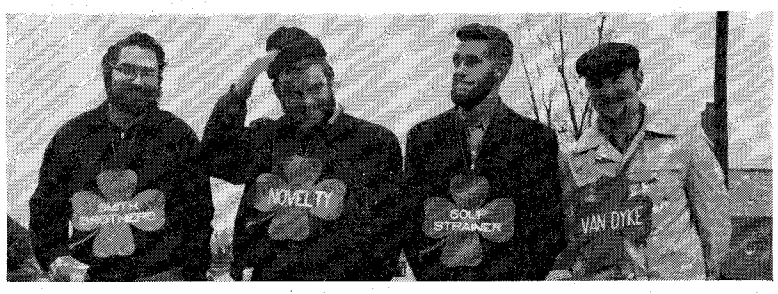
Letters

The Return of the Beard



Collegiate beard styles in Missouri.

Dear Sirs:

Re your recent article BEARDS STAGE A COMEBACK [by Richard Gehman, Nov. 15] . . . *PHOOEY!*

JAMES A. FIELD, *President*
Ingram Shave Cream
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We were pleased to find that we are doing better than holding our own.

DAVID and BILL BEARD
Hopedale, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Gehman refers to me as "*a* Sam Kramer." This implies that the entire country might be bristling with people wearing black beards, full of adventure, creating fantastic jewelry, and all superb raconteurs calling themselves Sam Kramer. You can see this is a disconcerting thought!

SAM KRAMER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The author stated that the longest beard in the world was eight feet, nine inches. North Dakota can easily beat that record. Mr. Hans Langseth of Barney, North Dakota, who lived to the age of eighty-one, sported a beard seventeen and one half feet in length [below].

North Dakota champeen.

Mr. Langseth wore a portion of the beard in usual fashion, and the rest he braided so that he could wear it inside his vest.

COLIN BAILEY
Wyndmere, N. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Down here in Missouri we are avid supporters of the beard. Enclosed is a picture of four undergraduates from the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy [above]. Each year the students engage in a beard contest for their St. Patrick's Day celebration, and these four were among last year's winners.

LARRY KAINE
Rolla, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

While in Russia doing research work on a doctorate dissertation on Russian education, I flew to Siberia. . . . However, while I got off the plane at Irkutsk, my baggage continued to Peking, China. My beard [below] was the direct result of my razor being in Peking, and I finished my work in Russia without shaving. . . .

Siberian special.

My two youngest children did not recognize me upon my return home.

MILLARD HARMON
Auburndale, Mass.

P.S.: I have yet to receive my baggage.

Auburn's "War Eagles"

Dear Sirs:

[Re WHAT PRICE AUBURN'S FOOTBALL GLORY? by Fred Russell, Nov. 15]: Who is Fred Russell? Georgia Tech? . . . It is obvious he is not a War Eagle.

MRS. N. E. BARNES
Gadsden, Ala.

● *He's a Commodore from Vanderbilt.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for not criticizing, or better still, not condemning nor condoning the Auburn recruiting situation, but stating the facts as you honestly see them.

ANNE D. BISHOP
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

The Post's headline writer implies in the subhead that Auburn's football success came at the expense of scholastic standards. It is unfortunate that this interpretation was placed on such a well-written and objective article.

DAVID D. WENDEL
Birmingham, Ala.

(Continued on Page 6)

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Salem refreshes your taste

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

If you love Spring . . . the sparkling, utterly clear and clean freshness of the air . . . then you'll love Salem cigarettes, for there's Springtime freshness in every puff. A whole new idea in smoking . . . rich tobacco taste with a new surprise softness that gives new ease and comfort to smoking. Through Salem's pure-white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem!

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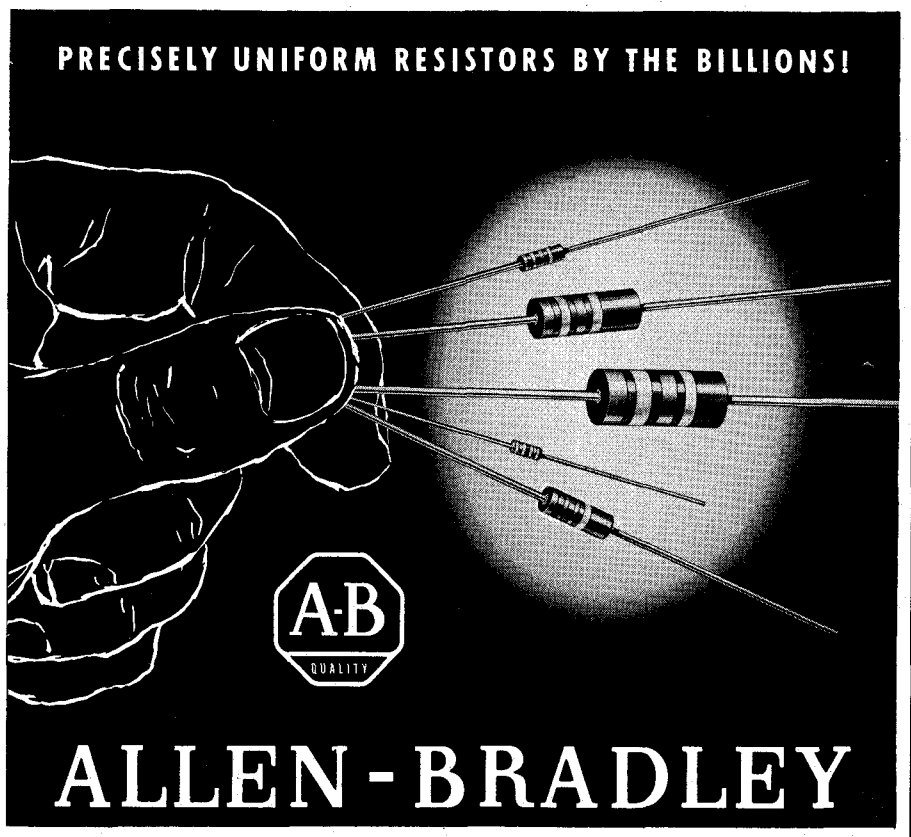

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No technique to date can approach Allen-Bradley's *exclusive* hot-molding process for maintaining uniform electrical *and* mechanical properties from resistor to resistor . . . year after year. For consistent *quality*—and reliable performance—specify Allen-Bradley composition resistors. Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

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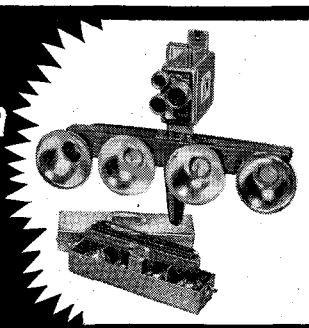
new light to brighten indoor movies...



Compact; easy to handle; brighter illumination—everything's *new* about Smith-Victor Bar Lights. Model GL43 is only 15½ inches wide; expressly designed for the new small 300 watt lamps. Model GL43 in metal carrying case only $11.95, lamps extra. Other models from $3.95 at your favorite dealer. Ask him to show you the unique automatic TOTE'EM POLE – the most practical, convenient camera support you can use. Only $12.50.

Smith-Victor Griffith, Indiana . . . the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of photographic lighting equipment

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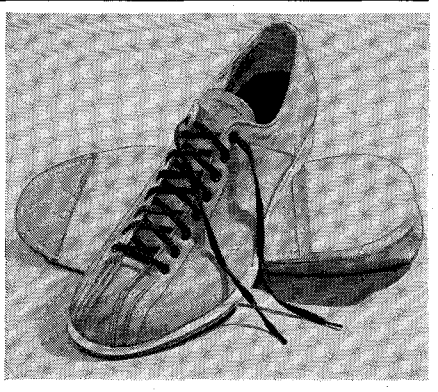
Earn These Comfortable Bowling Shoes for this Season!



THESE gunsmoke bowling shoes of soft glove-tanned leather can easily be yours.

Send us two 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or four 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $5.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your shoes.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until March 31, 1959. Sorry, no bowling shoes may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

474 Independence Square **Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania**

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

The Ugly American and Dr. Zhivago

Dear Sirs:

I find it difficult to tell you how enthusiastically I applaud your publication of THE UGLY AMERICAN [by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick, Oct. 4–Nov. 8]. I could barely wait for the final installment to discover whether, in the end, the authors had gotten cold feet and sugar-coated the inevitable finale. . . .

Every American should read it and ponder—most especially such superpatriotic Americans as your correspondents, Sylvester J. McAtee and J. P. Rich [Letters, Nov. 8] who probably . . . believe that with the wave of some dollar-encrusted magic wand we can outclass . . . Russian and Chinese propaganda and scientific achievement. . . .

Publication of The Ugly American is an impressive public service.

WYNANT D. HUBBARD
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

If Mr. McAtee thinks The Ugly American unduly critical of the U.S., perhaps he has noted the Doctor Zhivago fuss elsewhere. We can take it, but they can't.

JOHN P. CONLON
Newark, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

This book may be compared to the novels of Charles Dickens, who in the last century touched some very sore spots on the British conscience.

K. HUGH DENMEAD
Birmingham, England

Dear Sirs:

While I will agree that the people we send abroad should be required to respect the manners and customs of their host countries, there is no need for them to forgo the simple comforts which are available to people of all levels in this country. . . .

It should be our aim to demonstrate to the people of other lands that such progress as ours can only be attained through a democratic way of life.

MRS. R. N. ROOCK
Trotwood, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The Ugly American is . . . distasteful.

FRANCIS T. FARRELL
% American Embassy
Tripoli, Libya

Dear Sirs:

As we say in New Hampshire—it was a corker.

For your disgruntled, over-sensitive critics, I would suggest each one procure a bucket of sand in which to bury his head—deeper.

GEORGE BEARDSLEY
Contoocook, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Generally we have been favorably impressed by the excellent quality of our embassy people who represent us abroad. . . .

The State Department and its Foreign Service Officers have, in most instances, strongly co-operated with Foremost on projects that have been of definite assistance to the native population. The American embassy people are earnestly trying to give our country the kind of representation abroad we urgently need.

GROVER D. TURNBOW, *President*
Foremost Dairies, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif.

KNIGHT ERRANT

Dear Sirs:

I love Irene Magee's poem, KNIGHTLY BEHAVIOR [Oct. 25]:

Thou sayest chivalry
Is dead to modern us;
Nay! Nay! It lives, I see,
Upon this very bus.

Behold yon gallant blade
Who from his seat doth hop
For that foot-weary maid! ——
Oh, never mind—it is his stop.

But one still quite often gets the reaction I have pictured below in

NATURAL BEHAVIOR

Thou hintest chivalry
Is dead to modern us;
Nay! Nay! It lives, you'll see,
Upon this selfsame bus.

Yon knight who leaps from seat
Is far from journey's end.
But this approaching maid's a treat!—
Her looks his manners mend.

MARGARET R. DODGE
Pasadena, Calif.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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. . . the lion-hearted car that's every inch a new adventure

In the style that set the standard for an industry: Chrysler Saratoga 2-Door Hardtop in Lustre-Bond Ivory and Ballad Green.

Chrysler's newly available Swivel Seat eases you inside . . . places you securely behind the wheel. Youthful color surrounds you. Your view is wide and clear through tempered safety glass.

Now, with the turn of a key, a touch of a button, this lion-hearted Chrysler comes alive. The new Golden Lion V-8 engine promises even greater fuel savings than the Mobilgas Economy Run champion it replaces!

You ride silent, smooth and steady with Chrysler's incomparable Torsion-Aire suspension. You dial the speed you want with the amazing optional driver-assist, Auto-Pilot. Then relax! Travel foot-loose . . . pedal free! (You'll use a lot less gas, too!)

The dust of travel can't disguise the beauty of this new Chrysler '59. New Lustre-Bond, hardest of the new super-finishes, needs no polishing. A quick wash restores its new car glamor for as long as three years.

It's adventure all the way in this lion-hearted Chrysler '59. Every velvet-smooth mile you drive. And this adventure starts at your Chrysler dealer's. He'll be pleased to let you drive any one of fifteen sparkling new models.

The manufacturer's suggested retail price appears on every new Chrysler model in your authorized dealer's showroom. Chrysler Windsor prices, exclusive of transportation charges, begin as low as $3204.00.

LION-HEARTED

CHRYSLER '59

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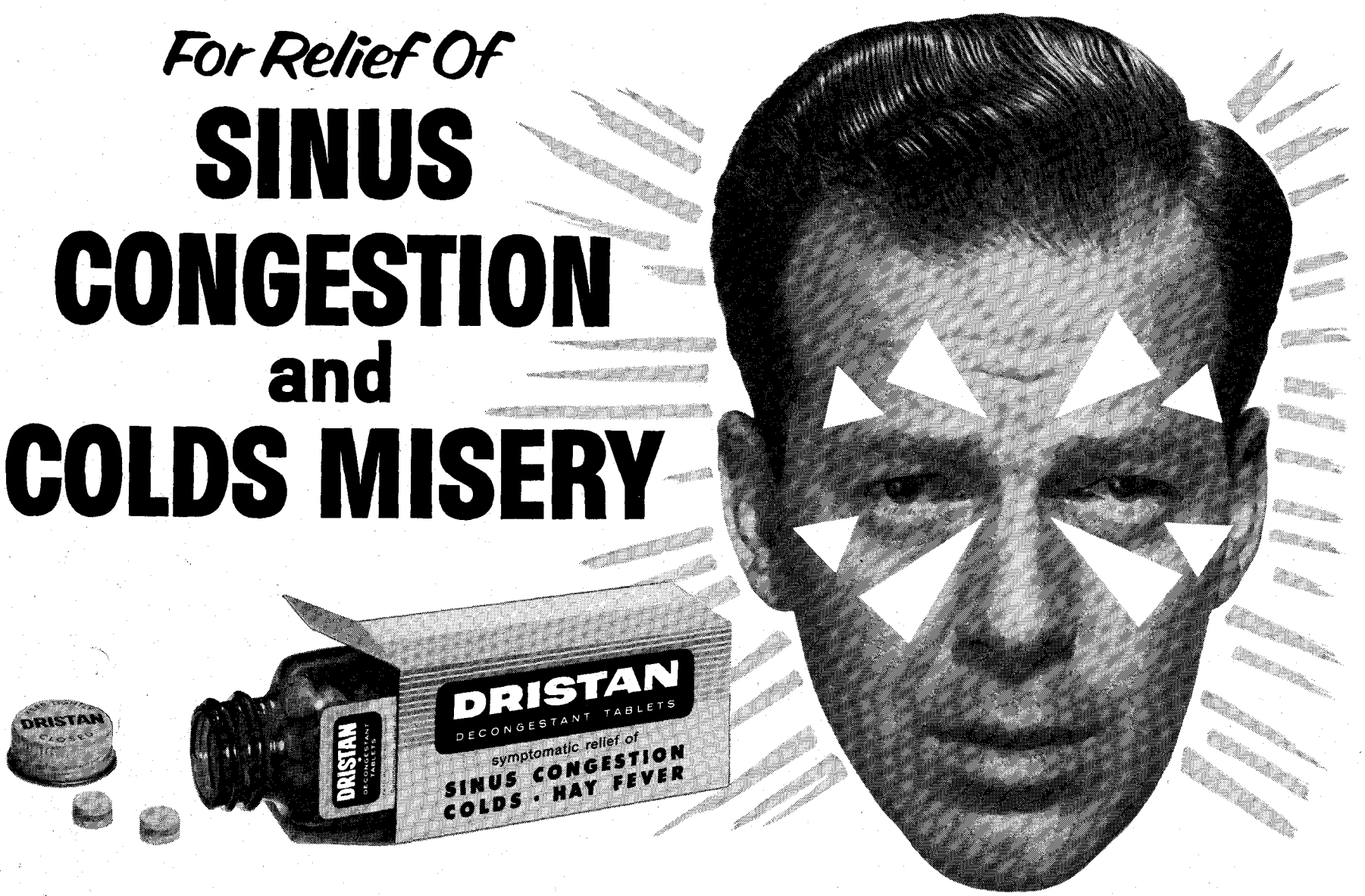
For Relief Of

SINUS CONGESTION and COLDS MISERY



Get This Revolutionary 3-Layer Tablet— HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

Relieves Congestion that Causes So Much Colds Suffering

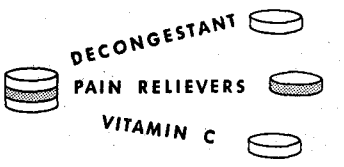
DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets...the amazing medical discovery that has brought unprecedented relief to millions of sinus sufferers...*also offers dramatic relief from colds distress.*

That's because...for the first time, DRISTAN makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.

Working through the bloodstream, it reaches all sinus areas and relieves congestion deep within head areas inaccessible to other forms of medication. It shrinks swollen sinus membranes and helps promote free drainage. Then, as clogged passages are cleared, relief from colds miseries follows.

Free breathing is restored. Pressure and pain relieved. Fever reduced. Postnasal drip controlled.

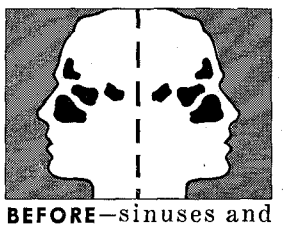
DRISTAN GIVES YOU:



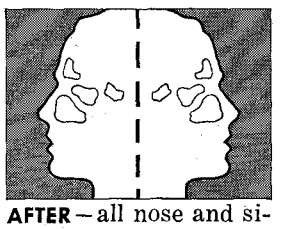
1. The *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors.
2. *Pain Relievers,* a highly effective combination of ingredients for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block the allergic reaction often associated with colds.
3. *Vitamin C*—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose) to help build body resistance to infection.

No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

You need no prescription for DRISTAN. Guaranteed to relieve the miseries of sinus congestion and colds...or purchase price refunded.



BEFORE—sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus ...responsible for so much colds suffering.



AFTER—all nose and sinus areas decongested ...free, comfortable breathing restored.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!

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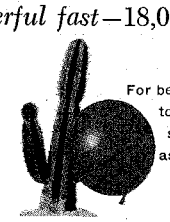
ALSO SOLD IN CANADA

He'll love you for the things new Schick Powershave says about him. That he's an up-to-date kind of man—a man who cares about the way he looks. **You'll love him** because he is that kind of man. Looks good—feels smooth. Always clean shaven and nice to snuggle up to.

New Schick Powershave with Superaction Edge is the perfect gift for him. Simply because it shaves best—because it's 3 ways the most powerful shaver going. *Powerful fast*—18,000 shaving strokes a minute. *Powerful close*—shaves deep down where the beard begins. *Powerful gentle*—no pinching or pulling, ever. Yes, this year, the best reason to give him the new Schick—comes after the shave.



For beards tough as cactus, skin tender as a toy balloon

NEW SCHICK POWERSHAVE

WITH SUPERACTION EDGE · NEWEST IDEA IN SHAVING

Merry Christmas colors: Glacier White ○ *Royal Black* ● *Desert Tan* ◉ *Forest Green* ◉

Newest idea in shaving! . . . Built-in *Superaction Edge*. Another Schick exclusive. Look for the new blue cap. **Buy now!** Most stores offer 14-day FREE home trial that starts Christmas Day.

Inspiration! Also in Auto/Home model. At home or on the go, he's only a cord's length away from a perfect shave.

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Editorials

Can Ike and Lyndon Curb the Spenders in the New Congress?

The Eisenhower program for the next two years seems likely to be something of a rear-guard action, an effort to hold the line until it can be discovered what the people really meant to convey by their action on November fourth. The labor high command, whose efforts produced victories for many of the Democrats elected, knows what it wants and has wasted no time in saying so. The minimum wage is to be hiked; Congress will undoubtedly be expected to repeal the section of the Taft-Hartley Law which permits the states to have "right-to-work" laws; spending for "welfare" schemes is to be increased.

How to live with this situation is President Eisenhower's problem, although he will not be alone in efforts to solve it. Sen. Lyndon Johnson, of Texas, majority leader in the Senate, indicates that he would like to see bipartisan harmony, at least on foreign policy and spending. This attitude could conceivably extend to other subjects after the "sons of the wild jackass," as the late Senator Moses, of New Hampshire, used to call them, have had a chance to sound off. However, the best organized and most highly vocal group in the picture is the labor bureaucracy to which so many newly elected Democrats owe, or think they owe, their success.

Despite this fact, it will eventually occur to some members of Congress that a lot of people who voted for them had no idea they were voting to give carte blanche to the labor bosses. Some of them just got tired of the politicians that were in office and voted to try a new set. Pressure for more spending has the backing of at least one professional economist, Prof. Seymour Harris, of Harvard. In a letter to The New York Times Magazine, he meditated on "how much sooner we would have had the recovery and how many additional billions of income and million man-power-years of employment we would have had if the Administration had introduced a reasonable tax cut and favored spending programs."

Eating your cake and having it, too, is what most of us are for, but, even with the backing of a Harvard Keynesian, we know it isn't practical. Something has to give, probably the value of our money. When the excitement of voting for the moon has quieted down, the still small voice of common sense may have a chance to be heard. It will be realized that it was pretty silly to be shilled into repudiating the simple American idea that a man should have a right to a job without paying tribute to Jimmy Hoffa.

Certainly there is no reason for conservatives to panic. The G.O.P. got about 44 per cent of the popular vote, and that isn't counting the ballots cast for many conservative or middle-of-the-road Democrats. If we can avoid getting into a knockdown fight over "civil rights," this is a base upon which to build for the future. The experience of England is enlightening. After the Labor Party had done its socialistic worst, the Conservative Party squeaked in and, by the simple process of freeing the economy from doctrinaire entanglements, has become genuinely popular. With a little luck, some bipartisan co-operation, and a few presidential vetoes, this country should manage to avoid the pitfalls of inflation, socialism and pacifism without having to try them first.

Bogus Information On Our China Policy Fools Even Senators

Few subjects have produced so much misinformation passing for gospel truth as American policy toward Communist China. At the height of the crisis in the Formosa Strait, Sen. Joseph Clark, Jr., of Pennsylvania, and Sen. Hubert Humphrey, of Minnesota, declared that this country had "been dragged to the brink of war for no purpose remotely connected with our national security." What Secretary Dulles and the President have been attempting to do, in a "climate" clouded by statements like the above, is to present a firm front to Communist bluster in the Far East, when failure to do so would almost certainly cost this country the last of its faith and credit in that Red-menaced area, a matter of intimate concern to our security.

A second fiction is the belief that, if we could persuade the Chinese Nationalists to abandon the offshore islands, the Communist heat would be off. This legend is still believed despite the fact that the Chinese Communists have at no time shown the slightest interest in any such deal. During the protracted negotiations at Warsaw, the representatives of Red China rebuffed every suggestion that perhaps they might consent to some sort of neutralization of Formosa in exchange for the demilitarization of Quemoy and Matsu.

Red China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi put the final clamp on this wishful thinking in a statement made to the North American Newspaper Alliance correspondent in Peiping. Chen said: "It is a total miscalculation to think that Communist China will exchange Taiwan (Formosa) for a seat in the United Nations. Trusteeship, demilitarization or a seat in the United Nations is unacceptable." His minimum condition is "liberation" of Quemoy, Matsu, Taiwan and the Pescadores. "America must pull away its hand from the Taiwan Strait."

In other words, the only condition acceptable to Red China is the abandonment of our remaining allies in Asia, with an effect on them and timorous "uncommitted" nations which can well be imagined. And yet Senators Clark and Humphrey imply that Secretary Dulles has put this country in an "untenable position" because he hasn't arranged a withdrawal from the islands in exchange for a Red agreement to spare Formosa—a deal to which the Communists declare they wouldn't agree.

Actually it is doubtful that we have been "dragged to the brink of war" at all, although, as Stewart Alsop's article in last week's Post made clear, it is impossible to take a stand against aggression without some risk of war. However, the Chinese Communists are in no condition to fight us; and their Soviet sponsors are not likely to be dragged, insulted or blundered into war until they have a better chance of winning than they have at present.

We have by no means heard the last of these fictions. They will be renewed and others invented until, God forbid, they have accomplished their purpose, which is to bring about an American surrender in an area increasingly vital to our security.

Mr. Truman Can't Expect to Work the Same Trick Twice

Vice President Nixon may have spells of uncharacteristic pessimism which the recent election did little to alleviate. But we have an idea that he is not too much cast down by former President Truman's twice-told tale that he hopes Nixon will be the Republican nominee in 1960 because "he will be the easiest to beat." This is where we came in.

Back in 1948 when former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey and the late Sen. Robert Taft were battling for the Republican nomination, Mr. Truman gave out that Taft was his choice because "we can lick him." Enough Republicans temperamentally favorable to Taft believed this to bring about Dewey's nomination. Whether Taft could have won or not is still a moot point, but we know that Governor Dewey didn't.

Actually the Democratic high command believed that Taft would be tougher to beat than Dewey. In his book, Inside the Democratic Party (Bobbs-Merrill), John M. Redding, one of the Truman publicity staff in 1948, recalls a conversation with Gael Sullivan and Bob Hannegan, public-relations men for the Democratic National Committee, in the course of which Hannegan said: "It'll be Dewey again. . . . Actually if the Republicans were smart they'd run Taft. He'd be a better candidate and would be harder for us to beat simply because he would fight harder."

The Democratic strategists therefore set about planting in the Republican subconscious the idea that Taft was regarded by the Democrats as the easier man to beat. They then sat back and let Dewey beat himself.

However, Mr. Nixon will be wise not to permit the circumstance of being a long-shot in Mr. Truman's book to inflate his ego. The Democrats may have changed signals!

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Merry Christmas

THOUGH OTHER THINGS may change in this world of ours, Christmas remains forever the same . . . a season of joy and hope and love and faith.

We of Metropolitan Life . . . whose privilege it is to serve so many families in the United States and Canada . . . greet you in the ancient and abiding spirit of that first Christmas observed so long ago under the stars of Bethlehem.

May you know the warmth, the joy and the love of Christmas as expressed by happy family reunions . . . the spirit of Christmas as symbolized by church bells and chimes . . . and the faith of Christmas as expressed in our worship of the Almighty.

As a New Year dawns, we hope it will bring you the fullest measure of health, happiness, progress . . . and peace and contentment of mind and heart. And may these blessings be with you throughout all the years that lie ahead.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY *(A Mutual Company)* 1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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Best to give-best to get!

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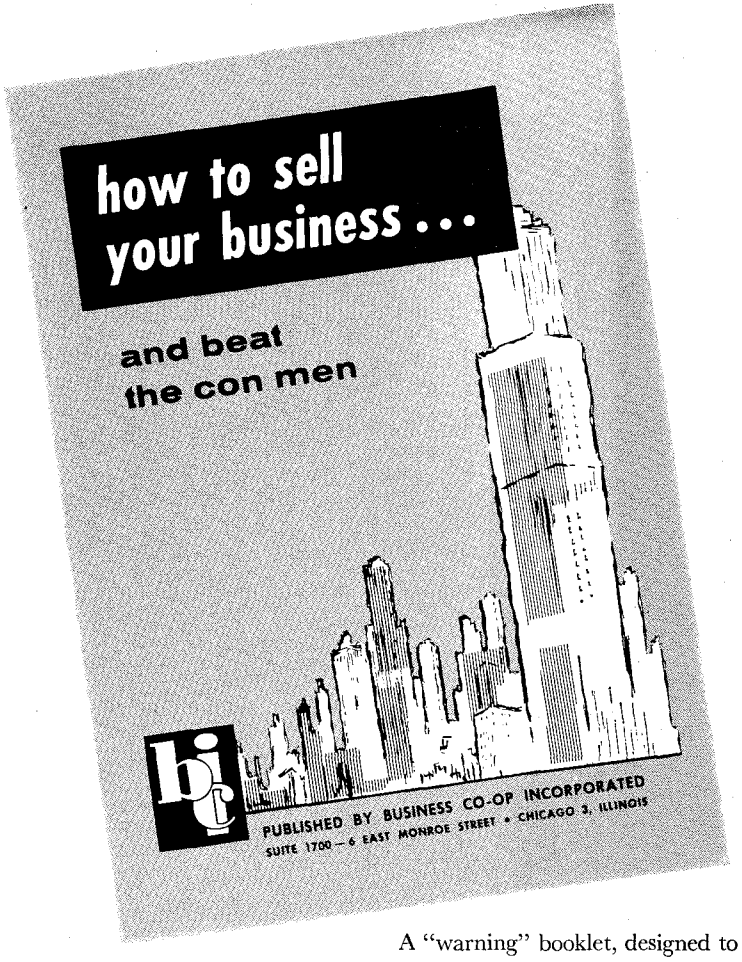
how to sell
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and beat
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A "warning" booklet, designed to soften up the victims before the kill.

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Beware the Advance-Fee Racket

This con game cheated Americans out of $50,000,000 in the past year. The bait: a promise to sell the victim's business or property at a profit. The bite: a reasonable fee—payable in advance.

By JOHN KOBLER

Proliferating like toadstools throughout the United States today is a noxious new species of con man, the advance-fee swindler. His sphere of operation is real estate; his prey, owners of distressed small properties and businesses, such as hot-dog stands, truck farms, barbershops and motels, from whom he mulcts sums ranging between $100 and $3000 with fake promises of a quick sale. Many of the victims are elderly or invalid, almost all are in dire financial straits. California's assistant real-estate commissioner, Donald McClure, calls it "one of the most vicious rackets we've ever had to deal with."

At first blush the advance-fee swindle appears so simple in its basic elements as to defy belief that it could entrap anybody above the I.Q. level of a moron. Yet innumerable dupes have parted with sizable amounts in the presence of their own lawyers. About seventy advance-fee outfits, some with interlocking directorships, are currently plying their wiles. In 1958 their combined loot came close to $50,000,000. So far no effective counter-weapon has been devised.

Last May the National Association of License Law Officials assembled in Oklahoma City, full of wrath and frustration, to intensify its campaign against the swindlers. A month earlier the attorneys general of eleven Western states, Alaska and Hawaii, meeting in Portland, Oregon, pondered ways to prosecute them. None of the existing legal machinery, state or Federal, the majority agreed, was adequate. The following July the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, under acting chairman Sen. Henry M. Jackson, of Washington, held a two-day hearing at which officials of the Federal Trade Commission, the United States Post Office, various state realty boards, and Better Business Bureaus testified to (Continued on Page 48)

Dear Friend:
I am planning on Visiting your area soon, Through our Publication, National Buyers' Guide, We have requests from People who are interested in buying businesses and properties in your Area. If you want to sell, Please drop me a line right away and I will stop in to see you.
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Replies to the "personal" post card above get the salesman in the door.

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NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND DALLAS MIAMI

The sender requests an answer

RUSH

THIS MESSAGE URGENT IF YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR BUSINESS. HAVE ACTIVE INQUIRIES FROM POTENTIAL BUYERS FOR NEARLY EVERY TYPE BUSINESS. ACT IMMEDIATELY AND WE WILL SHOW YOU HOW YOUR SALES INFORMATION CAN BE PRESENTED TO THESE POTENTIAL BUYERS THROUGH THE INTERCHANGE PROGRAM. MAIL ENCLOSED CARD TODAY FOR PROMPT ACTION.

RALPH THOMAS
SALES DEPARTMENT
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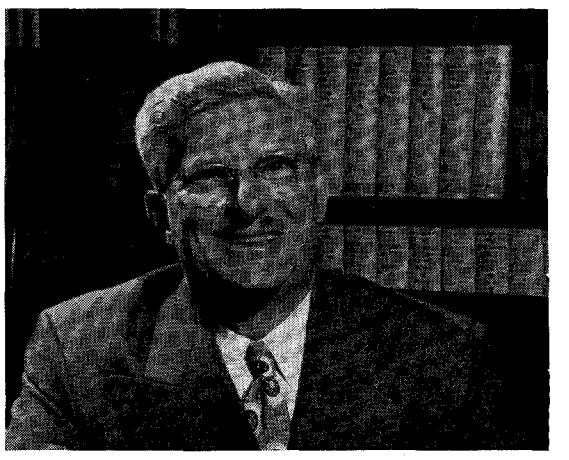
This urgent-looking "telegram" often impresses the gullible.



Charles Solk, an early innovator in the advance-fee business. He founded Charles Ford and Associates.

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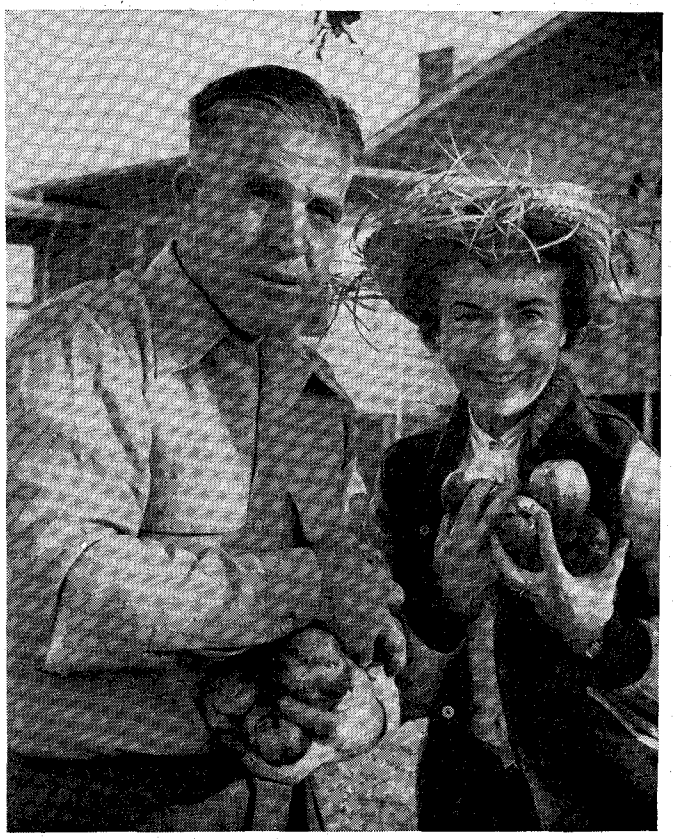
American Motors' top brass with the original Rambler, made in 1902 by the Jeffery motor company. From left: sales manager Roy Abernethy, president Romney and operations chief E. W. Bernitt.

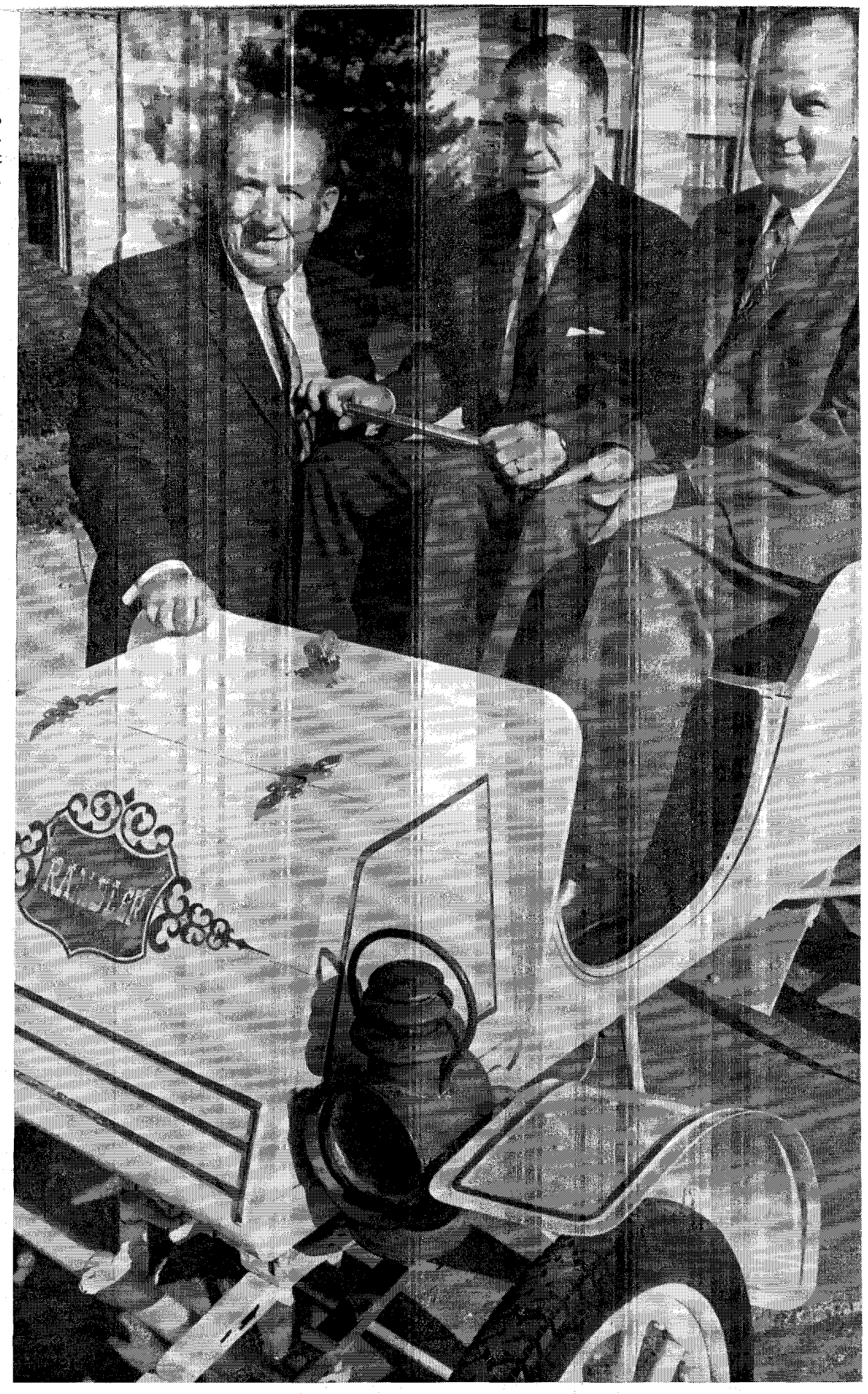
George Romney and his wife, Lenore, at their home in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. He is a Mormon, and once served as a missionary; Mrs. Romney is a former actress.



In the generally tough year of 1958, only one auto company bettered its business over 1957. Who? American Motors. Why? Because of a Hairbreadth Harry rescue by George Romney—

THE MAN WHO SURPRISED DETROIT

By ARTHUR W. BAUM



Frank Merriwell! Jack Armstrong! All other nick-of-time, victory-when-all-is-lost heroes—move over. Make room for George Romney, a real-life snatcher of triumph from the very chops of defeat. Romney is president of American Motors Corporation, the country's eighty-sixth-largest corporation. Less than three years ago American was hanging by its corporate toes over a dreadful abyss, one corporate hand clinging to a slim sapling at the cliff edge. Soil was crumbling, the roots of the sapling were tearing loose. But Romney pulled it back to the sanctuary of solid land. American now makes profits, makes more automobiles than ever before in its history, is the only domestic automobile manufacturer to sell more cars in 1958 than in 1957, and on the stock market has been transformed from a "dog" to a shining star.

It wasn't all George Romney, as he keeps pointing out, but the young—fifty-one—president fits the part of a dime-novel hero so snugly that it is an irresistible temptation to saddle him with the comparison. He fails on only one count. He is handsome, strong-jawed, clean-living, and he has scored the necessary

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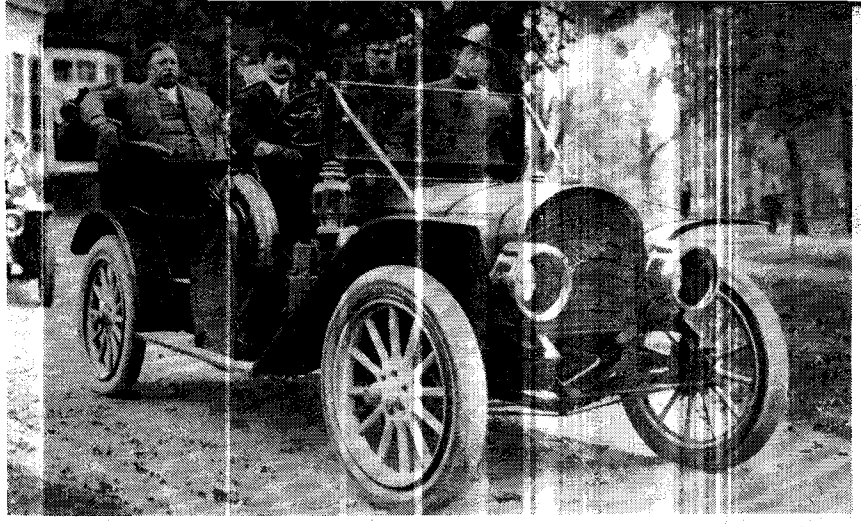
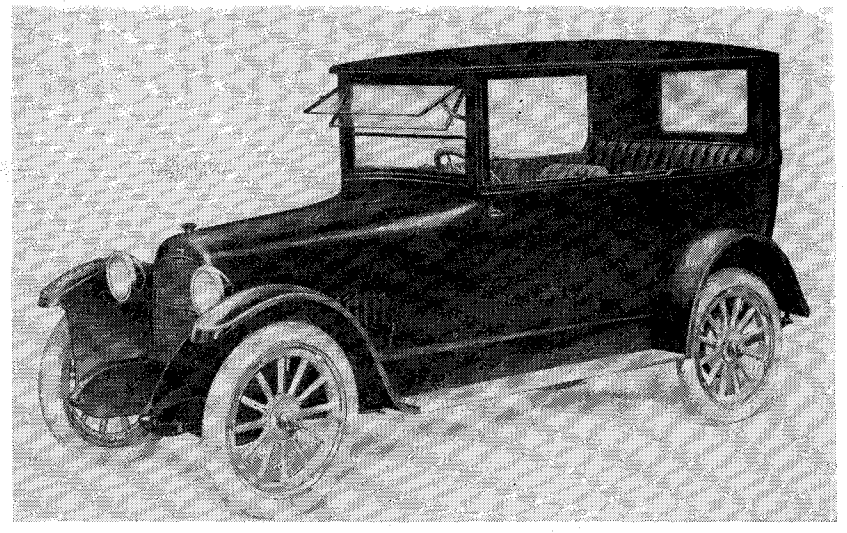
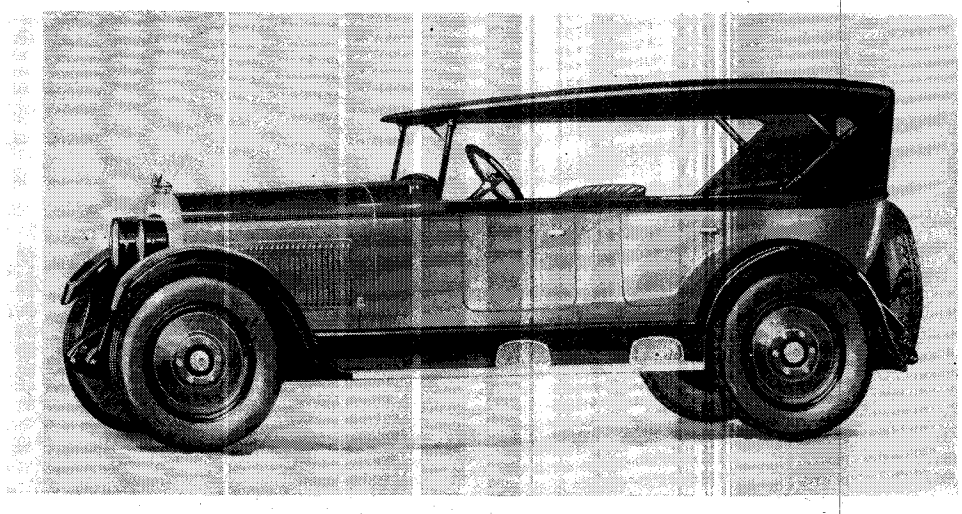


1910 This early Rambler touring car managed nicely even under the 354-pound bulk of President William Howard Taft (at left, in back seat).



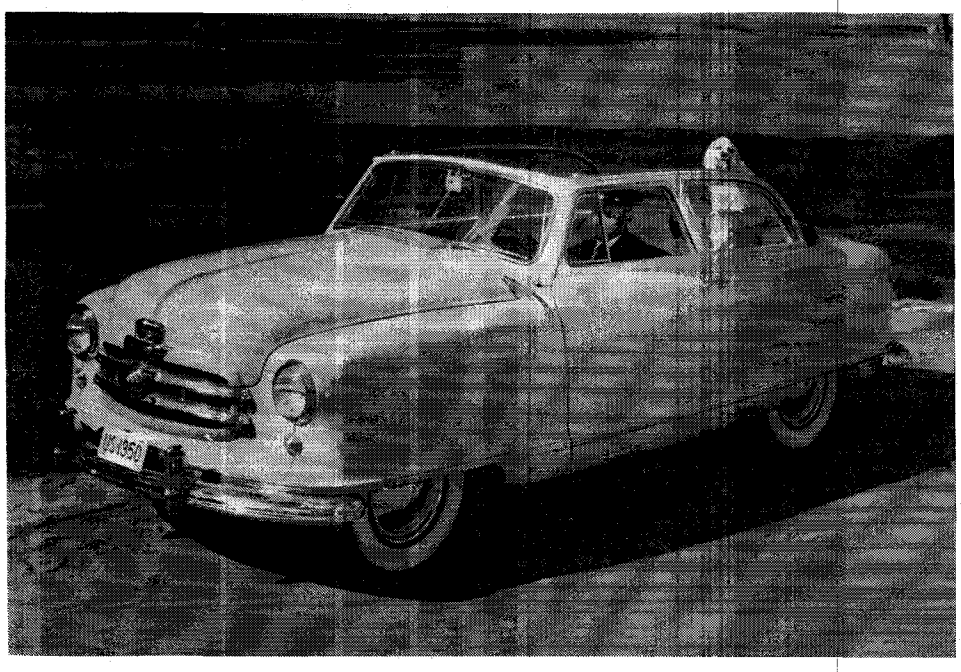
1917 The first Nash (above), successor to the old Rambler line.



1926 This five-passenger Nash touring car had a 121-inch wheelbase and cost $1375.

1937 Babe Ruth helped publicize this Nash Ambassador. Price: $945.

1950 For its entry into the small-car field, Nash revived the historic Rambler name.



1959 The Rambler American, Romney's latest challenge to big-car makers.

brilliant achievement. But he is not fun-loving. On the contrary, he is unusually earnest and almost frighteningly industrious.

Perhaps it is wrong to be flip about the American Motors comeback. The comeback was not funny, nor was it fun, nor was it even assured until early in 1958. As late as the autumn of last year Romney said two things about the make-or-break position of the company. One was that if American Motors did not operate at a profit in 1958, the company was sunk. The odds makers had no difficulty believing that. A great many people, including competitors and bankers, had been writing off American for three years and saw no reason to change. The other thing that Romney said was that American Motors *would* operate in the black in 1958. There were numbers of skeptics about this, but they have been surprised. He meant what he said, and he made it stick.

The vehicle for the American comeback was the Rambler, an automobile that comes in three sizes defined by the company as small, compact, and big enough for anybody. It is a name that traces way back along a main stem of the American organization to the Jeffery motor company in 1902. The name was acquired by newly formed Nash Motors in 1916 and by American in 1954, when this new company was fashioned by a merger of Hudson with Nash-Kelvinator. So the Rambler name is fifty-six years old. And in 1958 more Ramblers were sold than all automobiles manufactured by Jeffery, Nash or American in any prior year. This is the record of an independent automobile manufacturer whose future just four years ago was held to be at best obscure.

The Rambler is the outcome of a calculated wager that by 1958 (Continued on Page 72)

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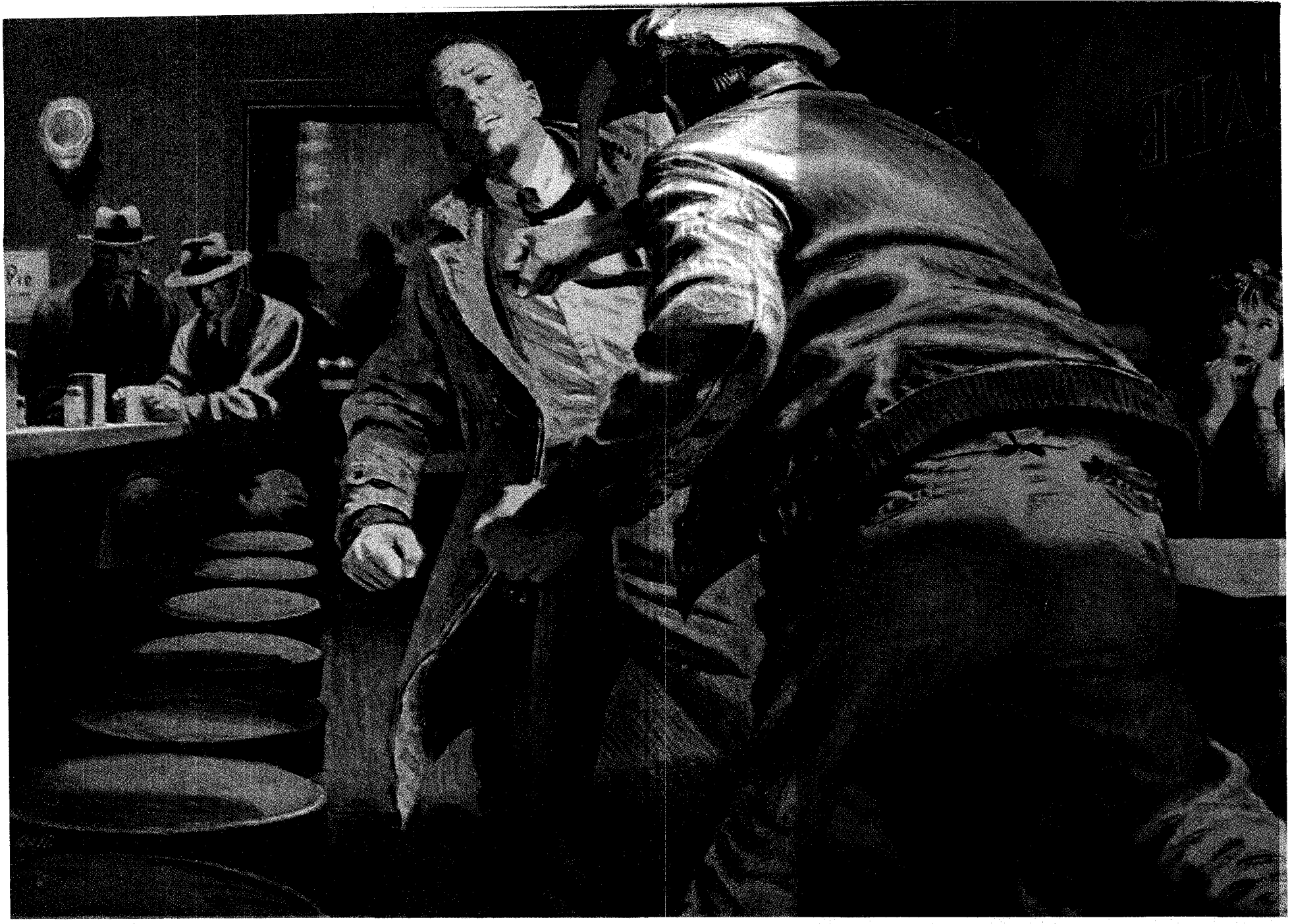

The big man's fist shot out as Marc stepped back.

ESCAPE INTO DANGER

There was only one man left who could lead the FBI to the enemy espionage ring, but he had to do it his own way.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

I

Marc stood at the rail of the car ferry from Anderson Island and thought, in surprise, that in the early morning Steilacoom did not look too different from the last time he had seen it, two months ago, in December. Still gray with rain, which rose as a mist at the edge of Puget Sound, the little town sloped up from the water, its oldest weathered wooden buildings of a century ago mixing on its hills with the newest picture-window, cantilevered creations.

Why this small state-of-Washington town should have changed because Marc's life had changed so drastically in the last two months, Marc could not imagine. With his scientist's mind he rejected the illogic of it, and yet with his emotions he resented it. He turned from the gray water with the misty snow-topped Olympics in the background. He had had enough salt air and sea gulls. For two months the biggest excitement of his interminable days had been an occasional glimpse of a ship, far out, going toward the state capital of Olympia or steaming from it toward the open sea.

Marc thought suddenly of the sailboat he and his younger brother, Jamie, had laboriously constructed when they were seventeen and eleven, on the afternoons when they had not had to work in their cousins' grocery store. Jamie's straight brown body diving from the boat into the cold blue waters of the small Minnesota lake. Jamie standing at the tiller in a sudden squall, shouting his excitement into the wind, never thinking of fear or death. Jamie's clear blue eyes, like his Scotch grandfather's, twinkling his delight with life—Jamie's eyes before the burst of shrapnel in Korea.

Marc cursed wars and the men who made them—those on his side, as well as those on the

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other, whose prisoner he had been in Korea. But anger was futile, and hatred. At first, as a prisoner of war, he had roared at his inquisitors, beat his hands against the walls of his cell, literally, until he was stopped by pain. Then he had learned better. One had to learn, to survive. The experience there had helped during the last two months. This time he had not roared or beat on walls. But there were new lines in his thin, intellectual face. Hard lines which had been softening, up to two months ago. His eyes had always been a cool, searching brown, but now they were deliberately blank and expressionless, as they had been when he stumbled, a gaunt, unsteady wreck, across the Armistice Bridge in Korea.

Not think about that. Not think about Jamie or his blindness, which had occasioned Marc's impulsive volunteering from a highly classified job. Raised after his parents' death by sternly undemonstrative elderly cousins, Marc had always been a solitary boy and man, absorbed in his endless experiments. Except for young Jamie and their friend, Boyd Rafferty, Marc's mind had run more to figures and abstractions than to people. Until Natalie.

Thinking about Natalie was worse even than Jamie or Boyd. Marc shut his eyes. But Natalie would not be blotted out. Not Natalie. He could see her tall, aristocratic figure, her beautifully planed face. And he could hear her on the witness stand, a sob in her deceptively gentle voice, saying that yes, she had once been a Communist, to please him, Marc. But now she felt the interest of her country must come first and she must come forward and tell them about Marc.

Think about something else. That was the only way to cling to sanity, as he had clung to it in the prisoner-of-war camps, watching the men around him die or go mad. Put your mind—your whole mind—on something else. An abstract problem. Poetry—all the remembered poetry and wild chaotic verses of his own making. Anything. Not Jamie. Not the men who made wars or the jury who had believed Natalie instead of Marc. Think about the passengers. Nondescript figures, bundled in raincoats, sitting in their cars, waiting for the ferry to dock.

Ordinary people, not too different from Marc himself, who today wore his own suit and topcoat. Except that the other passengers had not boarded the ferry at McNeil Island. And their wrists were not locked to another man's.

Marc could feel the steel of the handcuffs, cold yet burning. The dark-haired man beside him looked like the rest of the Federal men. That was to say, he looked like everyone and like no one at all. This one he called Square-Jaw. Square-Jaw would easily have passed for a stockbroker or, in the proper clothes, for a truck driver. He had spoken no more than the necessary words to Marc, polite, and not overly so. Square-Jaw was going to take Marc to Seattle for further questioning.

Marc had seen Seattle only once before, from the air, on his way to service in Korea. He found himself staring at the new car models, the bright lights, even the girls' nylon-clad legs. So much had happened in the two months of which he knew nothing.

Somewhere in this city were labs, he thought bitterly, as well equipped as the one where he had worked. Places where men were concerned with science and theory, with problems that were worth a man's while. Not standing in line to shovel coarse food on a tray, marching in line to a tier of cells, hearing the locks clang for another interminable night.

They'll never let you work in a lab again, he thought, *even when you get out. Who is going to hire a physicist convicted of lying about being a Communist?*

Square-Jaw took him into the white-plastered entrance of an ordinary office building. They took the self-service elevator to the fourth floor and went into a small office with an unlettered door directly off the empty hall. A big white-haired man with a broken nose bone sat behind the desk. Marc stared at him incredulously. All America knew about this man, but few had ever seen him. He was a personality and a legend. In the war, he and his men had performed quiet, unspectacular deeds behind the enemy lines, deeds not of violence, but of daringly acquiring information which had saved many lives, at the cost of their own thinning ranks. The price was there, in the sadness behind this man's eyes. So, too, was the pride, and the violence that in the peace had made headlines as this man fearlessly roared the truth, without regard for language or congressional diplomacy, in the fight to secure appropriations for his men, while flatly refusing to detail their activities.

But Marc would not have needed personal recognition to tell him that this man was important. The man's bearing made that plain. He was simple, as the really important people are always simple, but with a tough inner core which no form of enemy torture had ever been able to break. This was the fabled John Dayn.

He smiled at Square-Jaw, and nodded to him to unlock Marc's handcuffs. "How's Molly, Cook?"

Square-Jaw blushed. "She's fine, sir. Just fine. Loves the new house."

"Baby not here yet?"

"Not for a week, the doctor said."

John Dayn said, "I hope I won't need you by then. I'm sorry I had to call you back now. The insurance business must be considerably more restful. But this is important and I had to have a man quickly that I knew I could trust."

Square-Jaw Hartford Cook said quietly, "You can trust me, sir. Shall I lock him to the chair?"

Marc hit him on the head with the automatic, and Cook went down in a heap.

"No." John Dayn flexed his big hands. "I'll be here. And you'll be outside."

Hartford Cook regarded John Dayn with affection and respect. "Yes, sir." He left, moving soundlessly across the linoleum floor.

It was a small office with a dirty rain-streaked window, a plain walnut desk and chair, and two straight chairs. John Dayn motioned Marc to one. Marc watched the big white-haired man, still unbelievingly. John Dayn here to see him, Marc Hollis! John Dayn looking tired, old and worried. Very worried.

Marc shut his eyes and waited for the questions to begin, as they had begun so many times before. In America the questioners were politer, and nonviolent, but as persistent as those in Korea.

Waiting was part of it in both places. Marc opened his eyes and looked at John Dayn. Dayn's face was expressionless.

Marc's taut nerves snapped. "Well?"

"I'm John Dayn," said the man at the desk, as quietly as if he had been saying "John Doe." "I've been interested in your case for some time. I persuaded them to try you for perjury, not espionage. You could have been executed for that. I wanted you alive."

"I'm alive," said Marc bitterly. "For what that's worth. In prison. What questions are there left? I've answered them a thousand times. I'm not a spy. I'm not a Communist. I'm not interested in politics."

"You think it is quite a normal thing for a scientist engaged in work on something as essential to the future of our nation as Project M to have a Communist girl friend?"

"I didn't know Natalie was a Communist!"

(Continued on Page 42)

"Better get some hot food while we're here," Marc said to Tresa.

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The Joachims at breakfast. The menu: cereal (cold in summer, hot in winter), milk, juice, toast, jam.

In Biloxi, church-bound Joachims are a familiar Sunday sight. Here they attend a Mass for St. Joachim, their patron saint.

A POST PICTURE STORY

How to Bring Up a Multitude

The seventeen young faces you see on these pages are the offspring of Rose and Jack Joachim (pronounced Joe-ACK'm). The ages of this extraordinary multitude range from little Mary Daniel, eighteen months, to Jack, Jr., who turns twenty-four this week. All but the three eldest children, now out on their own, live here in their parents' seven-bedroom, three-bathroom house in Biloxi, Mississippi.

During the more than two dozen years they have watched their flock expand, Rose and Jack have coped with just about every problem that mothers and fathers can face, including the tragic death of a son who was struck by an auto. But most of the difficulties in bringing up such a prodigious brood confront them every day. Take the matter of appetites. At the rate of fifteen quarts daily, the milk bill alone comes to $1300 a year. Then there's the cooking. Out of Rose's small kitchen, though it's barren of most modern mechanical helpmates, come something like fifty meals and a hundred snacks each day. "But we have all the gadgets we need," says Rose, pointing to her twelve daughters and five sons. Jack adds, "And when they're through, they don't clutter up the kitchen. They go outside to play."

To keep everyone well-fed and comfortably clothed, Jack holds two jobs, one with the local telephone company, where he's a supervisor, the other with a retail hardware business, in which he has a partnership. This way he manages to make from $12,500 to $15,000 annually.

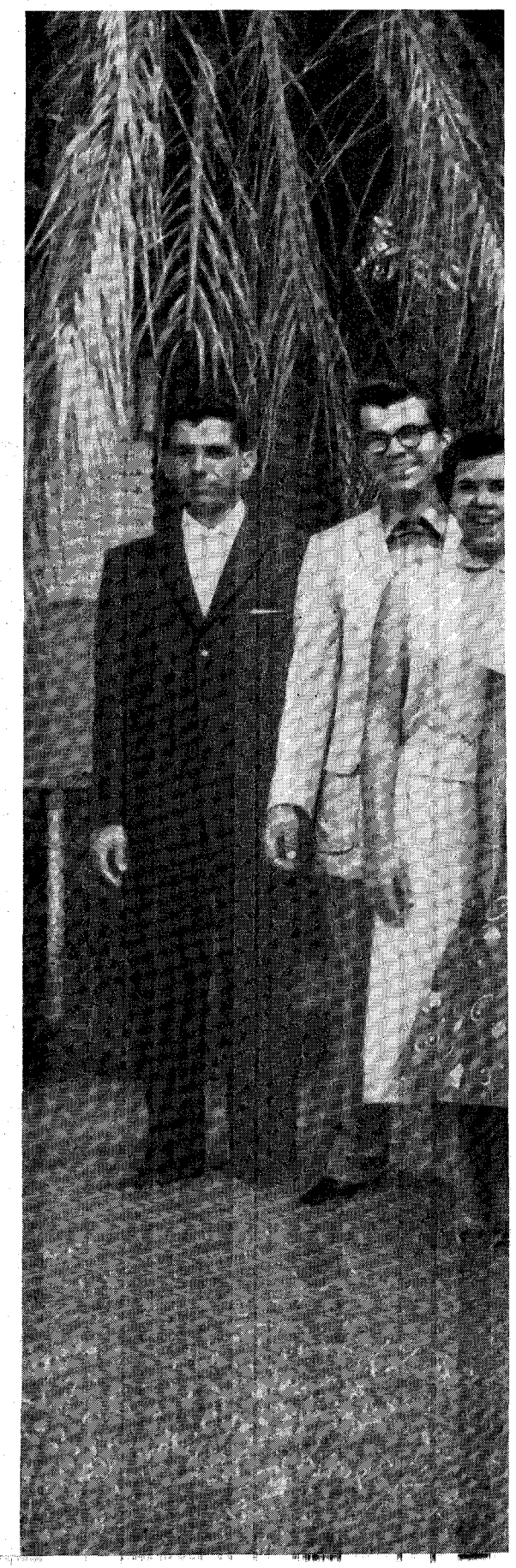
To handle the sheer force of numbers around the house, the Joachims have special rules for nearly everything. Each child is allowed ten minutes on the telephone each evening. No TV until everyone has finished his homework. Birthdays are celebrated bimonthly for all those who are eligible during the period. And everybody who is old enough has some sort of household job, whether it's routing morning traffic in and out of the bathrooms or helping with the ironing.

None of the children seems to resent sharing parents with so many others, and a new baby in the house creates little stir. After watching three or four infants come home, Martha once looked into the crib where the newest arrival lay, shrugged her shoulders and said, "Um'm—same thing," and walked away. On another occasion, when Mrs. Joachim went to the hospital for the day because of a minor ailment, she was greeted on her return by a bored child who yawned, "Well, what did we have this time, mamma?"

Teen-age Joe, who has an even dozen sisters, says, "Nothing will ever shock me about a woman again. I've seen them in all their disguises and heard them up to all their tricks."

As for mother and father having any quiet moments alone: "There are times when we just yearn for it," admits Rose. But she and her husband are reconciled to the fact that for some time to come there can be no such thing. "Your own life becomes so much a part of the family's," explains Jack.

Now the Joachims, parents themselves so many times over, are looking forward to a new experience—they're going to become grandparents early next year. Anticipating one sure problem for the new generation, Jack says, "I pity those kids, trying to get their aunts and uncles and cousins straight." THE END



Photographs by Bill Shrout

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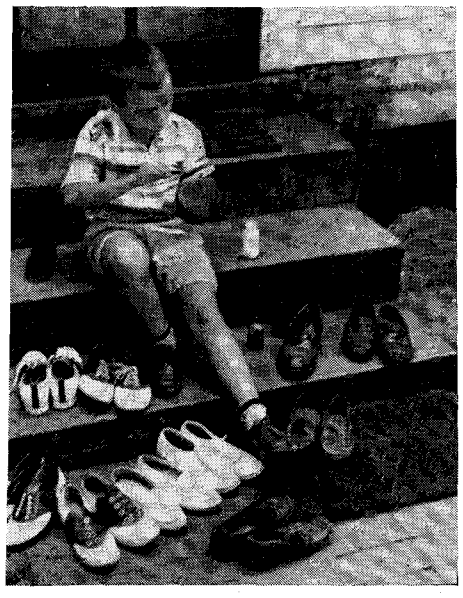

Only infant members of the family escape household chores. At work above is Bill, 9.

In their parents' bedroom, three small Joachims nap before lunch while Rose Ann, 13, fixes 3-year-old Marian's hair.

Scrubbing a brother and two sisters is Martha, 19. Also getting ready for bed are Margaret, 6 (left), and Mary Elizabeth, 10.

Joachim family portrait, taken last August, with their ages at the time. From left: Jack, Jr., who is 23 and in the Army; Bob, 21, who is married; Martha, 19, now at college; Harriet, 17; Joseph, 16; Georgette, 15; Rose Ann, 13; Marylyn, 12; Nancy, 11; Mary Elizabeth, 10; Bill, 9; Mary Jane, 7; Margaret, 6; Maria, 5; Marian, 3; Gerry, 2. At rear are Jack, Sr., 41, holding Mary Daniel, 13 months, and his wife, Rose, also 41.

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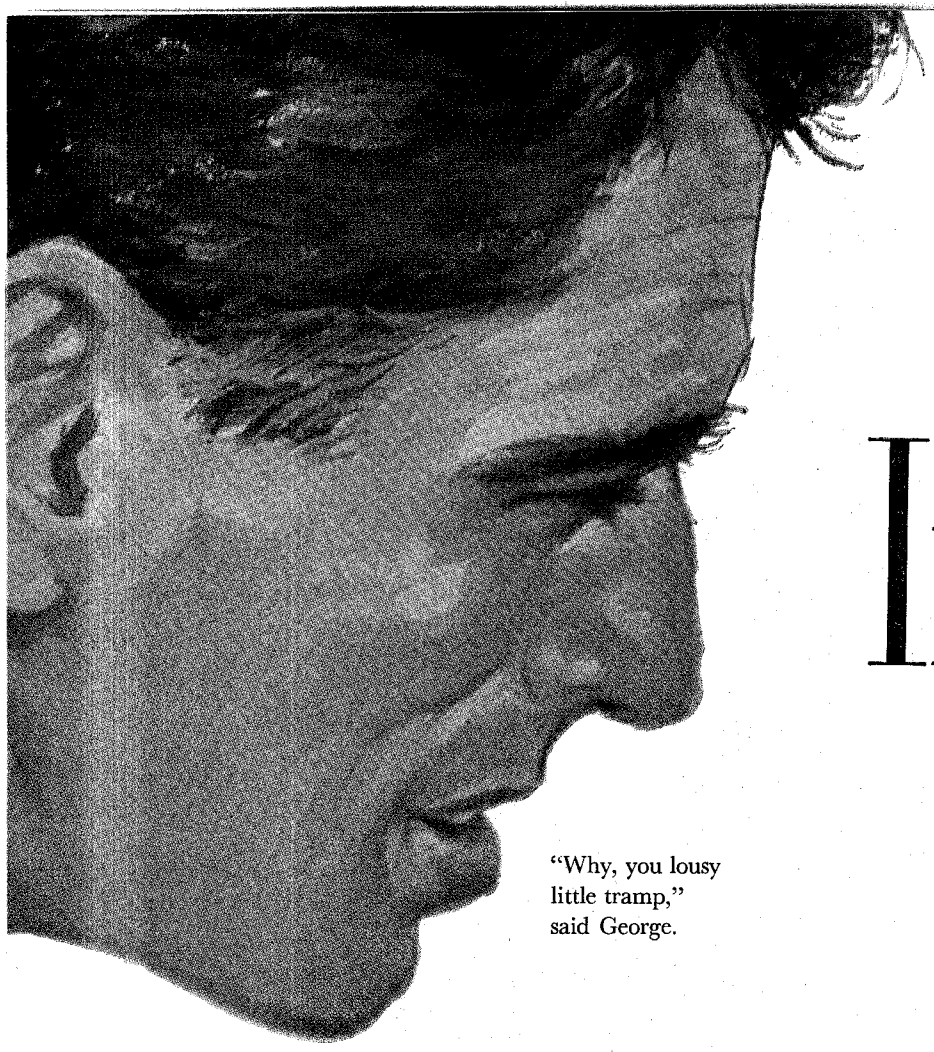

"Why, you lousy little tramp," said George.

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

Indiscreetly In Love

By WILLARD TEMPLE

Fifty weeks of the year I am a moral true-blue young man you could safely trust to hold your mother's purse while she adjusts her girdle, but for two weeks in March I am a phony. This is when I go to Scottsdale, which, in case you never heard of it, is located in Arizona, and has a large suburb nearby name of Phoenix.

Scottsdale is the place to go especially if you are from Dubuque, or Seattle, or Fargo, or Tulsa, or any place where you are sick of winter and wishing for spring which seems later coming every year but which has already arrived in Scottsdale and Phoenix except maybe for an occasional rain squall which is blown across the Arizona state line from California.

Frankly, I have about as much right to be in Scottsdale as a life termer at San Quentin, because I will bare all and admit I take home one hundred twenty-two dollars per week, and while this is not exactly a coolie wage it is not a Scottsdale-tourist-type income especially at the height of the season when my room alone costs me eighteen dollars per day. It is a very nice room at this price with a large double bed and I could bring a wife along for the same eighteen dollars but have no wife so sleep alone.

It was at the motel where I met this girl. In the early evening I was sitting in the lobby pretending to be a ballplayer. Along with the climate, Arizona is famous as a training base for major-league baseball, and one of the teams was staying at my motel. What the players do after an exhibition game is sit in the lobby and I like to sit near them and listen to the scintillating conversation.

Two fellows will sit there for an hour and then one fellow will say, "That pitch to Lonigan was too far inside," and ten minutes later the other fellow will answer, "We should of pitched him high and away," and it is gems like this about the inside technical science of baseball which fascinate me.

Anyway I am sitting in the lobby listening to this when in walks a girl who is tall and lissome, and while this is quite a fancy motel, when the girl walks in, the carpeting and drapes and potted plants all look like a backdrop somebody arranged just for her.

I am close enough to the room clerk to overhear the conversation between him and the girl, which goes as follows.

Girl—"I wish to engage a room."

Clerk—"I am sorry but we have nothing available until the fifteenth of April."

Girl—"I am exhausted. You must have something. What am I going to do?"

Clerk—"No doubt you will be able to find a room somewhere in Phoenix. Take Camelback Road and then make a left turn and go over to Van Buren ——"

Girl—"I cannot go a step further right now. I will rest here in your lobby for a few minutes if you do not mind."

So the girl comes and sits next to me in a chair which a ballplayer has been keeping warm for an hour and a half but he has now departed and a large tear rolls down the side of her face which is closest to me.

"I could not help but eavesdrop," I said. "Is there anything I can do to help? You picked the wrong time to come here with no reservation."

"Who are you?" she said.

"I am a bonus ballplayer," I said, just to see if it impressed her. "I was a collegiate wonder with all the teams bidding for me and when the price hit a hundred thousand, I capitulated."

"Somehow," she said, "you do not look like a bonus ballplayer. You look more the indoor intellectual type."

"Well," I said, "I was lying. I just like to pretend that I am a ballplayer and the truth is I never even made the high-school team as a kid. In high school I was a pinch runner. I could not hit the curve. I could not go to my left. It still hurts when I think about it. So I come here every winter and sit here and dream I am nationally famous. It is very foolish."

"It shows a romantic streak," the girl said. "I rather like you for it."

She smiled at me. It was quite a smile. It took my mind off baseball completely.

"What are you going to do?" I said.

"In a few minutes," she said, "I will drive in to Phoenix. I will find someplace to sleep."

I could not keep from thinking about my large eighteen-dollar room with the double bed.

"It is a shame you could not stay here," I said, "for the rooms are very nice. I will give you an idea. Come with me."

We walked outside and past the swimming pool and the palms and across the lawn and past the chairs and the putting green and the badminton court and I showed her my room from the outside. The outside wall was all glass and the drapes drawn back and I had left a light on, so we could see inside. The drapes were lavender and the carpeting the same and the furniture white leather.

"It is a lovely room," she said; "and the most beautiful thing about it is the bed. I have driven five hundred miles today."

"Well," I said, "I would like to help you out. Why don't I tell the room clerk that my aunt has arrived? He would put in a roll-away bed for three bucks. We could hang some sheets between the roll-away and the double bed ——"

"It is a nice try," she said, "and I brought it on myself by coming over here to see your room but I was too bushed to think. Just forget it."

"I would sleep in a chair," I said. "In the bathtub with the door locked ——"

"Just point the way to Phoenix," the girl said.

(Continued on Page 62)

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She was engaged to George, but she shared a room key with Fred.

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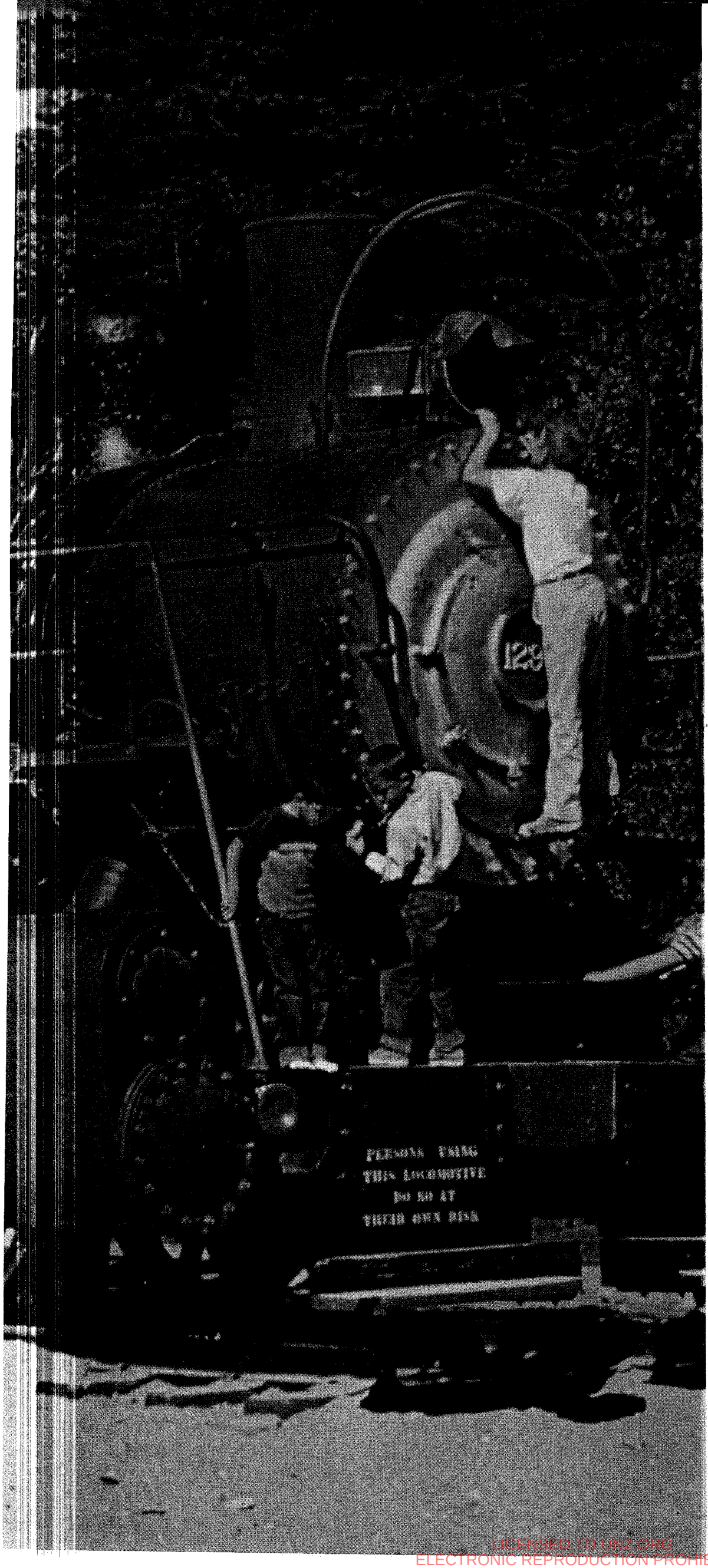
The Face of AMERICA

Big Toy



Old 1294 was a yard bird. Never for her were the thundering overland runs. While her mightier contemporaries pulled various Limiteds, Flyers, Expresses and Fast Freights across the continent she labored for thirty-three years in the Southern Pacific San Francisco yards. Two years ago the old switcher was retired. A tough young diesel took over her chores. The railroad could have sold off 1294 for scrap—she was worth two or three thousand dollars to the junkman. But it seemed an unkind end for a loyal worker. Instead, the SP offered her to the city. (In recent years, the company has given away sixty-five retired locomotives to towns along its right-of-way.) San Franciscans accepted happily. A newspaper-backed drive raised funds, a labor union provided fittings to equip the old engine as a plaything, and a drayage company hauled her to Fleishacker Playfield on a Pacific beach. And look at Old 1294 today: Her fires are cold, and her drivers are still, but there's more activity in her cab, on her catwalks and tender than ever before. No soot stains her bright paint, but her old switchyard bell clangs away, many a small hand tugs at her throttle, and little engineers inspect all her works with inquisitive care. There'll be no scrap heap for 1294. She's found herself a new job.

Photograph by Fred Lyon

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"Open it," he said.

THE GIFT OF LOVE

By GLEN and JANE SIRE

It was their first Christmas together, but they really couldn't afford the luxury of exchanging presents.

Kathy began saving in July. She saved secretly—a quarter, a dime, a nickel at a time. She would slip out to the garage when Hank wasn't home, dropping the coins into the pink china pig that sat, half-hidden, behind a pile of old magazines. The pig was named Alfred. Kathy and Hank had won him in a penny arcade the first week they were married and named him Alfred after an uncle of Hank's. They put him on the bureau, from which he gazed down at them placidly with his cheerful, porcine smile. They had agreed to drop their extra change in Alfred and save, as Hank put it, for a trip to Bermuda, or any other little old thing they might happen to want. But it was their first year of marriage and Hank's last year in medical school, and there hadn't been any extra change.

After a while they had carted Alfred out to the garage with other useless things and forgotten him. Forgotten him, that is, until that day in July when Kathy had thought suddenly of Christmas and had begun her secret, furtive trips. As summer passed and the days grew colder, Alfred grew heavier, until, at last, on the day before Christmas, Kathy was quietly, prayerfully sure that he must hold at least forty dollars—maybe even more. And that was the day when she reached behind the stack of magazines and discovered that Alfred was gone.

At first she didn't believe it. At first she just stood there, gazing in blank astonishment at the bare, empty spot on the cold concrete where, only yesterday, Alfred had been. Then, in a burst of something like frenzy, she searched every inch of the cluttered garage—behind cartons, beneath papers, among tools.

(Continued on Page 76)

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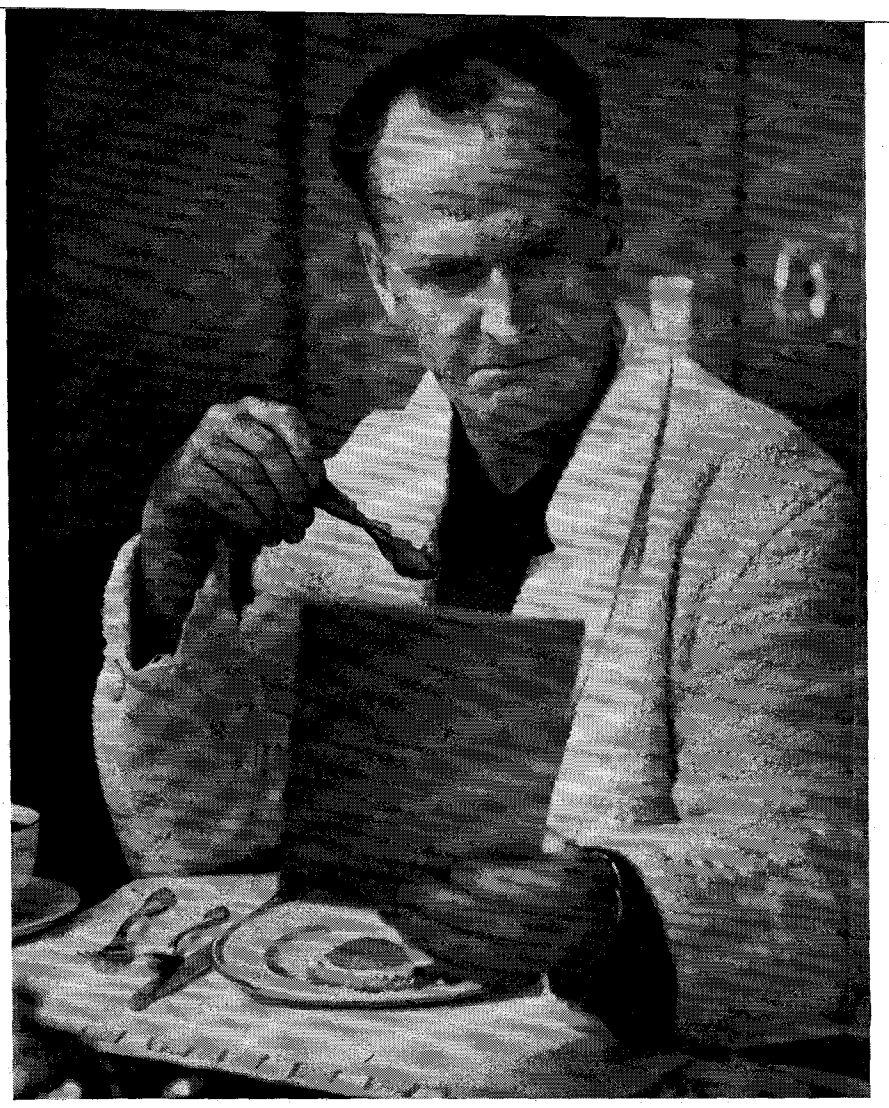

By H. Allen Smith

Over his morning bacon, Mr. Smith realizes that the notes he wrote the night before aren't going to win him the Nobel prize after all.

Are You a Midnight Genius?

Ever wake up in the middle of the night with a stupendous idea which you've forgotten by morning? A famous humorist tells about some of his own brainstorms that fizzled.

One night a few weeks ago I awoke from a deep sleep, jerked from the grip of Morpheus by the most brilliant idea that ever passed through the mind of a mortal being. It was an idea of such magnitude that it took my breath away, and I lay there panting for a few moments. Then I groped for the bed light and found my pad and pencil and wrote it down.

As I scribbled, working rapidly so that I could collapse into sleep again, I grew even more convinced that this was a concept that would shake the earth, that the idea that had come to me in the night would alter the course of history and bring true and enduring beauty to the lives of men.

Finished writing it down, I snapped off the light and lay there a few moments, thinking of the riches that would be mine. I visualized the garage I'd have to build to hold all my flashy sports cars. Then I went back to sleep.

The next morning I crawled out of bed, dressed and went down to breakfast. I had a piece of bacon in my hand when I remembered. It suddenly came back to me that I had committed a soul-stirring idea to paper during the night. I couldn't recall a thing about it; I couldn't even think of the nature of it. But I did know it was of supreme importance, and so I dropped the bacon and rushed to get it, and this is what I found scrawled on my pad:

this at time Roosevelt died
see in clips—Times broch
not understandable to me—to us—
examine intellectual rot
they mean well—maybe
who they talkin about?
the plumber
the $5 gardner (this place will be closed
all day owing to the death
of our president)
do something about it.

There wasn't anything I could do about it. I read it over three or four times, studying each line carefully, but the power and the glory of it remained hidden. There was vast meaning and significance in it somewhere, but it eluded me. It eludes me to this day. I don't know the word "broch," and I don't know any "$5 gardner," and I don't know what place is closed, and I don't know what president is dead.

This is a thing that happens to me all the time. It used to be that when I had these prodigious ideas in the night, I didn't bother to write them down; I figured they were so great, so towering, so magnificent, that I could not fail to remember them the next morning. But always when morning came I never could recall a single detail about them. During a period of twilight sleep I'd have one of those stupendous ideas, and the next day I'd remember that I had it, without remembering the subject, and I'd go around all day in a sort of trance, trying to coax it out of my mind, unable to think of anything else, unable to concentrate on (Continued on Page 55)

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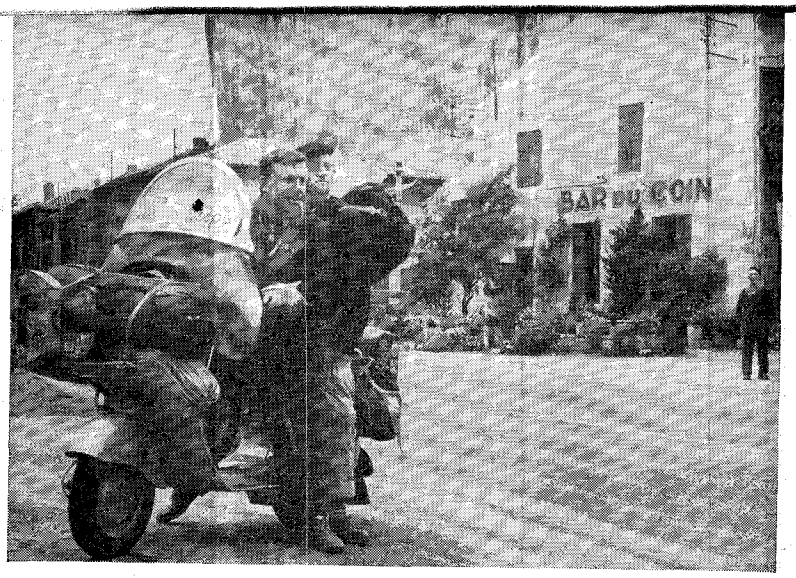
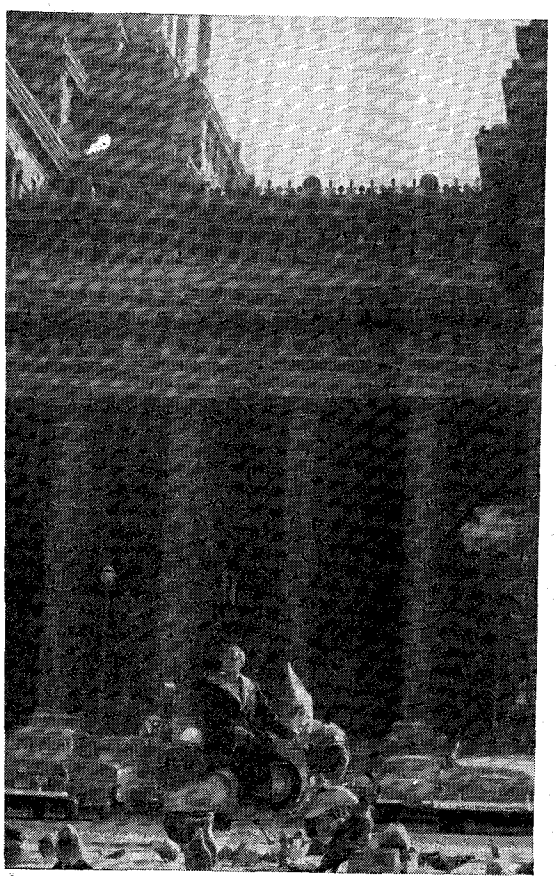
HOLLAND: End of the first day's journey. The hayloft of a Dutch barn provided free lodging for Engh (above) and his companion.

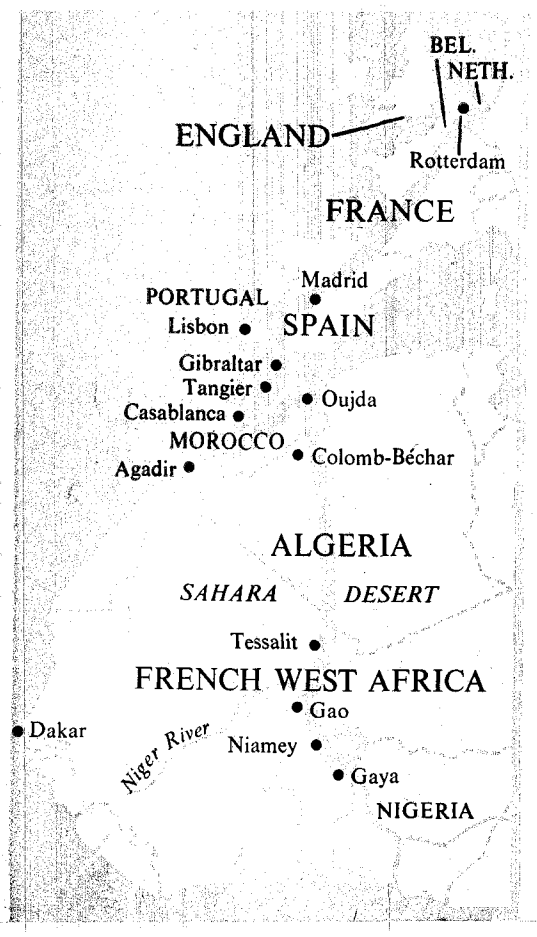


FRANCE: Engh and fellow adventurer Rudi Thurau (here riding postilion) sampled the local wines at many a roadside café such as this one, near Lyons.

SPAIN: En route to Madrid, a friendly tavern keeper staked the travelers to a meal and a job in this picturesque village.



BRUSSELS, BELGIUM: At this early stage of the trip, Rohn's beard was short, the scooter still shiny and new.



The map shows the route of the two-continent trip by scooter, from Rotterdam to West Africa.

FRENCH SUDAN: This is the scooter-powered raft which the wanderers built for their voyage down the Niger River.

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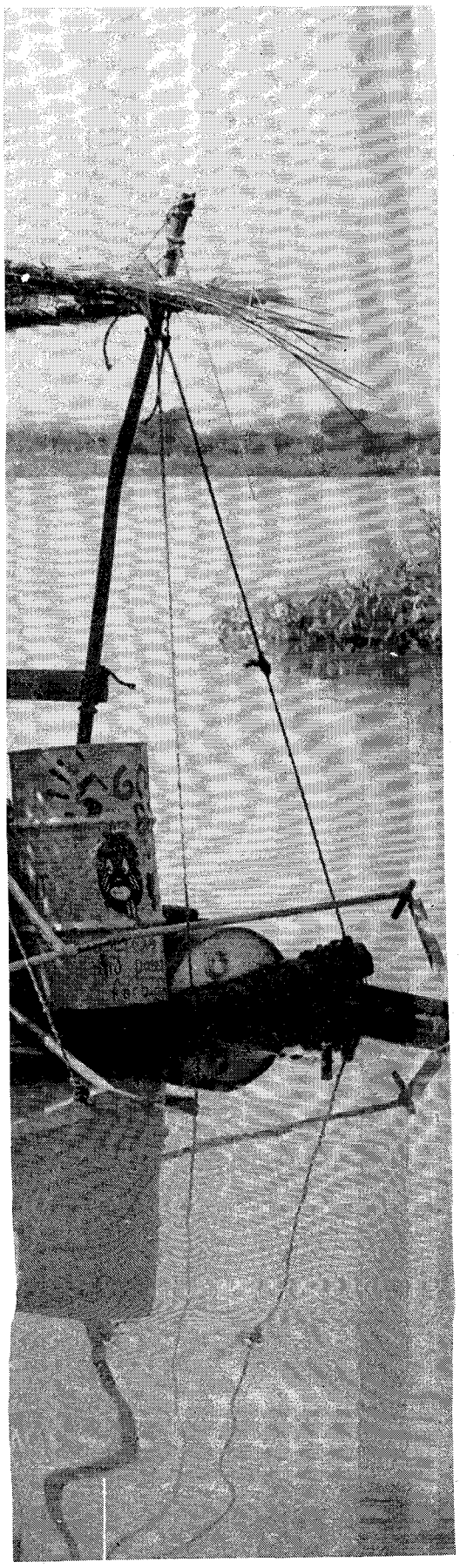
SPAIN: The custom of the country required a daily siesta. The midday sun made the roads too hot for travel anyway.

TANGIER: Moslem women are traditionally reluctant to have their picture taken. But in this case, a serenade turned the trick.



Photographs From the Author

We Crossed the Sahara on a Motor Scooter

By ROHN ENGH
as told to Robert Seaver

These two young adventurers drove several thousand eventful, dangerous miles through Europe and the African desert, where a chieftain offered each of them a bride. . . .

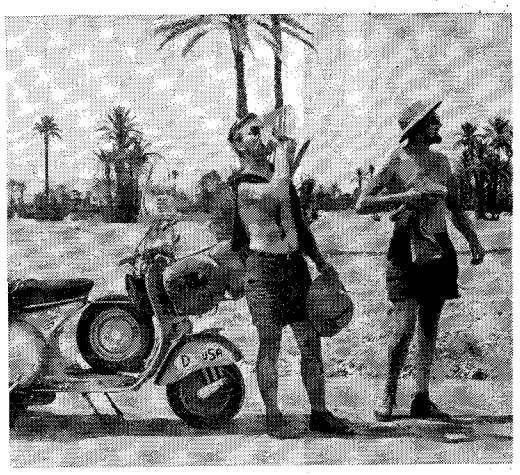
On May 20, 1957, I was discharged from the United States Army in Würzburg, Germany, and set out on what I thought was going to be a three-month motor-scooter tour of Europe. I had $125 in my pocket, a guitar on my back and a determination to see something of the world before going home to Ocean City, Maryland.

If anyone had told me then that I was setting out on an adventure that would change my whole life, I would have laughed in disbelief. Today I know better. For my summer jaunt became an odyssey that took me through Europe and Africa, across the Sahara, and down the turbulent Niger River—all on that $125 bank roll.

On the way, I found myself fever-ridden and lost in the full fury of a desert sandstorm. I wandered through the strife-torn mountain back country of North Africa, and shared mint tea in a cloudburst there with fierce Berber tribesmen. And, in one hilarious episode, I faced the problem of gracefully declining a grinning Sudanese chieftain's good-will gift of a giggling teen-age native bride.

But most important, I went on a fascinating journey of exploration into the (Continued on Page 77)

MOROCCO: When French teen-agers failed to respond to folk songs, Rohn and Rudi played rock 'n' roll and had a *succès fou.*



ALGERIA: The rebels had planted land mines on this road near Colomb-Béchar, but the scooter went through unharmed.

FRENCH NIGER: Rohn at Niamey, where his arm was operated on. He had broken it in the jungle, two days from medical help.

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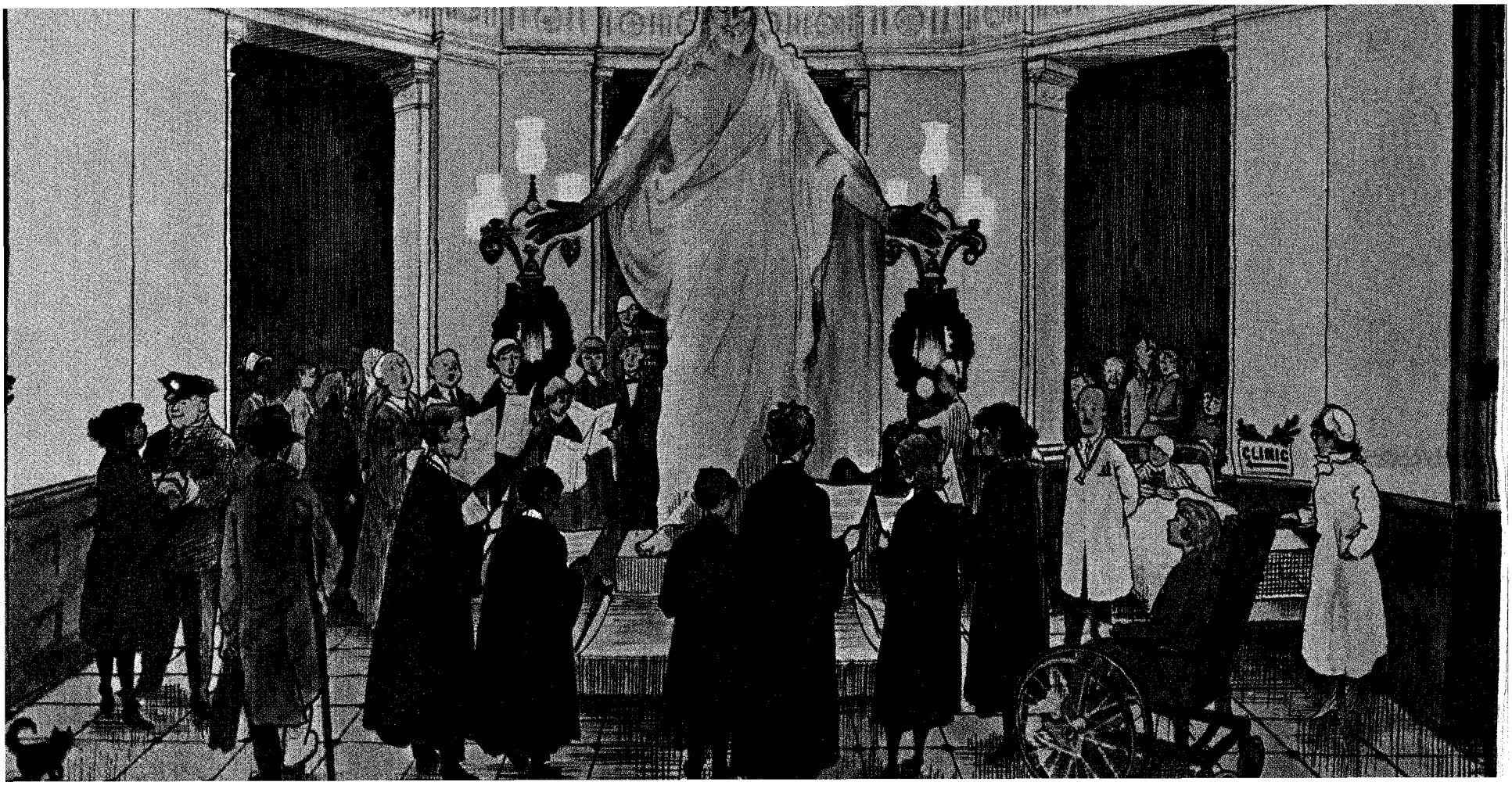

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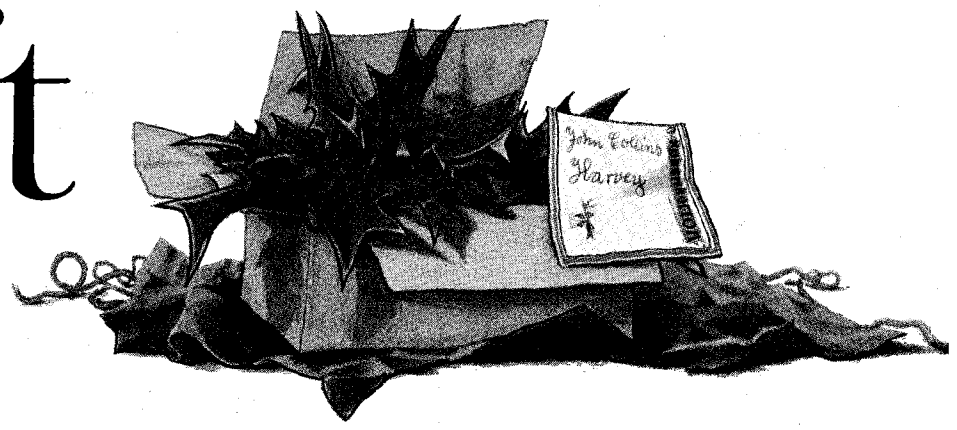
The Christmas Gift



A young doctor came to a crisis of doubt on Christmas Eve. Then something happened to change the course of his life. This is his own story.

By JOHN COLLINS HARVEY

Christmastime at our hospital is one of the best times of the whole year. The usually busy and bustling corridors are quieter. The wards are almost empty of patients, for most, who can be, have been discharged. Few new patients come in; only those who are really sick. One half of the resident staff of doctors and nurses is given a three-day holiday. Those remaining can take a breather and relax somewhat from the grueling daily routines followed during the rest of the year. Best of all, though, the spirit of Christmas invades the place.

During the week preceding Christmas the corridors and wards are decorated. Patients, doctors, nurses, aids and orderlies all give a hand. Hidden talents come to light. Christmas scenes are painted on the omnipresent glass partitions and windows. Camels, Wise Men, sheep and shepherds are marching ceaselessly around the wards. Sometimes they are hard to identify, but then everyone is kind to those whose spirit is willing, but whose hand and eye aren't. Wreaths of pine, holly and mistletoe are hung over doorways and in the halls. A Christmas tree, gay with dyed bits of cotton and gauze and other hospital-made decorations, is put up in the center of each ward.

To my mind the most beautiful effect of this face lifting is achieved in the Administration Building, a hideous old Victorian structure of rather ugly proportions with marble floors and heavy oak woodwork. The building, four stories in height, has a central, octagonal-shaped rotunda extending upward from the ground floor to the large glass dome. The main entrance to the hospital opens into this rotunda. In the center, facing the door, is a larger-than-life-sized statue of Christ, with its cold white marble arms warmly lifted in an embrace. Appropriately at the base is this inscription, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you

(Continued on Page 52)

At left: Artist Erik Blegvad's drawing of the rotunda of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Administration Building, where, each Christmas Eve, Baltimore's Brown Memorial Baptist Church choir sings carols for patients and staff.

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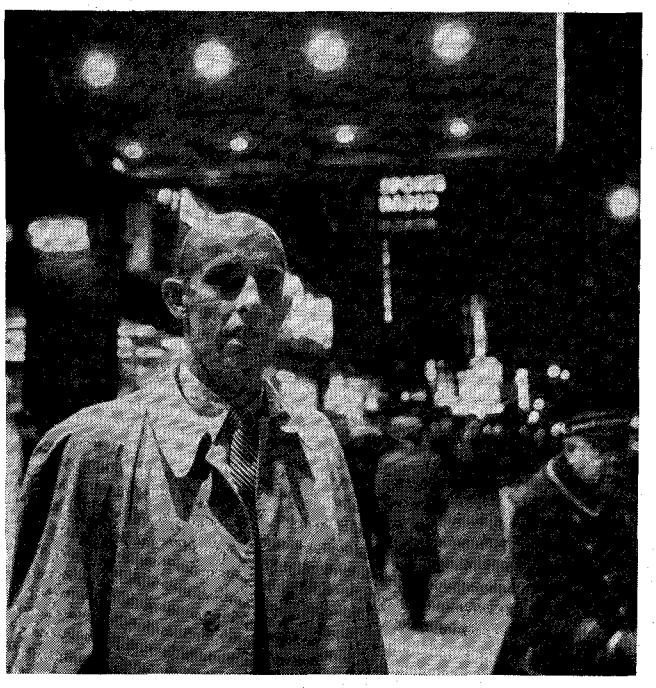
Basketball's Unhappy Gunner

George Yardley is the biggest pointmaker in the game's history, but he thinks a player's life is "miserable." Off the court, he's a talented rocket engineer, among other things.



Yardley of the Pistons: Out of uniform he neither looks nor acts anything like a basketball player.

By MILTON GROSS

When George Yardley, of the Detroit Pistons, set an all-time professional scoring mark of 2001 points during the last National Basketball Association season, veterans of the game agreed that there could not possibly be a more implausible successor to the original record holder, George Mikan, of Minneapolis. Both in basketball and away from it, Yardley is many things you wouldn't expect a top professional athlete to be.

For one thing, he hates his pro-basketball life, and at least three times in his five-year career has been close to quitting. He may finally do it after this season. For another, he becomes so overwrought with nervous emotion before most games that he requires medication to settle his stomach. Before extra-important games he ingloriously throws up.

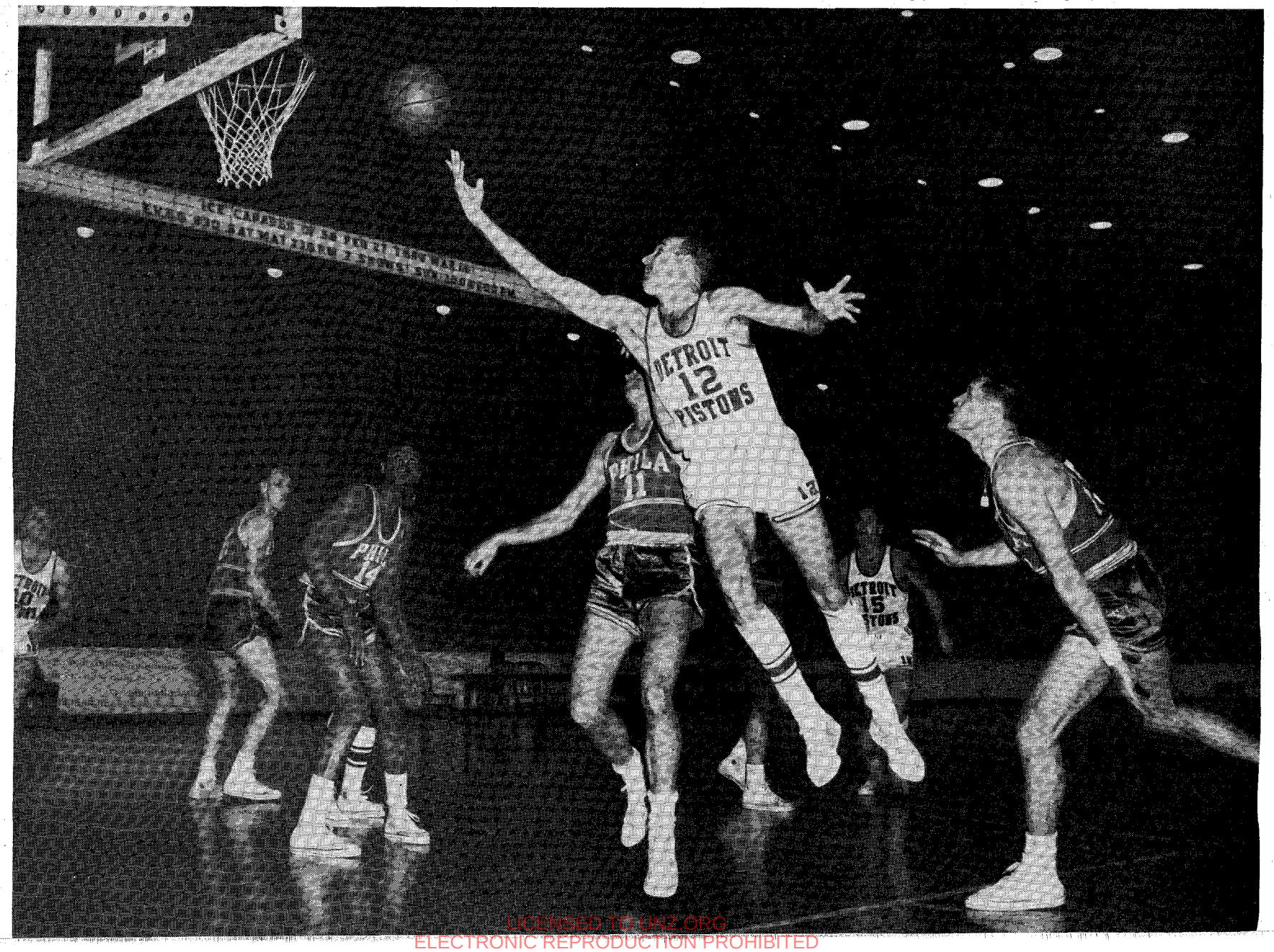
Yardley has been up there among the top scorers again this season, but he by no means considers himself the most wonderful player in the league. He says that he wouldn't make the first five if he were traded to the defending-champion St. Louis Hawks, because he'd be unable to beat out either Bob Pettit or Cliff Hagan at forward. He also picks a ten-man squad of standouts that he says he couldn't break into at all.

George Yardley is built like a reed, whereas George Mikan, who established the previous scoring high of 1932 points in the 1950–1951 season, was built like a tank.

Mikan, incidentally, still holds the N.B.A. single-season record for average points per game. He ran up his 1932 points in sixty-eight games—an average of 28.4—while Yardley last year averaged 27.8 in seventy-two games. Yardley took more foul shots—and made more of them—than any other player in pro-basketball history, sinking 655 out of 808.

The mammoth Mikan—six-ten, 240 pounds—was known as (Continued on Page 53)

"Jump strong and then relax in the air": This is how Yardley (scoring below) describes his amazingly successful shooting style.



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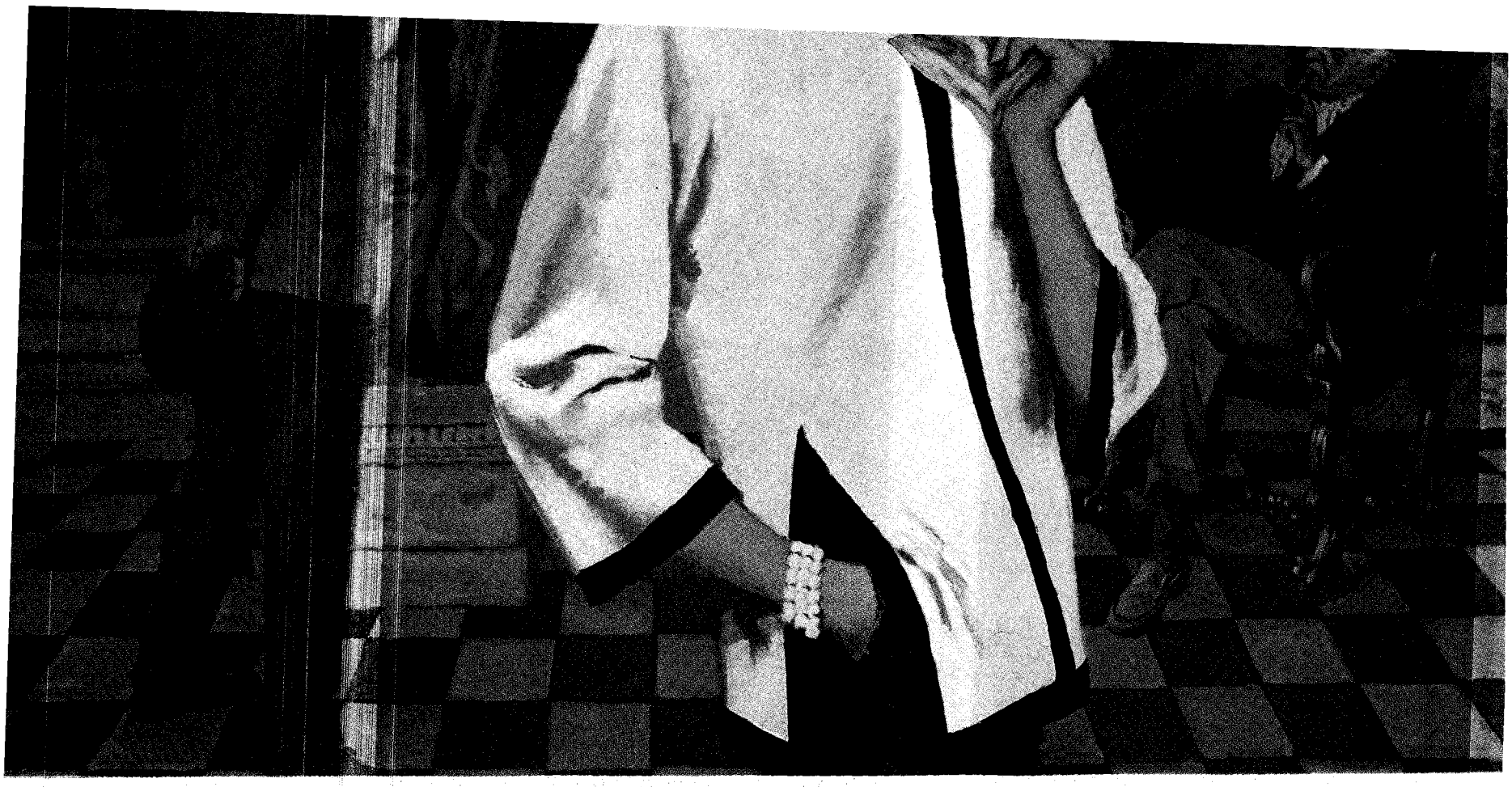

"You don't mind if our friend here watches me actually hand over the money, do you?" she asked.

THE COUNTERFEIT CONFIDENCE MAN

It was blackmail, all right, but they believed he would hold to the bargain.

By JAMES HELVICK

The hat spent two days making its quiet, black impression on the villagers before it crossed Mrs. Fitzpayne's own frontier.

"That," she said with confident emphasis, "is a governmental hat. Look for yourself."

She handed me her powerful binoculars, vigilant watch dogs of this palace which had tottered through several centuries and now, rejuvenated by her, was enjoying life as one of the loveliest residences on the coast anywhere between Gibraltar and, say, Venice.

Through the binoculars I looked down over a cascade of flowering terraces to the boundary wall of the estate far below. I saw what Mrs. Fitzpayne meant about this being a "governmental" type of hat. It was bobbing purposefully along, just above the level of the wall. There was a head in it, of course, but the hat shadowed the face. It was spiritually, if I may so express it, a bowler hat, the class of hat that in another time and country would have actually *been* a bowler.

"Furthermore," said Mrs. Fitzpayne, stretching a sleek, bare arm to recover the binoculars, "he is dodging and peering. He is making notes in a little book."

Her large violet eyes blazed behind the binoculars. With a cry like a beautifully toned alarm bell she called Pedro, her major-domo, who received instructions to mount his motor scooter, descend the driveway to the gate, and ask the man in the hat what the devil he was up to.

(Continued on Page 58)

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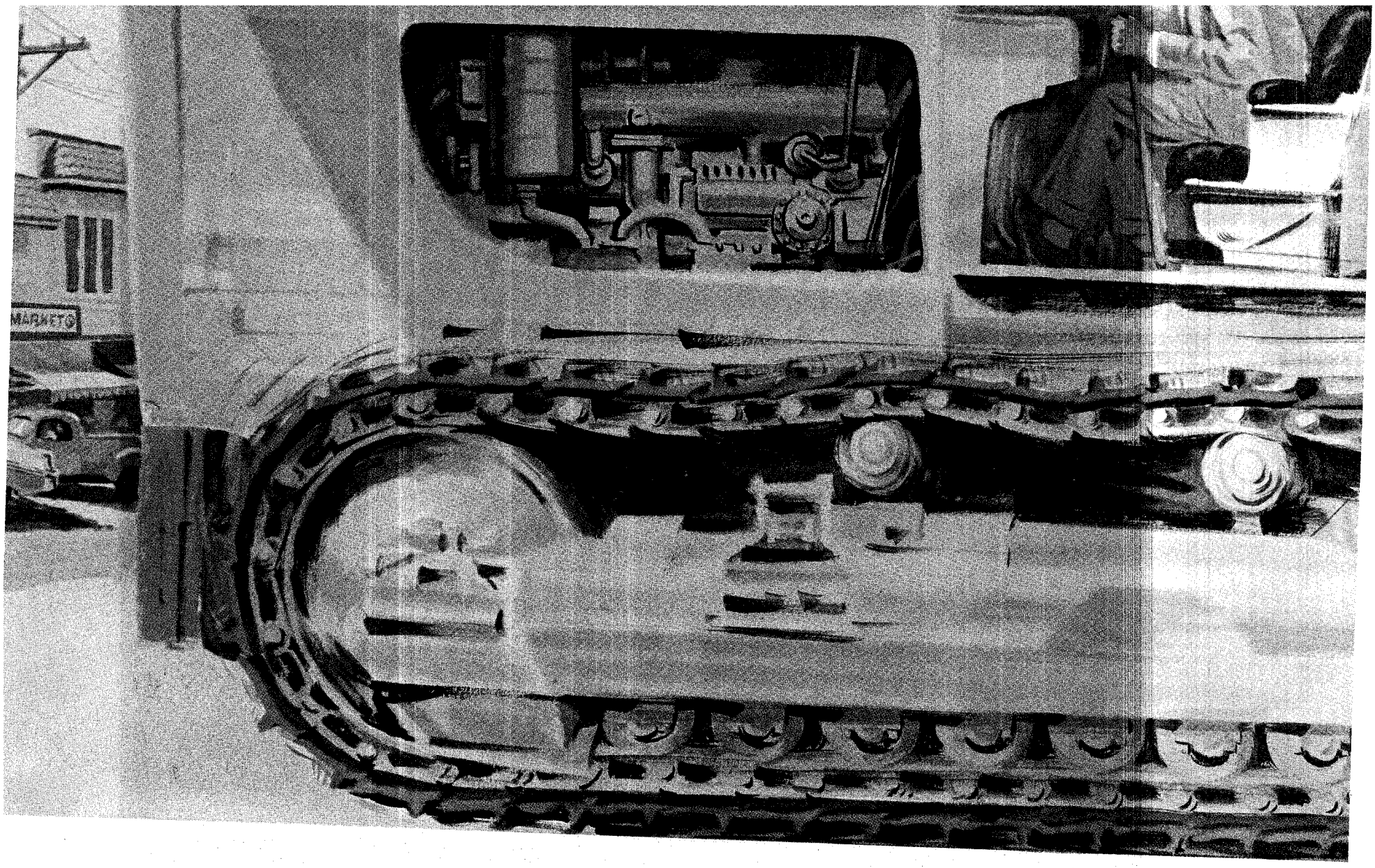

Alexander Botts, Detective

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Friday, March 14, 1958

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
SPHINX HOTEL
SPHINX, ARIZONA

Dear Botts: Recently a number of Earthworm tractors have been stolen in Arizona. Our Mexico City distributor reports a black market in used Earthworms in his territory. Apparently the stolen machines are being smuggled across the border. Local and state police in the United States are co-operating with the Mexican police. The Earthworm Company, through our Arizona distributor, is offering a five-thousand-dollar reward, and it is hoped the criminals will soon be apprehended.

In the meantime, while you are in Arizona, I want you to urge all owners of Earthworm tractors to protect their machines by equipping

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Botts drove the beautiful Earthworm right through the wooden partition.

them with locks, and by employing watchmen to guard idle machinery.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

SPHINX HOTEL
SPHINX, ARIZONA

Tuesday afternoon, March 18, 1958

Dear Henderson: Your letter is here. I am delighted to inform you that I am taking vigorous action in the matter of the stolen tractors. As a first step, I have rejected your suggested precautions. It would take too long to persuade all the Earthworm owners in Arizona to use locks and watchmen. And these measures, even if used, have already proved futile.

This morning, when I drove the company car into this little town of Sphinx, Arizona, I found that last night one of the local contractors had been robbed of an Earthworm tractor, even though he had used all of the protective measures you advocate. The tractor—an Earthworm Model XX7—had been parked yesterday evening outside the owner's machinery shed. It was equipped with one of our latest fuel-line valve locks. This had been duly locked by the operator, who was acting as night watchman during a temporary lull in construction activity.

About midnight, a large truck with a moving-van body drove up. Two men got out and jumped the watchman before he realized what was happening. They took away his revolver, threatened him with their own guns and forced him to unlock the tractor and drive it up a portable ramp onto the truck. Then they tied him up and drove away.

Early this morning the owner found and untied the operator. He was questioned by the local police and by members of the sheriff's posse. There were no clues. The operator could furnish only the vaguest description of the two gangsters and the van, and he had not noticed the license number.

The owner was inclined to blame himself for not taking adequate precautions.

"You did everything," I said, "that any ordinary man would do. The whole trouble is that people like you and Mr. Gilbert Henderson tend to think in terms of passive defense. What we need is a vigorous offense. Instead of relying on locks and a watchman who sits around until he becomes the victim of a surprise attack, I propose that we track down these crooks, throw them into jail, where they belong, and bring back the stolen property."

"The police are already doing everything they can," he said, "but they have so little to go on."

"Exactly so," I said; "the police need more information, and that is what I plan to give them. Alexander Botts is now entering the picture. I will start my own investigation at once, and I can promise you that I will bring this affair to a successful conclusion—or know the reason why. First of all, I want to talk to that operator-watchman."

I took down the man's name and address, and ten minutes later I interviewed him in his living room. His name is Steve Tucker. And he turned out to be hostile and un-co-operative.

"I don't want to see you," he said. "I don't want to talk to you. I don't want to have anything to do with you." (Continued on Page 70)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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Post Scripts

Need You Ask?
"Is your wife at home?"
"Did you notice that blonde?"
"You still have a cold?"
"Charles, are you busy?"
"Did you have a good day?"
"Shall I pay you now or later?"
BILL HARRISON
"Darling, are you ready for bed?"
TELEPHONE
"Do you have change for a twenty?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If you ask me, they're in for trouble."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ars Gratia Grocer

Out of the ashes of my passion,
Mixed with sweat and tears, I fashion
My poignant songs. Love's dead, I know,
But I'm alive, and that takes dough.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Yes, I've Already Met Her; I'm Her Uncle

I recently returned from a two-thousand-mile trip to attend the wedding of my niece (my wife's sister's daughter) and find myself recalling the following scintillating bits of conversation in which I indulged with relatives and their friends:

"Gee, for being brothers, you and Horace sure don't look anything alike."
"Horace and I aren't brothers. My wife is Gwendolyn's sister."

"Good heavens! We forgot the ——"
"Bridal bouquet!"

"I . . . I . . . can't help . . . but cry . . . a little. I mean, my little . . . girl . . . getting married . . . and ——"

"I know; but look at it this way: You're not losing a daughter, you're gaining a ——"

"Well, I'm certainly happy to meet you! I've heard so much about you that I almost feel as though I know you!"
"Well, I'm certainly happy to meet *you!* I've heard so much about you that I almost feel as though I know you too!"

"Good heavens! We forgot the ——"
"Boutonnieres!"

RAYMOND HOWARD

What's in a Misnomer?

When pigeonholes hold pigeons,
And dovetails grow on doves,
Then look in glove compartments
For gloves.

PENNY PENNINGTON

I Just Dug Out My High-School Yearbook!

Roses are red, violets are blue; remember your classmate in History II. Gladys Hingleford.

Best of luck to one really swell guy! Margaret Mary Turner, Class of '39 (I hope!!!)

Some folks get maudlin, and some dish out flattery, but I'll sign my name is all: Everette Slattery.

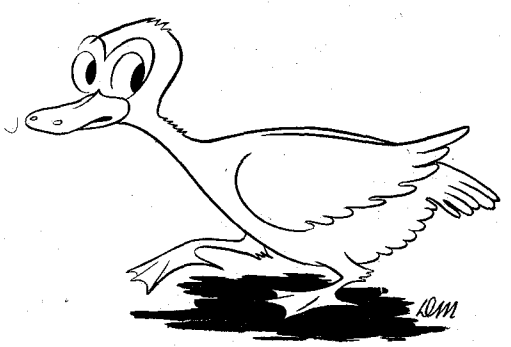
You'll reach the zenith, the acme, the apex, just as surely as $x + y = y + x$. Your algebra teacher, Mrs. Strohminger.

Just me. Elaine Finchley.

I sincerely hope that the years that stretch ahead will be rich and abundant, filled with the pride and satisfaction to be derived from perseverance in the challenging quest for knowledge and enlightenment. President of the Student Council E. Claude Wimpleton, Class of '38.

Ditto! "Stinky" Gates.

VERNON H. KURTZ



Das Yule ist Approachen

Das Yule ist approachen, mit goosen upfatten,
Und pfennigs ben fallen insiden der hatten;
Der pursers ben open mit stringers geloosen,
Und folkers ben smilen, excepten der goosen.

DAVE MORRAH

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Is the luxury of its flavor worth the extra cost?

(She'll know... and so will you the moment you taste it)

People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little.

Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

This soup is for people with a talent for judging fine food and a flair for enjoying its subtle superiorities.

It's made with a meaty soupbone, tender chunks of beef . . . and fresh garden vegetables, all simmered in at just the right moment to give them a nice, tender "bite". Then Campbell's freezes it fast—to keep all its delicate flavor fresh and true.

The surprising thing *isn't* that Campbell's Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef Soup costs more. It's that it costs so very little—as little as 12 cents for a generous serving.

Try it soon for a special treat.

OLD-FASHIONED

VEGETABLE with BEEF SOUP

FROZEN *by Campbell's*

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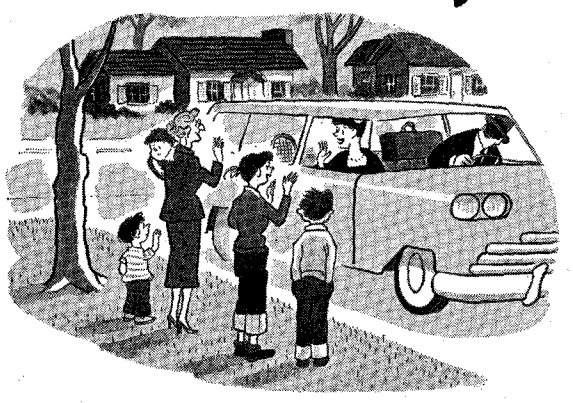
SECOND HONEYMOON

By Ted Key

1 "You know what we ought to do? Get away for a while, unwind ourselves. Remember that quiet, lovely hotel where we honeymooned? And the red mill and the waterfalls?"



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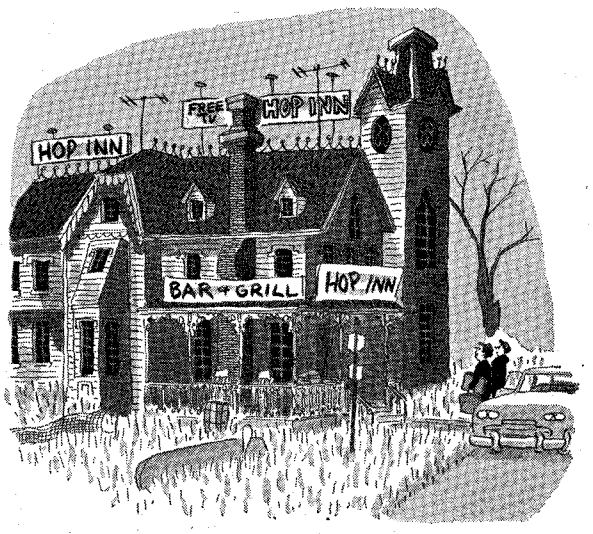

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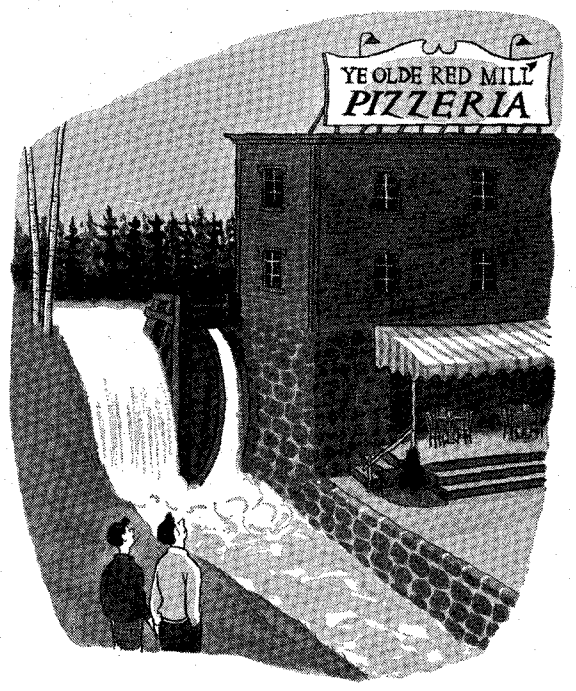
5 ". . . just tell Wendy to stop the teasing. And if Dickie's nose is still running . . ."



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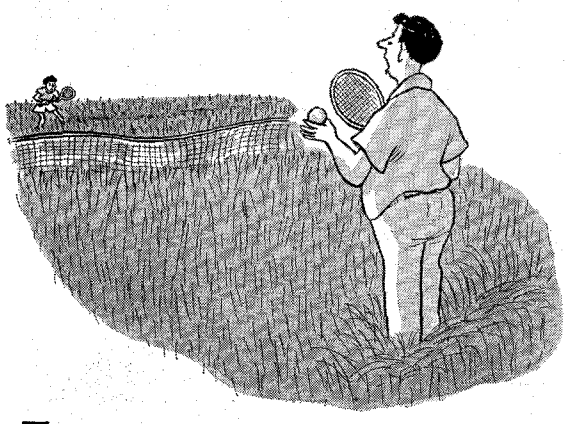
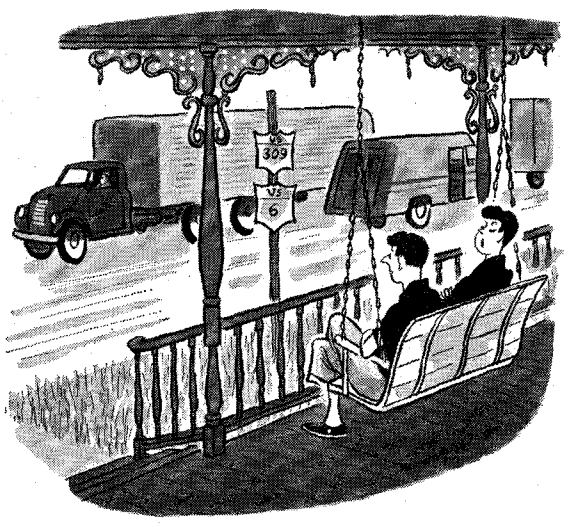


7 "Rally for serve?"



8 "You know what we ought to do?"

9

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This Christmas, give yourself (and your fi
satisfying flavor...so friendly to your tast

No flat "filtered-out" flavor! No dry "smoked-out" taste!

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is

© A. T. Co.

Outstanding...and they ar

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riends)
e!

our middle name"

e Mild!

To Merry People everywhere

WE, who bring the *light* refreshment your way, wish you the most light-hearted of Holidays.

Pepsi-Cola

the Light refreshment

Christmas hat especially created by Sally Victor for Pepsi-Cola.

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The Midtown Bomber

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Strand, who wanted most of all to catch the bomber, let him get away. . . .

"Tell the police I'll discover any trap they set," the voice warned. "And when I do, there will be an explosion in Gale's many times worse than the last one."

Barney Strand, chief of security police at Gale's Department Store, shuddered at this new threat. For the first blast maimed and blinded his fiancée, Lacey Evans. When the mysterious caller—actually a mild-looking man named Roy Clark—hung up, Barney notified store president Cramer. Fearful of the danger, Cramer acceded to the bomber's demands: Barney was to carry one hundred thousand dollars on his person at all times and wait for further instructions. Then, with the money in a suitcase chained to his wrist, Barney visited Lacey in the hospital. But Lacey gave him heart-rending news—she was breaking their engagement. "I don't want you stuck with an invalid just because you think a promise is a promise."

III

The nurse on night duty at the desk had come to know Barney well. He was the one who carried the suitcase chained to his wrist. The nurse had just answered the ringing telephone when she saw Barney come from Lacey's room, turn and go past the desk, face averted. She had to call him twice before he heard his name and turned. Then she saw his face and gasped.

"Mr. Strand. What on earth's happened?"

Barney's lower lip was caught between his teeth, his eyes were narrowed as if against some inner pain. He could only shake his head mutely in the first moment. Then he found his voice. "Something personal, miss. Nothing to worry you."

"Oh." She was embarrassed and confused. "I'm sorry."

"Thank you."

She remembered the phone, held it out. "For you."

Barney looked at the telephone. The extortionist was on the other end of the line; he knew that, somehow, with complete certainty, and without need of a better reason than the fact that the man had called here before and that it was time and past for him to call again. Delay and have the call traced? And delay might cause the man to hang up. He took the telephone.

"Strand here."

"Go to the public telephone booth on the service-station lot, southwest corner of Fifty-seventh and Greene." It was the extortionist speaking. "Go straight there in your car and wait for the telephone to ring."

And the line went dead.

This time Barney did not try to hold the voice in his mind. He gave the telephone back to the nurse and turned away.

A bitter east wind was blowing in the streets. Barney had to turn his coat collar up against it as he walked toward his car. Though it was not yet nine o'clock, the traffic was light, moving cautiously on icy streets.

The service station at Fifty-seventh was closed and dark. The telephone booth of metal and glass stood well away from the other buildings in a clutter of dirty snow and ice. It was in plain view of the traffic on both streets. The extortionist could drive by, see him sitting there and then scout the neighborhood for cars that might contain police—all without fear of compromising himself in any way.

Barney parked so as not to obstruct the view of the booth. He transferred the chain from the steering post to his wrist, carried the suitcase with him into the booth and held it between his knees. The light in the ceiling of the booth came on as he closed the door. He sat there, as obvious as a man in a drugstore window, lighted a cigarette and waited.

An hour went by. Perhaps a hundred cars passed. No driver or passenger seemed to pay him any special attention. A couple of high-school lads stared at (Continued on Page 65)

"Why didn't you follow orders?"

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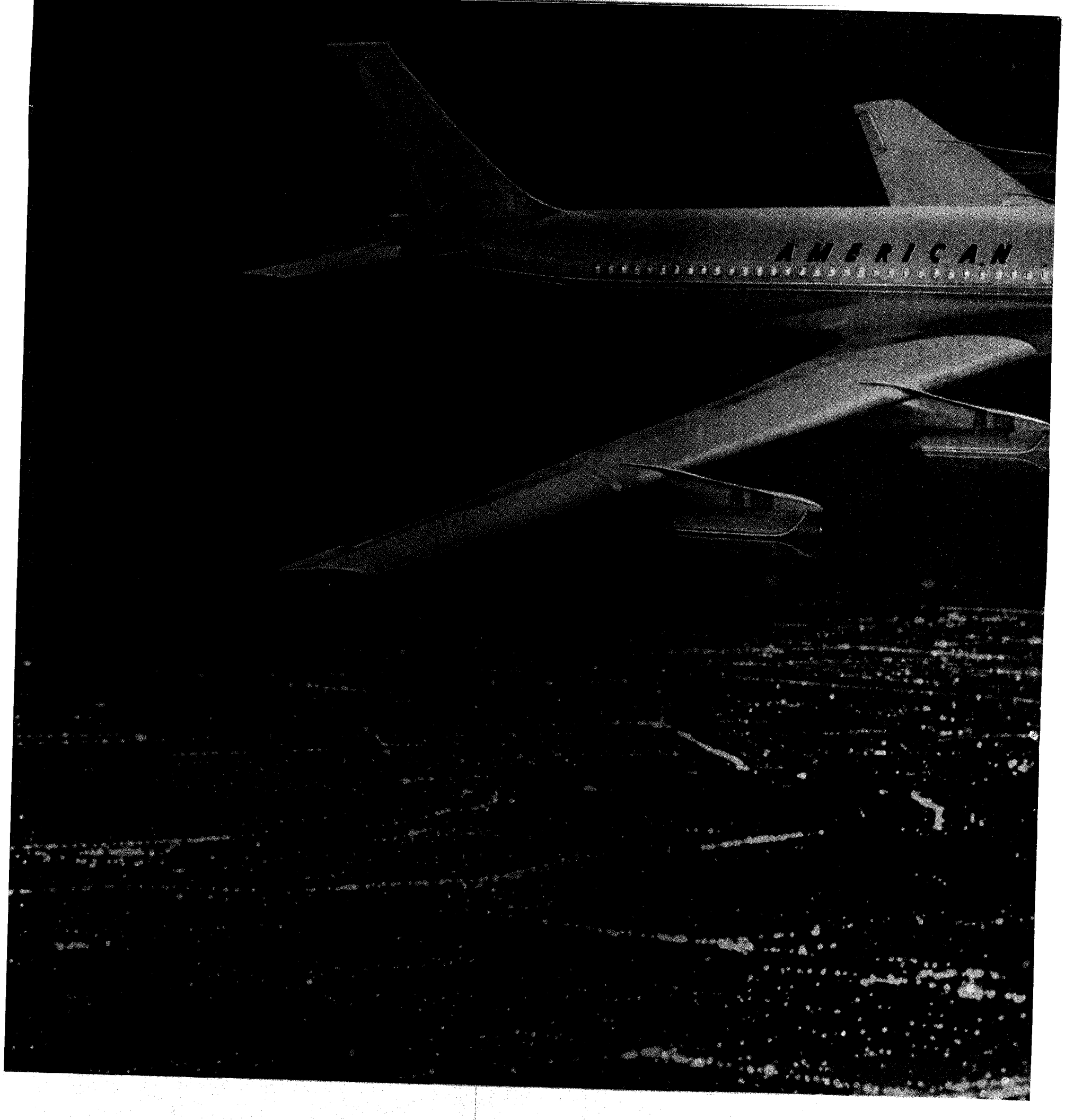

Starts next month —the first jet service across the U.S.A.

A new and wonderful experience for travelers. In just a few weeks you'll be able to board an American Airlines Jet Flagship for the newest, most wonderful travel experience of your life. You'll fly Los Angeles to New York in only 4½ hours, New York to Los Angeles in 5½, more than three hours faster than present flying times. Soon American will extend jet service to Chicago, San Francisco, Dallas, Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia and other major cities, creating more and more *useful* time for business and vacation travelers. Such speed is only part of the story, however.

Now, for the first time, getting there becomes a real pleasure. Your Jet Flagship will be a revelation in comfort beyond anything you have ever known. Your reclining seats in the spa-

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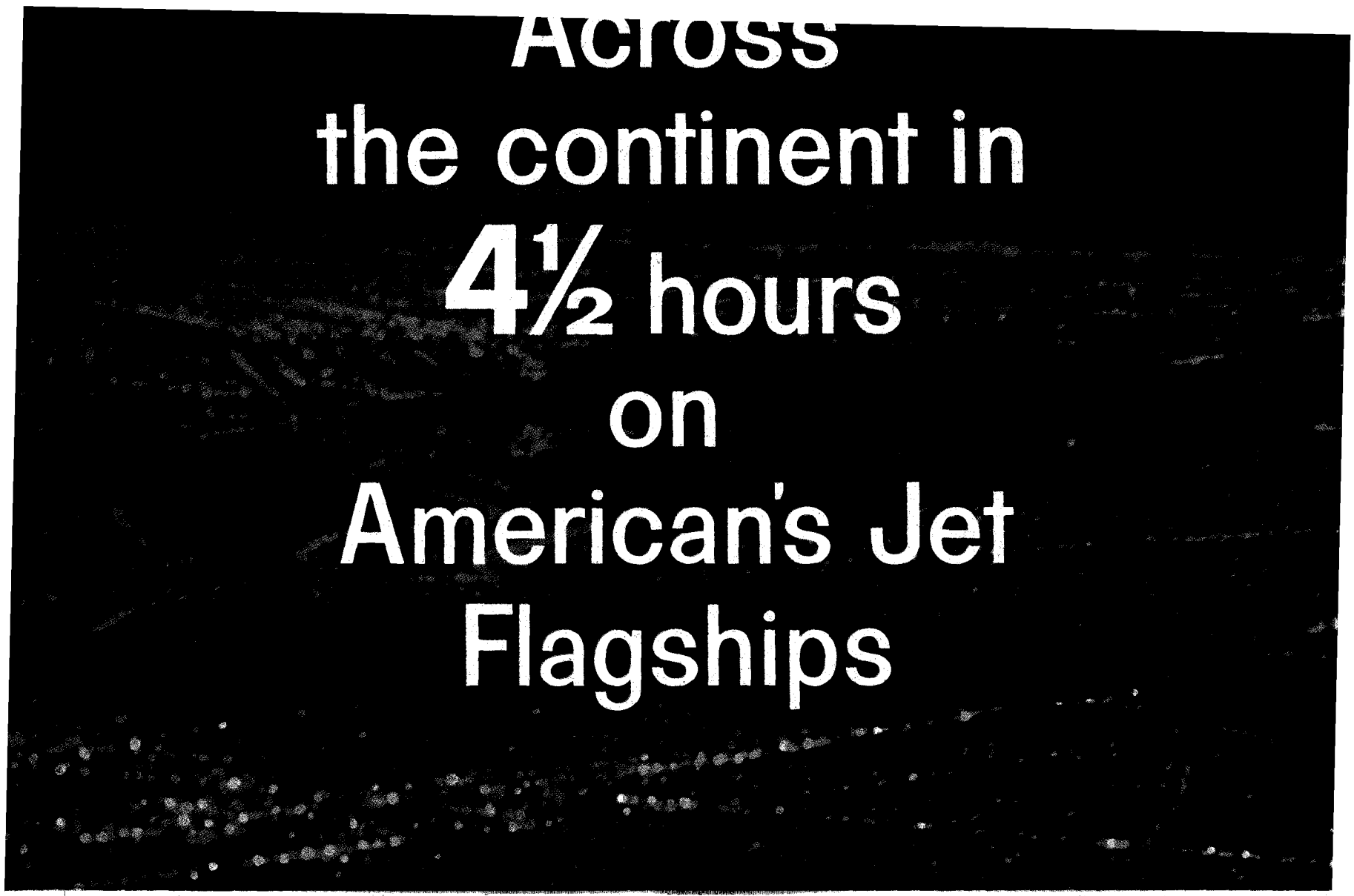

cious cabin give you more privacy. You can see more from any seat location because there is more window area. Ingenious innovations in lighting and air conditioning are among many other new features you will enjoy. Deluxe Mercury and economical Royal Coachman services will be offered in separate cabin sections on every flight.

A whole new world of flight. From a velvet smooth take-off, your 707 Jet Flagship will lift you promptly to radar-guided skyways, at tranquil cruising altitudes, far above or around the weather. Vibration is gone and engine noise is incredibly reduced. Flying has never been so *restful* before. At your destination, you will find other new conveniences, including American's luggage expediter system to speed up baggage delivery.

American Airlines invites you to be among the first to share the limitless opportunities of jet travel—the real pleasure of jet flight.

The Boeing 707 Jet Flagship is the most tested airplane ever to enter airline service

The prototype of the 707 made its initial flight in July, 1954. It has been flown continuously ever since, undergoing four years of the most thorough testing ever given any commercial airliner.

AMERICAN AIRLINES

First with Jets across the U.S.A.

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Escape Into Danger (Continued from Page 17)

"And if you had known?"

"I'm not interested in politics. I went to war. Volunteered in a burst of glory. I thought I was fighting for something. For Jamie, I guess. How did it help Jamie to have me cooped behind barbed wire or in a solitary cell for ten months? And those dead Chinese? They didn't even know why they died. I was killing men I didn't hate; men who didn't hate me were trying to kill me."

"That sounds," said John Dayn, very coldly, "like Communist propaganda. It's perfectly possible that you absorbed some of the ideas they hammered at you, even without realizing it. Your headaches started then, didn't they? These blinding, crippling headaches?"

"You have the record. You know they did."

"From a blow? An injury?"

"No injury," said Marc wearily. "Stress, the doctors call it."

But the headaches had been going away, finally. They came less often, until this.

"When you have these headaches, are you unconscious? Are there periods you don't remember?"

"I'm not unconscious. I remember."

"What happens?"

"Blackness. Terrible, blinding pain. Sometimes, if I get it when it's just starting, these new pills help stop it."

John Dayn slid the question in quietly, tonelessly, "What is the aim of the Chinese People's Republic?"

"Damn the Chinese People's Republic!"

John Dayn relaxed a little, leaning back. But his eyes never left Marc's face. "I've read the records of your trial. But I'd like to hear it from you. If you had known Natalie Poole was a Communist?"

"But I didn't know she was a Communist. And she lied when she said I gave her information about my work."

"Why should she lie? Why should she deliberately involve herself and you? You had asked her to marry you?"

"Yes."

"Why should she lie about you?"

Why should a girl be soft in your arms one night and then the next day —— The hard lines in Marc's lean face deepened. "I don't know."

"Do you think the Communists had some hold on Natalie, something that made her do what they wanted?"

Marc shook his head. "Natalie's name and money have always bought her anything she wanted. I don't think Natalie ever in her life did anything because somebody else made her."

"Then you think ——"

"I don't think. I don't know."

"Oh, yes," said John Dayn, and his voice was bitter. "The scientist."

The silence was a lengthy one. Finally Dayn said, "You know the charges. An important paper, the final calculations on Project M, was in the burglarproof safe, and your fingerprints were superimposed over the others on the knob, in a guarded lab under the tightest security."

"I knew the safe combination," said Marc. "It was part of my job to know it. But I opened the safe to get some other figures. Not that paper."

"The miniature microfilm camera was found hidden in your desk. Photography was your hobby. The camera was registered in your name where it was bought."

"Not by me. I never saw the camera. If it was hidden in my desk, I didn't hide it. And I didn't photograph that data sheet either."

"The data had to be photographed," said Dayn. "Nobody could have got that paper through the tight security check. But a bit of microfilm ——"

"How do you know anybody photographed it? Except that Natalie said so?"

"How would Natalie have known of its existence, otherwise?"

"I didn't tell her."

John Dayn leaned back in his chair until it creaked dangerously. "I'm going to tell you a fact which was not brought out in the trial. Our men had the lab under surveillance. Too many of our atom secrets have been leaking, over too long a period of time. All these leaks had to be part of a co-ordinated operation, with one man directing it. We don't know who it is or where to start looking for him, but he has to make defense contacts somehow, so we've been watching the key labs and their personnel. One of our men, Reed Michaelson, was assigned to follow you. A nice fellow, Reed. Married a year, twin boys. He called up, gasping for breath. He said, 'They have—microfilm—data sheet ——' and then he died. Shot in the back."

"And you think I shot him?"

"You were in conference with Doctor Burrows and Doctor Eckman at the time. I know you didn't shoot him"—Dayn's tone was savage—"or you wouldn't be here. We couldn't save Reed, but believe me, we'll get his killers. And see that his life was given for a purpose. You say you didn't tell Natalie about the data sheet. Then who did? Do you think a man dying for his country—Reed did that as much as if he had been shot on the battlefield—also lied?"

"He couldn't have been misunderstood?"

"We have a tape of the conversation. If you didn't make the microfilm, who did? Doctor Burrows?"

Marc thought of thin old Doctor Burrows, looking up from the stack of papers with which he had performed such herculean labors for so many years.

"Ridiculous," he said.

"I agree. Doctor Eckman, his assistant?"

Dedicated Doctor Eckman, also older, working in the lab even on holidays.

"No. Never."

"I agree," said John Dayn. "But only four people knew the combination of that safe. That leaves you and your friend, Boyd Rafferty. Of course, Boyd is dead now. A most untimely auto accident. Easy enough to say ——"

"I've never said it was Boyd!"

"That's one of the discrepancies," said John Dayn. His eyes held Marc's relentlessly. "You never have said that it was anybody else. I think that a Communist in your position would have said so. But, of course, Boyd was alive then, to deny it."

"You mean you believe I'm telling the truth?"

John Dayn jerked open the drawer of the desk. There was a .32 automatic in it. But he took out a small package of pills and swallowed one. He said crossly, "Stomach. . . . The jury found you guilty. But I've got to find that film."

Marc stared at him. "Find it? But by this time ——"

John Dayn said quietly, "That microfilm of the data sheet was made. It's out of the lab. Somewhere. But they haven't got it. Not yet."

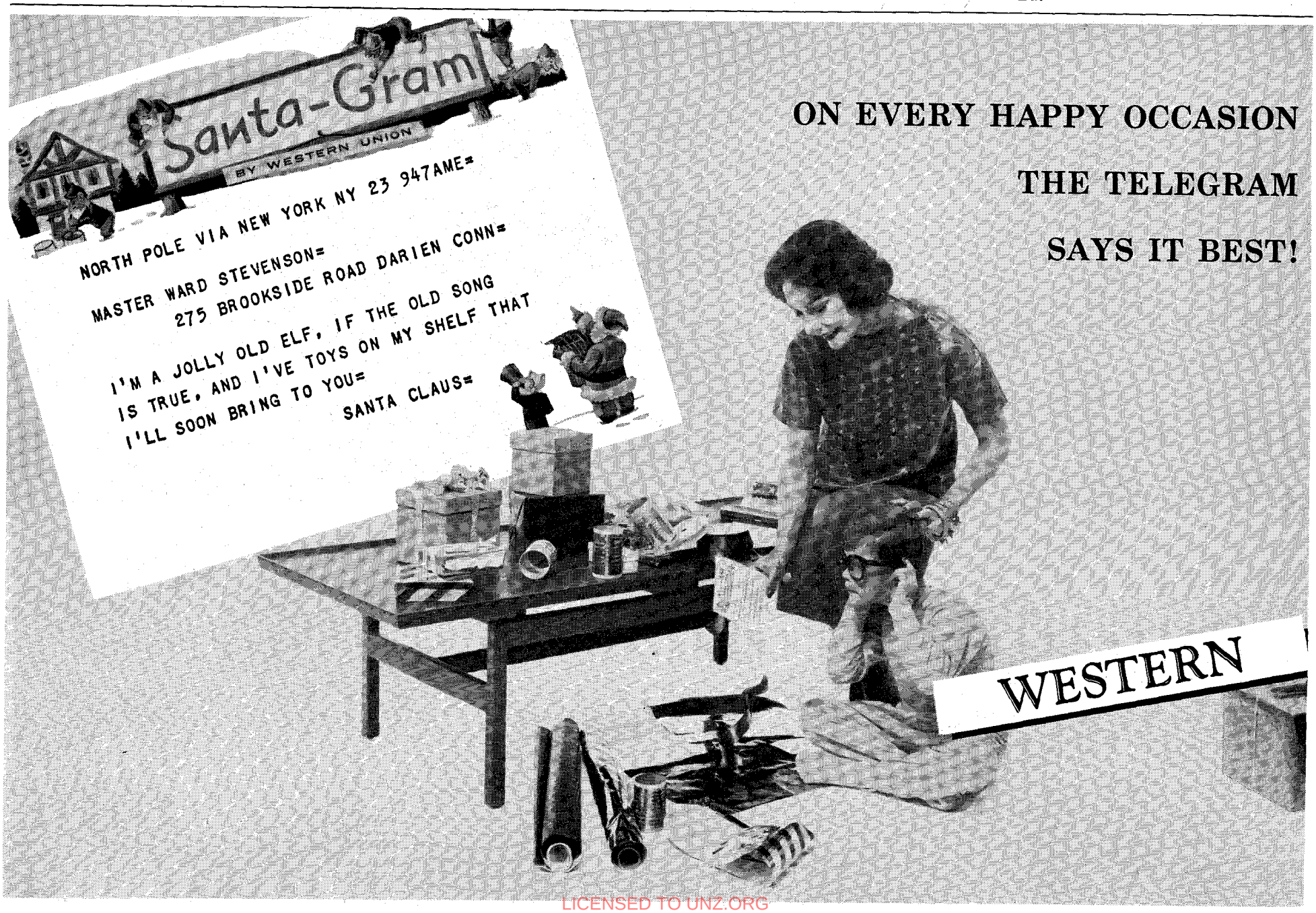
"How do you know?"

"Boyd Rafferty's death."

Marc said hoarsely, "You know who Boyd was. You can't think ——"

"I know his father is a senator, but I also know Boyd gambled and was heavily in debt."

"But ——"


Santa-Gram
BY WESTERN UNION
NORTH POLE VIA NEW YORK NY 23 947AME=
MASTER WARD STEVENSON=
275 BROOKSIDE ROAD DARIEN CONN=
I'M A JOLLY OLD ELF, IF THE OLD SONG
IS TRUE, AND I'VE TOYS ON MY SHELF THAT
I'LL SOON BRING TO YOU=
SANTA CLAUS=
ON EVERY HAPPY OCCASION
THE TELEGRAM
SAYS IT BEST!
WESTERN

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"He wouldn't want his father to know. All reports on him agree he was unnaturally afraid of his father's disapproval. At first, they would only have asked him for small things. Then, when they had more on him, perhaps they finally persuaded him to photograph this data sheet."

Marc shook his head. "Boyd gambled, and he was always in debt. He might even have done small things, as you say. But not this."

"Apparently he didn't do this. At least give them the film. He had a bad heart, and apparently he died last week while they were trying to make him."

"Jamie's letter said an auto accident. Boyd was a wild driver."

John Dayn shrugged. "There was one more word in Reed Michaelson's dying message. It was because of that word that you were not tried for espionage."

"What word?"

"Boyd."

"There must be some mistake."

"His car was driven over a California cliff—the body battered, disfigured by the rocks and sea. Accidental death, the coroner's jury called it. But we are almost sure he was beaten to death. That shocks you, doesn't it?"

Marc sat numbly. Boyd Rafferty had been his best friend. He had shared an apartment with Marc and Jamie. Marc could see Boyd now, big and blond and assured, drinking too much, spending too much, sleeping too little. Most of all, one remembered Boyd's gay laughter—and his unfailing kindness to Jamie.

Marc said, "Boyd—beaten to death!"

"We didn't tell his father, the senator. The old man is completely broken up as it is. If Boyd Rafferty took that microfilm, he was a traitor. But in the end he chose to die by inches, rather than give them the film."

"You're wrong. You must be. Boyd wouldn't ——"

John Dayn said, "It has to be Boyd or you."

It has to be Boyd or you. That simple. A man who worked beside you every day, his quick mind an eternal delight, who shared your life, your friends.

"Spies don't look any different from anyone else," said John Dayn, as if reading his thoughts. "That's what makes them good spies. Professional spies get most of their information just this way.

The age of reason arrives when a child no longer believes in Santa Claus, but is smart enough not to admit it.

H. L. MCNARY

By pressure on weaker people, whose so-far blameless records will let them get into places that the spies can't get. We've got to have that film."

"How do you know they haven't got it? If you think Boyd had it, how do you know he didn't give it to them?"

"They searched your apartment after Boyd died. Tore it apart, floor boards, walls, clothing, everything. But apparently they didn't find the film. So now they figure its whereabouts can only be known to one of two people."

"Two?"

"You," said John Dayn. Then he added quietly, "And Jamie."

"Jamie! He's blind. They wouldn't——"

John Dayn snapped, "Don't you understand these people at all? Do you live with your head in the sand? What do they care if he's blind? These people are ruthless. Utterly ruthless. They're gambling the peace of the world, the lives of everyone in it, for their own love of power. They shot Reed Michaelson in the back. They beat Boyd Rafferty to death. Jamie was in the apartment the night they took Boyd Rafferty out. If they knew Boyd had the film up to then, and it wasn't on him or in the apartment, the only person he could have given it to was Jamie. Even if Jamie didn't have it on him, then either he or you must know where it is and the best way of putting pressure on you would be Jamie."

Marc's voice was hoarse, "Tell me——"

"They probably have their agents in the prison. Some way of reaching you, forcing you to do what they want. I'm just anticipating them. I'm sorry."

He spread a newspaper before Marc. He rose, turned his back and stood looking out the window.

Marc saw the black headlines.

KIDNAP SCIENTIST'S BLIND BROTHER
HELP ME, MARC, NOTE SAYS
YOU KNOW WHAT WE WANT,
KIDNAPER ADDS

Marc's hand tightened on the paper. He forced the word out, "When?"

"Last night," said John Dayn.

"They may have—like Boyd ——"

"I doubt it. If they kill him, they have no hold on you."

"He's blind," said Marc. "Blind! He can't stand —— Do something to help him!"

Dayn still looked out the window. "There are no clues. The note was words cut from a newspaper. In twenty-four hours the FBI can enter the case."

"Twenty-four hours!"

Dayn did not turn. "I know what I'm asking. These people have your brother. But give me the piece of film. Tell me where it is."

"Dammit, I never saw it! I don't know where it is!"

"Then they will kill Jamie."

Marc was on his feet now. There was blackness before his eyes. The room swirled and then straightened, with terrible clarity. He heard his own voice and did not recognize its steel fury, "They will not kill Jamie!" He was on the other side of the desk. He had in his hand the .32 automatic he had seen in the drawer. "I don't want to shoot you, but I will if you make a move."

John Dayn did not move. "Heroics won't do any good. They have Jamie in San Francisco. Even if you got away from here, how could you get there? With every policeman, every law officer all the way, looking for you? All the bus depots, airlines, trains covered?"

"I'll get there."

"Not to mention," said John Dayn, "this gang of Communist killers. They will be after you too; and their methods are never pretty. Are you lucky like Boyd Rafferty? Do you have a weak heart?"

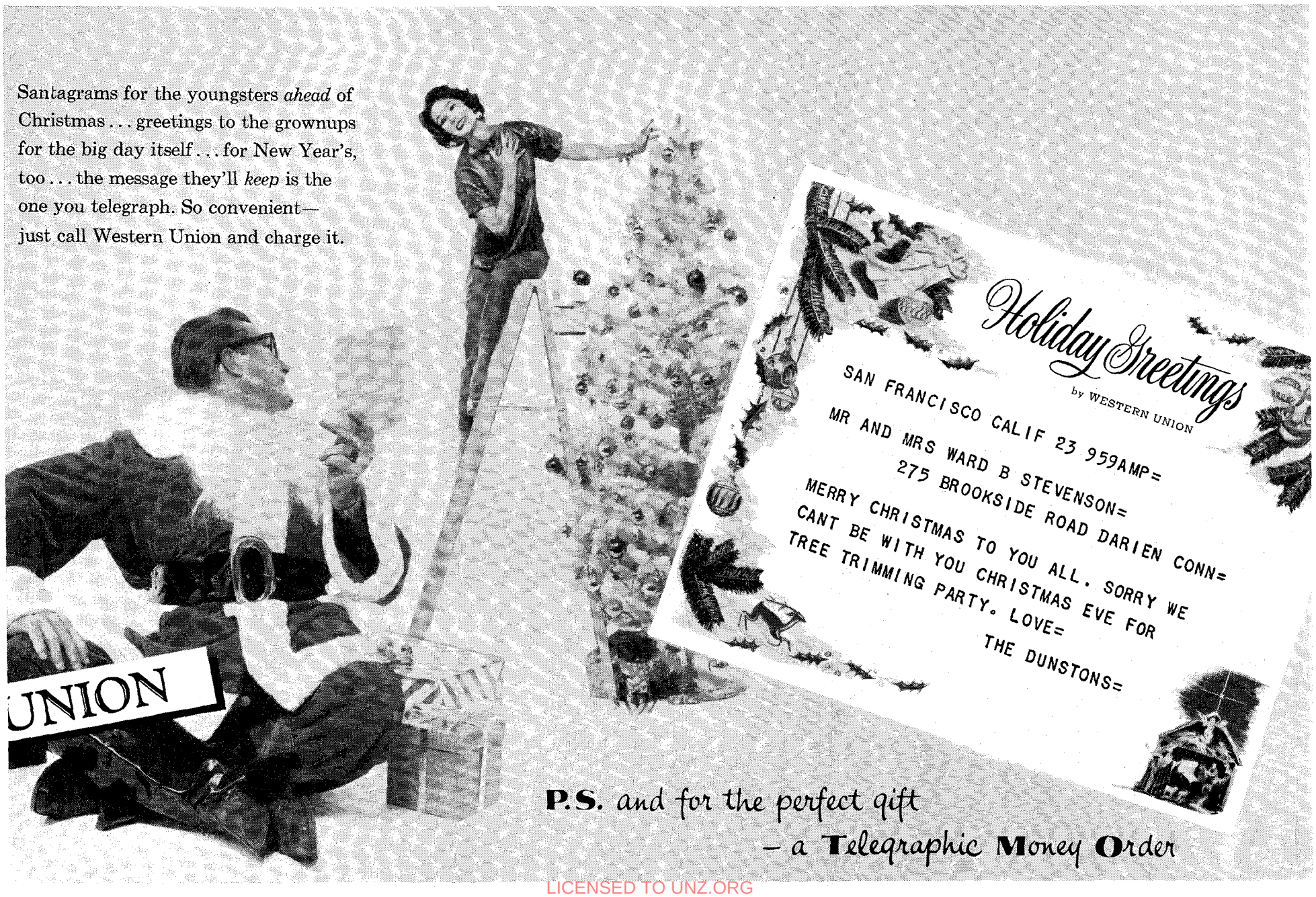
"My methods won't be pretty either!"

"And if you did escape them—and us—if you did get there, what then? What could you do that isn't already being done? How can you find Jamie if we can't?"

"Stop talking. Sit down in the straight chair. Take off your shirt and cut it into strips. There's a scissors on the desk. I'm going to tie you up."

John Dayn took off his coat and shirt. He sat down in the chair. "You won't be able to trust anyone. Anyone at all. You can't shut your eyes and sleep."

Marc used John Dayn's handkerchief for a gag. He bound his hands and feet with the strips torn from his shirt. He


Santagrams for the youngsters *ahead* of Christmas . . . greetings to the grownups for the big day itself . . . for New Year's, too . . . the message they'll *keep* is the one you telegraph. So convenient— just call Western Union and charge it.
UNION
Holiday Greetings
by WESTERN UNION
SAN FRANCISCO CALIF 23 959AMP=
MR AND MRS WARD B STEVENSON=
275 BROOKSIDE ROAD DARIEN CONN=
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL. SORRY WE
CANT BE WITH YOU CHRISTMAS EVE FOR
TREE TRIMMING PARTY. LOVE=
THE DUNSTONS=
P.S. and for the perfect gift
– a Telegraphic Money Order

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tied him to the chair and moved it across the room and turned it on its side. He pulled out the telephone wires.

He hesitated by John Dayn's coat. He said, "Sorry, sir. But I can't get far without money." He took the bills from John Dayn's wallet.

Now for the square-jawed Mr. Cook. Marc listened at the door. He heard nothing. He opened it. Hartford Cook's clean-cut face popped in immediately. Marc hit him on the head with the automatic. Cook went down in a heap. Marc tied him to the other chair. The corridor was empty. Marc closed the door carefully behind him. He found the stairs. He was running down them. He would have shot anyone who tried to stop him. No one tried. He was out the door. He was on the street, walking. *Now to find Jamie.*

John Dayn worked the gag from his mouth finally. He said, "Considerable strength, for a scientist."

Square-jawed Hartford Cook, who had not worked the gag from his mouth, could only nod glumly. With his teeth, John Dayn began to work on the strips tying Cook's hands. Finally he loosened them. Cook flexed his fingers. Presently they were both free.

John Dayn got to his feet quickly. "Whew! It's this kind of thing that makes me feel I must be getting old."

Cook grinned briefly. "Me too. He didn't hit you, did he, sir?"

"No. He should have. Too bad. It shows a weakness that may be fatal."

"When I think of the risk, him with the gun, you with your back turned!"

"It was a calculated risk. I've taken plenty of them, in my time. This was one of the most important. Too many atom secrets have already leaked, Cook. Besides, we've been working for years to break this Russian-spy apparatus without getting more than underlings. The top man is probably in on this one."

"But how do we know Marc Hollis knows where the microfilm is?"

"Maybe he doesn't, now. But he knew Boyd Rafferty, and his mind will work as Boyd Rafferty's did, until he'll figure out where Boyd hid the film. As Boyd probably meant him to."

"But suppose Marc Hollis gives it to them when he does figure it out?"

"They would have got word to him in prison. He would have told them, to save his brother's life. It was a sure thing. This way, if we watch him closely, we might get it before they do."

"You don't think he caught on that the escape was planned?"

John Dayn shook his head. "No."

"When the newspapers get hold of this, there'll be hell to pay. They'll tear you apart."

"I've faced worse things than newspapers," said John Dayn calmly. "If a man is willing to give his life for his country, he should be willing to give his job and prestige. It had to be done this way. Nobody official could deliberately let a convicted spy escape."

"We could still pick him up."

"No. I want to see what he does, where he goes. And we can't help him much. We can't follow him too closely or let him know we may be on his side. We can't let anyone know, even the police. It has to look real. It's our only hope of getting that film. And we must get it."

Cook said slowly, "Put that way, do you think he has any chance, sir?"

John Dayn snapped, "I have to think that, to live with myself. He's tough. Tougher than I thought. Scientist or no scientist, he was a paratrooper, remember. And he's nobody's fool. He was blind with rage and grief over his brother. But he remembered he'd need money. Don't sell him short, Cook."

"But this bunch who are after the microfilm are killers, sir. Professionals. They killed Reed, who was a professional himself; Boyd Rafferty. Marc Hollis is only one against the lot."

John Dayn sighed. "I know. We'll give him a couple of hours, as long as we reasonably can, before sending out the alarm. After noon, anyhow. But he won't have much time after that. They'll be waiting to pick him up."

"Before he gets to San Francisco?"

"Perhaps they may even let him get to San Francisco and find the film for them. Or let him get at least to where they can confront him with Jamie."

"They'll get him. They're bound to."

John Dayn snapped, "I'm tired of waiting for them to do something, so we can react when it's too late. Always too late. Well, this time we've acted, not reacted. They'll be thrown off balance, and with a little time, maybe he ——"

Hartford Cook was doubtful. "They may even have been watching the ferry and know where he is right now."

John Dayn nodded. "You're right. He won't have much time before they'll be on him."

If you are going to rob a man, rob an important one, Marc reflected grimly. He stood in a telephone booth and counted the money from John Dayn's wallet. Four hundred and two dollars.

The most difficult maneuver for skiers is getting around with a cast on their legs.

DAN BENNETT

The airports would be watched, the bus depots, the trains, John Dayn had said. *I can't help Jamie by getting caught.* Hitchhiking? With his description being broadcast everywhere?

No. To have any chance at all, Marc must control his own transportation. A car. Not a stolen car, whose license would be known and sought. He must buy a car. In the telephone book, he found that many of the used-car dealers were on one street. To save time, he took a taxi.

He was dazed by the astronomical numerals on the windshields of the cars. If he spent three hundred dollars, including tax, would that leave enough cash reserve? There were few cars under that price.

He made the best choice he could—a seven-year-old, two-door, pale green, seemingly still serviceable. The busy dealer accepted without question both the cash and the name and address Marc had chosen at random from the telephone book. It might be a month before the ownership slip would arrive by mail, the dealer said. Meantime, he had his bill of sale.

Marc stopped at a busy gas station. He filled the tank, checked the oil and battery, and asked for a state map. Presently he was on Highway 99, heading south. He was on his way to Jamie as fast as he could travel and still have a reasonable chance of getting there. If he drove steadily enough—how long? *Will it be time enough? What is happening to Jamie now?*

Marc forced himself to watch his speed, for his fury was riding him. He could not be arrested for speeding. Within hours, if it was not already, his description would be on every police wire. WATCH FOR A MAN, SIX FEET TALL, 180 POUNDS, BROWN EYES, DARK HAIR, GRAY TOPCOAT. Did they go further than that? As: LEAN, ANGULAR FACE; AGE 29; LONG SLENDER HANDS, BIG HEAD, BIG FEET, BROAD SHOULDERS; KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE AND MUSIC; PLAYED THE TRUMPET IN JAZZ ORCHESTRA TO WORK HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE; STRONG SWIMMER, ALSO PLAYED FOOTBALL, QUARTERBACK. Or would they say: ARMED, DANGEROUS, SHOOT TO KILL?

Marc stopped in South Tacoma at an Army-surplus store. Leaving his own topcoat in the car, he purchased an Army raincoat, some handkerchiefs, a safety razor, a pocketknife and a few other bare essentials. He begrudged the sixteen dollars, but he knew it was necessary that he change his appearance, even superficially. When he had passed Fort Lewis and was in open country again, he pulled the car off on a side road and carefully buried his own coat.

He kept switching the stations on the radio, but he reached Olympia without hearing the story of his escape. It was incredible, but he was sleepy. He was also hungry. He had slept very little last night, and had eaten no breakfast or lunch. Better to stop and eat here, in a big town, before the alarm came through.

He found a parking space in front of a busy café not far from the beautiful state-capitol building. He watched the street carefully before getting out of the car. A plain black coupé pulled in behind him. A tall, bearded man got out and limped into the café. Marc's eyes narrowed: there was something familiar about this man. *Nerves*, he told himself impatiently. *This is no time for nerves.*

The café smelled of greasy fish. The bearded man was on a stool at the counter. Marc took a seat next to him. The bearded man did not glance up. Marc ordered the hamburger plate, special.

The voice was deep and resonant. It was directly at Marc's elbow. "You have a cigarette?"

Marc jumped; he had not heard the man come up behind him. He shook his head, swinging slowly around on his stool. "Sorry."

The man who had touched his elbow was short, but powerfully built and very ugly, with big shoulders and a small waist and huge hands. His back was hunched in his overcoat in a peculiar position. His sharp black eyes were cynical. "No cigarettes?"

Beside Marc, the bearded man swung around, offered a battered pack.

The big-shouldered man looked at his companion, a flashily dressed muscular blond in his mid-twenties. "No cigarettes, Karl," he said softly.

"No, Akim." The blond Karl laughed unpleasantly.

The big-shouldered man, Akim, took the offered cigarettes without looking at them or the giver. He smiled suddenly, charmingly, showing his small, even teeth. He turned and, with the blond young man, moved toward a booth. As he moved, the deformity of his back was obvious. Akim was a hunchback.

Marc kept his hands in his pockets; they were sweating, and probably shaking. Why? A commonplace incident, surely. But Marc was not so sure. Akim was not commonplace in voice or appearance. Why had he picked Marc, in all the café? Why not just buy a pack of cigarettes? Why had he prolonged the incident, given Karl's name and his own, stood looking at Marc with his unwavering dark eyes considerably longer than the situation had surely warranted?

But he couldn't know who I am. Nobody could. Nerves.

Marc's food came, greasy and unappetizing. He forced himself to eat it slowly, carefully. The coffee was warm and steadying.

He noticed the girl when she first came in. She was a small girl with a thin, straight body, huddled in a green corduroy coat. She clutched a pathetically worn fiberboard suitcase. Her light brown hair had been flattened by the rain; it hung limp and straight about her face. She wore no make-up except lipstick, and her large gray-green eyes stood out in her small white face.

Her companion, a big rough-looking man, roared at her to go to the washroom and not to be bothering him to stop the truck on the road afterward. The girl's face reddened, as everyone in the small café looked at her, but she rose obediently, without answering him, and found her way, still clutching her worn suitcase. When she returned, her companion, having roared a double order, was now roaring did the waitress think he had all day? The girl with the suitcase slipped into the booth opposite the man. She said something, very low.

The man slapped her viciously across the face. The suddenness of his action stunned the café. Everyone sat looking at him. Then several men rose to their feet.

One, a small timid man with glasses, came forward. "Sir ——" he said.

Beside Marc, the bearded man left the money for his meal, slid calmly off his seat and limped out the front door. Marc forced himself to watch him, not the girl. But then his eyes were irresistibly drawn back. He saw the big-shouldered Akim and blond Karl also watching, laughing openly, with obvious enjoyment.

Marc got down from his counter stool just as the little man with the glasses landed on the floor at his feet, propelled by one blow from the girl's big companion. Akim and Karl looked at each other and laughed aloud. The other men who had risen were gradually fading back, looking shamefaced.

Marc saw the girl with the suitcase, tears running down her pale face, trying to slide out of the booth. Her big companion reached out and cuffed her back, bumping her head roughly against the partition. She made a small cry.

It's not your fight. Get out of here now. But somewhere, right now, a big man may be cuffing Jamie, and he may be shrinking back, too, crying, "Marc, help me; I can't see."

Marc turned. He said to the girl, "You want to get out, miss?"

The big man rose, in deference to Marc's six-foot height and build. This time he used his fist. It shot out as Marc stepped back. Even the glancing blow to the side of his face hurt painfully. *For Jamie, this.* Marc stepped back in. He drove his fist into the big man's stomach, hard. He doubled up with a loud, grunting sound. As his head came up, Marc hit his chin. The man went backward to the floor.

Marc turned toward the door, not running, but in haste. He threw change on the counter and went out the door.

Of all the fool things to do. I couldn't have made myself more conspicuous.

As Marc turned on the ignition, the radio came on too: "Federal prisoner escapes. Wanted, Marc Hollis. . . . Buses, railroads, airports are being watched; roadblocks set up."

The car door on the other side opened and the girl from the café slid in beside him, clutching her suitcase. "Please," she said. "I have no one else to help me. When he comes around, he will ——"

A police car, doubtless summoned by the café, slid into the parking space behind Marc, where the bearded man's car had been. Marc pulled away from the curb as the officers went into the café. No one followed him. After a few blocks, he drew a deep breath and glanced at the girl beside him. She was younger than he had thought—in her early twenties, per-

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haps. Her green corduroy coat was cheap and worn; her sturdy shoes looked as if they might be a size or two too big for her.

He said awkwardly, "Don't cry. It's all over now. Where shall I drop you?"

The girl's gray-green eyes were fixed on him intently. She wet her lips. She spoke as though reciting a memorized piece, some of the words coming out with odd pronunciations.

"I am Tresa Welar. I have come a month ago in a boat to Seattle. I lived with my uncle. I was an actress in Hungary. I fought with the Freedom Fighters. Finally I had to escape across the border and then I was in a camp. I arrived very late, and the quotas were filled. I worked translating. Then I came to my uncle. Last week, he died. My cousins near San Francisco, they have sign a—a responsibility for me. I am to work on their," she hesitated and then brought the word forth triumphantly, "farm."

"Look," said Marc. "I don't care about all that. Where do you want to get out?"

The girl weighed the words carefully. She smiled shyly, and her teeth were white and even. "San Francisco, please."

"San Francisco is over eight hundred miles away!"

The girl shook her head. "Miles?"

"Kilometers —— Oh, dammit. I'll drop you at the railroad station. Go to the Travelers Aid there. Do you understand? The Travelers Aid. They'll help you."

The girl shook her head firmly. "No help. If I need help, they will send me back at once. This was made quite clear to me."

"They'll just notify your cousins."

"My cousins have no money. Their mother, she is very sick. They sent—that man"—she shrank back a little—"to meet me. He said it was arranged we get married."

"They can't make you do that. This is the United States of America."

"Yes," she said, and her eyes glowed, "the United States of America. All my life I have wanted to come here. Through the hunger of the war and the occupation, even after what they did to my mother and sister—a tank overran us waiting in a line to buy bread. I was shot in the arm by a machine gun." She pulled up her sleeve to show the bullet scar. "But still, I wanted to live, so that someday I could come here and be free!"

"That's fine. But it won't do you any good to be caught—found—with me. I'll let you out at a corner. You find a policeman."

The girl cowered in terror, hiding her face. "Police!"

"Our police aren't like the Russian secret police. They'll help you."

The girl cried silently, the tears running down her thin cheeks. She snuffled.

Marc gave her his handkerchief. "I don't suppose you'd be any worse off if you did get caught with me. Nobody would think you were involved. I haven't much spare money, but I could take you as far as Portland and buy you a bus ticket."

"San Francisco," she said forlornly.

"It can't hurt either of us, under the circumstances. It might help us both." *They won't be looking for a man and a woman.*

They were out of Olympia now, on main Highway 99 again, to Portland. Miles of sandy land and evergreen trees, small towns, more evergreen trees.

Beside him, Tresa slept, curled like a kitten. Relaxed, she looked very young indeed. Presently she opened her eyes. "Eat?" she said.

Marc swore under his breath, but he stopped in the next small town. He gave the girl four dollar bills and made her a careful list. Bread, milk, peanut butter, cheese, canned beans, can opener, knife, aspirin.

She held the money reverently. "They will not cheat me."

"They won't try. Don't worry about it," Marc said. "You needn't take your suitcase. No one will steal it here."

She hesitated, noticeably. "No."

You can't trust anyone, John Dayn had said. Marc went through the suitcase contents hastily. A pitifully few clothes, mostly cotton and homemade; an older woman's picture with two young girls, one of them Tresa. A passport, which Marc studied carefully. An Austrian newspaper two months old. Some letters from San Francisco, in a language Marc did not know, with postmarks over a period of several years, from Budapest.

She landed in Seattle a month ago, all right. She must be what she says she is. The passport, the bullet scar, the postmarks.

He got out of the car, as if stretching his legs. He walked past the store. Tresa was bargaining earnestly with the storekeeper.

But Marc's eyes narrowed as he saw the wall phone. Tresa had been in there a long time. She could have given the list to the storekeeper to fill and made a phone call. It shouldn't have taken her this long just to pay for the groceries.

Suspicion. *You can't trust anyone.* Marc could feel his head throbbing. Perhaps it was too late to stop the oncoming headache, but he had to try. He swallowed one of his precious pills. Four left. Four to get to San Francisco and find Jamie. He went back to the car and shut his eyes, leaning back.

Tresa climbed in beside him. "To think I would pay the prices he asked! Without argument!" She carefully gave Marc back a handful of silver. "I have done it well?" she asked anxiously.

He forced a grin. "You couldn't have done much better with a gun."

She said shyly, "You have not smiled before. With the smile, your face is so different."

He thought: *The last girl you smiled at was Natalie.*

Tresa looked at him wonderingly. "Why do you frown now? Is it that you are annoyed with me? Or is it that all American men hate their women?"

"Of course not."

"Then why ——" She studied his set face. "I see. It is some other woman that you are angry at. Not me. But this is wrong. To live, you cannot just hate. You must also love, and you cannot love while you are hating. To live, even under the worst conditions, you must believe in the future. And the future, it is to be free to live and to love. Or why live?"

The future, Marc thought. *What if she knew how short my future is? A few hours, a day or two at most. Until they catch me or I find the people who have Jamie. Unless they find me first. As they found Reed Michaelson and Boyd.*

Tresa spread peanut butter on bread. "You?" she asked.

"No."

"I will be very careful," she said. "I do not eat much. Once, in the barricades, I did not eat for three days."

"Eat all you like. There is plenty."

His headache was getting worse now, and fast. There were little blind spots in the road. And the pain was growing steadily, unbearably.

Tresa ate carefully, treasuring each mouthful. She put the food away carefully.

She looked at Marc. "Are you tired? You look so very white. Would you like me to try driving?"

"Can you drive?"

"My uncle was teaching me. I have—what you call—the beginner's permit. But gears I have never tried. Except once on a tank we captured. I ran it into a building. But it was a Russian tank, anyhow, and nearly out of petrol."

"Perhaps you could drive for a little while."

He braked the car to a wobbling halt. Tresa slipped out and ran around to his side. "I shall be so happy to do something for you. You have done so much for me."

Marc shut his eyes and moved carefully over in the seat, trying not to jar his head. "You have to put your foot on the clutch—that pedal at the left."

"Oh," said Tresa, in surprise. "Do tanks have these?"

"Keep your foot on the pedal and try finding the notches for the gears. You can start in second. That's forward and to the right. Then you go into third, down and to the right."

They moved forward with a series of convulsive jerks and squawking sounds.

"Oh," said Tresa. "I guess I forgot the pedal. What do I do now?"

"Steer!"

Tresa's voice was gay. "This I have practiced with my uncle. There are no buildings here. I can only run into a tree. I did that just once with my uncle. But it was a very small tree."

Marc shut his eyes. The pain was so great he was past caring. He swallowed some aspirin. The pain was growing. He could not sleep. He simply existed, knowing only the pain, knowing nothing else.

He did not know how much later it was when Tresa pulled at his arm. "Those men are in the middle of the road!" she said indignantly.

A roadblock, Marc thought. *We'll never get by it, never.*

Tresa hammered the horn gayly. She called, "I am learning to drive! Look out!"

"Stop!" said a stern-sounding voice.

"How do I stop?" asked Tresa.

"The pedal on the right!"

The brakes screeched. Marc remained slouched in the seat, keeping his raincoat collar turned up. A young state policeman looked in.

"You got a learner's permit?"

"Oh, yes." Tresa smiled at him. "I am from Hungary, you see, and I had driven only a tank. My uncle thought I should start again."

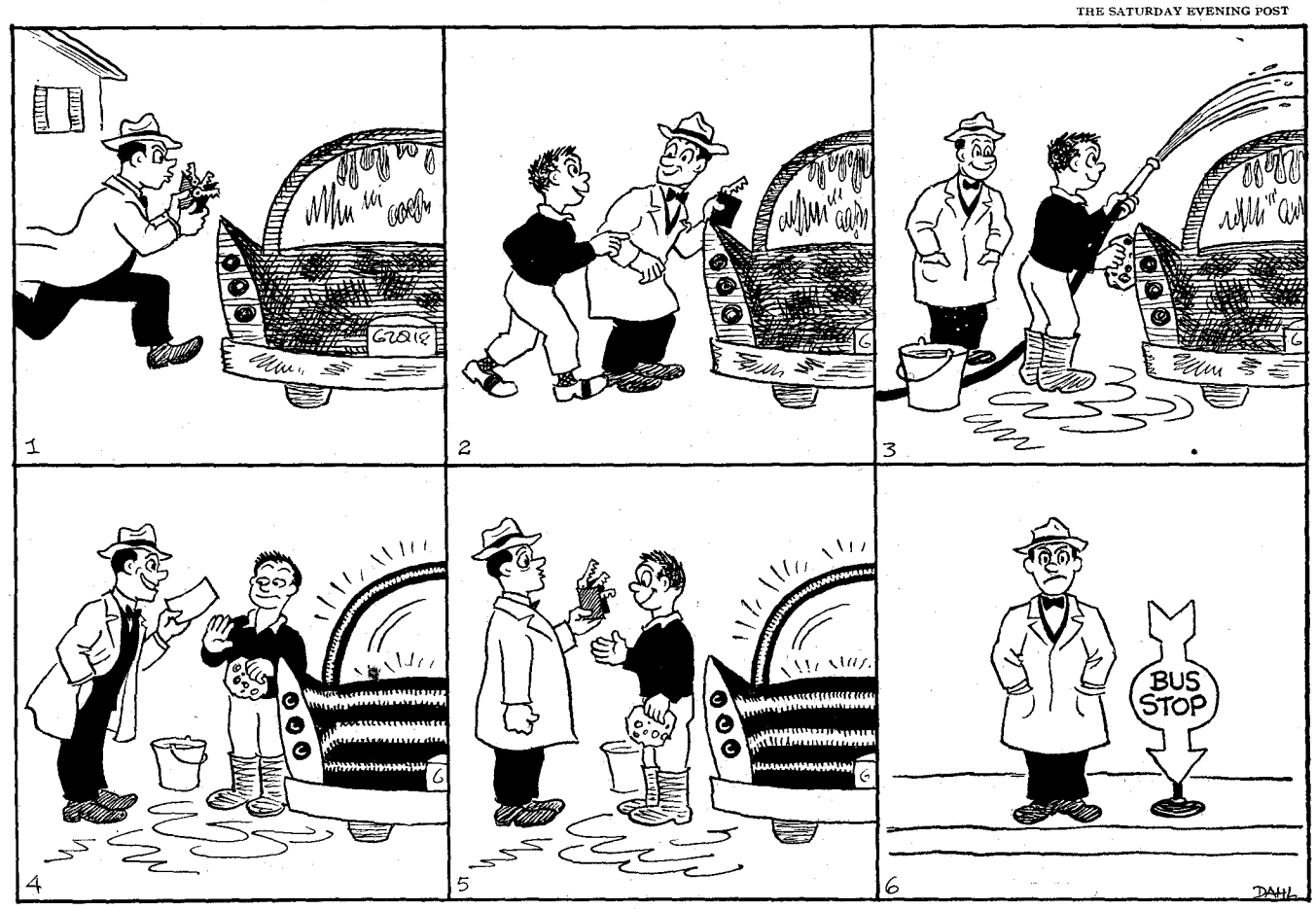
"Is this your car?"

"My friend's," said Tresa. "He is asleep, I think. He ate something, perhaps. His stomach. Do not wake him."

The policeman put a hand toward Marc's sleeve. "Too bad, but I'd better look at his identification. This is the only roadblock on Highway Ninety-nine between here (*Continued on Page 48*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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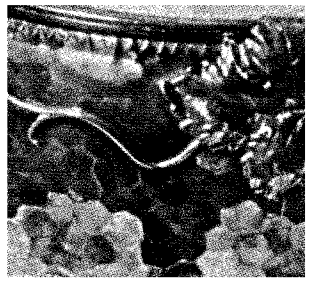

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Once again it's time for a bowl of Merry Christmas

The Four Roses Society Eggnog

Here's America's most famous eggnog—guaranteed to add many new members to the Four Roses Society.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of 6 eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to yolks. Add ¼ cup of sugar to whites after beating very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of cream and 1 pint of milk. Add a pint of Four Roses and 1 oz. Myers Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve cold with grated nutmeg.

The result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest eggnog ever ladled into a cup...thanks to the superb flavor you can get only with mellow, smooth-tasting Four Roses Whiskey.

FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Two ideal gifts! Four Roses presents the only quart decanter of the season. **Regular quart price.** Along with America's favorite gift fifth, it's strikingly gift-packaged with the famous eggnog recipe inside.

P. S. All Four Roses Whiskey prices have been reduced, just in time to fit your Christmas budget.

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(*Continued from Page 45*) and Portland and we got orders not to let anybody through unchecked."

The car jerked forward suddenly. There was a crunching sound and a yell, as somebody jumped aside. They went partly through a barrier, partly around it.

Tresa screamed, "I forgot the pedal again!"

Someone else yelled, then laughed.

"No wonder the Russians couldn't stop the Hungarians!"

They went on to laughter, including Tresa's.

Time passed. But the blinding, crippling pain was still there, and try as Marc did, he was helpless against it, suspended in the timeless void of pain, unable by any effort of mind or will to escape.

When he finally began to get help from the pill, it was after he had given up hope of its working. If he could just rest a few minutes more, until the pain let him sit up, open his eyes again.

Tresa said, "The other cars are now lighted. Is it possible for us to be lighted?"

Lights! Even in the early darkness of this northern state. Tresa must have been driving for several hours.

Marc said, "A button on the dashboard."

"The dashboard?"

"In front of you. The knobs. I think the one to the left."

Tresa said, "It makes the knives go across the glass."

"Try the next one."

Tresa said, "Yes. Now we are lighted too. But not so brightly as the other cars, I think!"

"Try pulling it out another notch."

"Ah!" said Tresa. "The driving at night, it is different. The other cars that seem so far are suddenly so close. But I have not hit any yet. Not even any trees."

Presently the pain, although still severe, had cleared sufficiently for him to open his eyes. He looked at Tresa beside him, small and white-faced, gripping the wheel with an intense determination, though they were traveling at a bare twenty-five miles an hour. All that time at that pace. Time lost for getting to Jamie. Marc said, "My head is better. If you will stop now, I think I can drive."

Marc put all the effort of his will into keeping the car on a course parallel to the white center line. He gritted his teeth against the pain, the intense job of concentration. He focused his eyes on the gas gauge and pulled into the next filling station. It was a small roadside café-garage. Dangerous to stop in a remote place like this. People here must listen to the radio. But Marc was not dressed like the description on the radio, and they wouldn't be expecting him to be with a woman.

Beside him, Tresa opened her eyes. "Coffee?" she asked. "Lipstick room?"

He sighed, reluctant to venture the lighted-counter coffee shop. But he told her he would be in in a minute. He waited for a very fat white-haired man to fill the gas tank.

"Oil's low," the fat man said. "Two quarts. With those rings, she guzzles it, don't she?"

Marc hoped not. Eighty cents!

Afterward Marc went in and sat beside Tresa. She had only a cup of coffee in front of her.

"Better get some hot food in you while we're here," he said. "Try the dinner."

"A dollar twenty-five?"

"Eat it," he told her.

Tresa ate it hungrily, from canned corn soup through meat loaf and finally chocolate ice cream. Marc contented himself with soup and several cups of coffee. The woman behind the counter was thin and tired and middle-aged. So far as Marc could see, they were just customers to her, two more added to a long day's work.

I needn't have worried so about the radio. People don't look at other people that closely. There are lots of men built like me. We're fed now and we have gas and no one has noticed us.

A voice directed at his elbow said, "Cigarette?"

Marc turned. But he would not have needed to turn. He would have known that deep, resonant voice anywhere. It was Akim. And beside him, this time, a tall young woman with thick, rimless glasses, her red hair chopped short in an odd shingled effect. She wore a severely tailored, somewhat outmoded gray suit and pink ruffled blouse.

This couldn't be a coincidence. Akim is following me. He knows who I am. He couldn't be police or he would simply arrest me. These are some of the people who have Jamie. And instead of my finding them, they've found me. Karl is outside, waiting. They have me caught here, like a rat in a trap.

TO BE CONTINUED

Beware the Advance-Fee Racket (Continued from Page 13)

the scope of the racket and the immunity of the racketeers.

A veteran FTC trial attorney, John W. Brookfield, disclosed that since 1955, when his office investigated the first complaint, he had managed to obtain cease-and-desist orders against only five advance-fee firms—the number now stands at six and the FTC is investigating thirty. Without exception the culprits consented to the order; then, in several instances, their associates and/or employees promptly resumed operations under a new corporative setup. From a single Chicago company, Brookfield reported, twenty-two others had evolved. "Certainly," commented subcommitteeman Sen. Karl E. Mundt, of South Dakota, "we can't sit idly by while all these weeds grow up in our economic garden."

The apparent simplicity of the scheme is deceptive. As in every successful con game, the gimmick itself is secondary to a subtle interplay of showmanship, hypnotic verbiage, misstatement, and the desperation or avarice of the victim. Let us consider first a typical advance-fee transaction as it looked to the victim.

Until recently Mrs. Mildred Antes, of Oklahoma City, ran a training school for switchboard operators. It was a faltering enterprise with only thirty students. A divorcee of forty-nine, chronically ill, who had never been happy away from her native town of Wichita Falls, Texas, she longed to sell out and go home. Her hopes soared, therefore, when the mailman delivered the following post card from National Business & Property Exchange, Incorporated, of Los Angeles:

Dear Friend: I am planning on Visiting Your Area soon. Through our Publication, National Buyers' Guide, We have requests from People Who Are interested in buying businesses and properties in Your Area. If you Want to sell, please drop me a line right away and I will stop in to see you.

Mrs. Antes dropped a line. A week later a dark, dynamic man in his early thirties, wearing a black-and-white checked sport coat and a red sport shirt, briskly introduced himself. Mrs. Antes has forgotten his name. We will call him Will Watson. Of his electrifying spiel she recalls only the general drift. He began by asking what value she placed on her school. Mrs. Antes would have been overjoyed to accept $2000—the school was probably unsalable at any price—but Watson assured her she could count on at least $5000. Why, said he, National Property had scores of customers, cash in hand, fairly panting to own just such a business. He promised that within sixty days the deal would be consummated.

Flashing a contract, a warranty of performance, and a copy of National Buyers' Guide, a thick, glossy-paper monthly catalogue crammed with property listings in forty-eight states, Watson explained the terms. For 3 per cent of the anticipated net, payable in advance, the school would be listed in the next issue of the periodical, which the corporation distributed "to hundreds of leading brokers throughout the Nation who request it." Moreover, should no sale result, the entire fee would be refunded.

In her bedazzlement it never occurred to Mrs. Antes to wonder whether a classified ad in a local newspaper, costing two or three dollars, might not bring a better response than a catalogue circulated thousands of miles away; whether an Oklahoman might not be a likelier prospect than, say, a New Yorker. Nor did she think to ask Watson why, if he already had a prospect in view, he didn't simply produce him without advertising at all. After perusing the contract with what she fancied was a shrewd eye, Mrs. Antes signed it and parted with $150.

No prospect ever approached her. Silence met her protests to the corporation. She has since gone into bankruptcy. Yet a belatedly thorough scrutiny of the contract and warranty showed her that National Business had perpetrated no provable fraud. It had undertaken merely to print and distribute an ad for a preagreed fee; it purported to be a publishing concern, not a real-estate brokerage. The joker lay in the clause: "This agreement contains the entire understanding between us and no other representation or inducement has been made that is not set forth herein." Thus, the corporation disclaimed responsibility for its own salesman's verbal enticements.

As Senator Jackson summed it up, "The misrepresentations of the salesman, upon which the businessman relies, and the wording of the contract are not in the least related." Or in the words of California's Commissioner McClure, "They may be advertisers, but the victims think they're real-estate brokers."

Let us now examine the racket from the inside through the eyes of a Chicagoan who was once among its most astute practitioners. Because he is today a reformed character, and because he fears the vengeance of his former bosses—two of them ex-convicts—we will identify him fictitiously as Joe Mangin, and the outfit he worked for as Globe Business Trade. Globe occupies an entire floor in a La-Salle Street skyscraper, employs eighty-five salesmen, who retain 35 per cent of every fee they snag, and grosses around $3,000,000 a year. Mangin, a married man of forty with three children and a mountain of unpaid bills, joined the company at the urging of a friend employed there, after he lost his job as an insurance adjuster. "You'll be out of debt in six months," the friend told him. He understated the case.

Globe's personnel manager first put the novice through an intensive two-week course in the arts of obfuscation—how to extract bigger advance payments, how to insure the victim's secrecy, how to help him misinterpret the contract. He then provided him with a sheaf of post cards that had been sent back from an Indiana farm county and sped him on his way. "They build up their sucker lists," Mangin explains, "from the Yellow Pages of phone books, business directories, real-estate ads and such. In addition to a monthly catalogue, they issue, as an added convincer, lists of so-called hand-picked, ready buyers. A lot of those buyers they practically invent."

One Globe salesman, Mangin recalls, pausing in his frantic rounds to refresh himself at a soda fountain, observed a small girl of about eleven devouring a banana split. "Little lady," said he, "how would you like to own your own soda fountain?" The moppet said she would like it fine. So he jotted down her name and address, which duly appeared in Globe's confidential list below the announcement: WANTED TO BUY—FULLY EQUIPPED UP-TO-DATE PHARMACY.

Like most advance-fee operators, Globe claims that thousands of affiliated real-estate brokers receive its catalogue. "The catalogue goes to a few brokers, all right, unsolicited and free of charge," says Mangin. "That's to fulfill the letter of the contract. Only the brokers aren't exactly affiliated. In fact, they probably never heard of the company. The catalogue wouldn't be much good to them anyway. How many Florida brokers, do you suppose, have clients dying to run a pizzeria in Maine? They just toss the catalogue in the trash basket." Attorney Brookfield corroborates this. Of the real-estate men he questioned, not one had ever found the slightest use for any advance-fee literature.

Mangin prospered. The first six weeks he conned $12,000 out of forty Hoosiers, none of whom sold his property through Globe. Do the advance-fee pirates, then, never effect a sale? The FTC estimates the percentage at less than half of 1 per cent.

Being an imaginative man, Mangin went on to refine certain *modi operandi* of the racket. Before descending upon an intended victim, he would telephone to say, "You don't know it, but our bonded appraisers have appraised your property—discreetly, mind you. We realize you wouldn't want your community to know you're planning a change. Bad for credit. Now, I've got a buyer sitting right beside me in my office. Matter of fact, my company never approaches a seller unless there's a sure buyer on hand."

With the victim thus primed, Mangin would request an appointment. Whatever date was chosen, he would plead prior business, and set a later date. This is known as negative selling, the object being to heighten the victim's impatience. When Mangin finally entered the establishment, he would glance about with a practiced air, sagely nod, and pretend to consult a file card on which he had scribbled three digits. Let us see how matters progressed in the case of an asthmatic, seventy-year-old farm-implement dealer of South Bend, Indiana, whom Mangin refers to as Marvin Wheatley.

"Mr. Wheatley," said the con man, "what do you figure your present inventory is worth?"

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The merchant put it at seventy thousand dollars. ("I knew he was lying. They almost always do.")

With a pen Mangin circled the first digit. "That's just about what our appraisers figure too. What's your gross annual business?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars?" It was more a question than a statement.

"Yes, indeed, that checks," said Mangin, circling the second digit. "And your net?"

"Around twenty thousand dollars."

Mangin feigned astonishment. "Now, that's funny. We only show fifteen thousand dollars."

Wheatley's jaw dropped. "Where in blazes do you get your dope? You're right, I did stretch it a little."

"I'm sorry, my friend, but we can't divulge our sources of information. Every last item is thoroughly verified though. We use electronic calculators. What's your asking price?"

"I'd take fifty thousand dollars."

"Mr. Wheatley, my friend, you're kidding! Why, this business is worth sixty thousand dollars if it's worth a dime, and that's how you ought to list it."

Wheatley happily assented.

"The buyer we have for you," Mangin rattled on at dizzying speed, "has deposited five thousand dollars with us as surety that he won't back out. You've got to do likewise, of course. We charge three per cent of the sale price. That'll entitle you to a fine, big, half-page ad in our nationally distributed magazine. One per cent in advance." This last condition he glossed over, and to direct Wheatley's mind away from it, as well as to establish his own scrupulousness, he added, "We'll require a clear title to the property. You understand, we must protect both buyer and seller."

Wheatley mustered enough common sense to ask the obvious question, "Why advertise if the deal's all set?"

"Because, my friend," Mangin suavely informed him, "my company can't operate any other way. While we promote real estate, we don't handle the actual sale. You can appoint your own broker to do that, if you prefer."

"Suppose the deal falls through?"

"Listen carefully to this clause in our contract," and he read it fast: "'This agreement shall become effective when accepted at the Home Office of Globe Business Trade. In the event this agreement is not accepted by G.B.T. the entire fee will be refunded.'"

Wishful thinking led Wheatley to interpret acceptance as meaning the buyer's acceptance of his property instead of Globe's acceptance of the advertising contract. He wrote a check for $600.

Upon sober reflection some dupes have been known to stop payment. To lull any doubts that might beset Wheatley, Mangin resorted to one of his favorite bits of flummery. He left the check behind, returning for it later in the day with the sheepish grin of an honest but scatterbrained fellow. "How about that!" he exclaimed. "I clean forgot the most important item. Well, I'll just hang on to the check till the acceptance comes through." He cashed it in the next town.

A queasy conscience compelled Mangin to quit the racket after three triumphant years. "What finally decided me," he recounts, "was this little old cigar-store owner in Kansas—wife sick, the bank threatening foreclosure. I have his check for two hundred seventy dollars in my pocket, when he steps out from behind the counter, and I see he's crippled in both legs. I telephoned him later that the deal was off, and tore up the check."

Such qualms do not inhibit every advance-fee salesman. In upper New York State real-estate investigators, responding to the complaint of an aged fruit farmer, found him prostrate on his back porch, his face stubbled with a three days' growth. He was too infirm to shave, let alone tend his orchard. A recent victim, in Greenwich, Connecticut, was a motel owner past seventy, the poorer by $350, whose wife lay dying of cancer. In Wisconsin an old dairyman paid a $400 fee without reading the contract. He couldn't. He was blind.

Among the few advance-fee firms which the law has been able to obstruct were National Property & Business Exchange, Business Mart of America, Charles Ford & Associates, Business Co-Op, Coast to Coast Service, American Business Exchange, and World Wide Brokerage—the first two with headquarters in Los Angeles, the others in Chicago. Though they all followed the same fundamental principles, their sales techniques varied widely.

National Business, until 1956 California's biggest advance-fee operators—president, Alexander Haagen; executive vice president, Michael M. Fodor—developed a particularly persuasive line. Its pitchmen exacted no immediate payment. The contract, however, was tantamount to a promissory note. If the sum agreed to failed to arrive within the prescribed period, the corporation would sue. Few victims could afford the legal expenses of a defense, so that the court had no choice but to grant judgment, and the contractual sum became automatically collectible. With rueful humor a Kansas victim wrote to the FTC: "Gee, my property was sold! It was sold to satisfy a judgment."

National Business' dazzling 300-odd-page catalogue featured letters solicited from state governors seeming to endorse its activities. All the letters actually did was to extol the glories of the state, without any mention of the corporation ("Pennsylvania is a picturesque, diversified, friendly, scenically beautiful state full of major historic shrines.") But they impressed the victims.

Two associates of National Business, Paul Meyer Guyer and Theodore M. Bernardi, broke away to launch a network of eight advance-fee firms stretching clear across the country. The objects of numerous complaints, they are at present defendants against charges brought by the FTC. Among the exhibits is an affidavit from a penitent former employee, Colvin Buford: "[My sales instructor] told me not to limit my sales talk to what was in the printed contract form, but to enlarge the representations to include promises that the firm had many eager prospective buyers." To questions challenging his integrity Guyer retorts with crushing dignity, "I am a publisher."

For sheer gall Business Co-Op, headed by one William John Madone, has seldom been surpassed. To its intended victims it distributed a booklet titled, How to Sell Your Business and Beat the Con Men, which fully exposed the methods of advance feemanship, notably Madone's. The salesmen, posing as the only exemplars of probity in a wicked world, would then proceed to gull the victims through the selfsame methods.

The best-educated man to have been accused of working the racket is probably a former Federal prisoner named William Muchnick, alias William Maurice. A graduate engineer, thrice married, Muchnick spent eight years behind bars for mail frauds. The warden of Leavenworth Penitentiary remembered him as one of the brightest minds ever incarcerated there. Two years ago, at the age of seventy, though suffering from a weak heart and a lame leg, he incorporated Coast to Coast Service. Complainants who received disclaimers of wrongdoing from him were bemused by the slogan on his letterhead: OUR REPUTATION IS OUR MOST CHERISHED POSSESSION. In April of 1958 the FTC filed charges against Coast to Coast. Its Chicago headquarters, however, had been closed for several months. At last reports Muchnick was residing at a fine hotel in New York. An early collaborator in Coast to Coast, Louis Parell, also known as Parelli, organized American Business Exchange, which the FTC put out of business.

A penetrating glimpse into the psychology of advance-fee victims was afforded the Senate subcommittee by another felon, William Parker, who is now serving twenty months in the Atlanta Penitentiary for a vending-machine swindle. His previous offenses include passing bad checks and misusing Government travel vouchers. It was doubtless in hopes of a reduced sentence that he volunteered to testify before the subcommittee. For fourteen months, from 1956 to 1957,

... ...

Shepherd Song

By John V. Hicks

What man there be whom
such despairs assail
He would have aid of
miracles to stem
The gathering flood, the
surge of death and bale,
Let him arise and go to
Bethlehem.

Let him make haste, as we
who left our flocks
Made haste, and see what
wonders there betide;
Eternal life is stabled with
the ox,
And death lies stricken at a
manger's side.

... ...

Parker was employed by Charles Ford & Associates of the West, later renamed Business Mart of America, against which a preliminary injuction has been issued prohibiting its activities in nine states. During that period Parker's commissions totaled $18,000. What surprised Senator Jackson most in his testimony was his insistence that a victim once bitten, far from being twice shy, offered the next con man who happened along an easy target.

"It's a matter of ego," Parker maintained. "He feels he's made the right choice of method. He's put up his money, and his judgment is involved. Now he's mad at the company. Here comes a new company who claims he made all the right choices except he picked the wrong company. He's delighted to find that his judgment was originally right."

"Or," interpolated Senator Jackson, "once a sucker always a sucker."

"Some of these people loved it," continued Parker. "It's like a crooked roulette wheel; it's the only one in town. They'd continue to go."

Expressing profound sympathy, Parker would spot such victims a discount equal to the amount of which they had been defrauded by the competition.

There are innocents who have been victimized repeatedly. "Within the last three years," one of them wrote to the FTC, "I have paid $520 to sell my business and never heard from any buyers. The Business Opportunities Company, Evanston, Illinois, called me collect and said they had a buyer for my greenhouse and for me to forward a $60 check at once. Also, the Charles Ford Association of Chicago collected $300 and took two oil paintings valued at $100 a painting. Another Chicago company also took me in 1952 for $162. I now have on hand a collector's suit for $1475 from National Business & Property Exchange."

Nor did those victims who sensibly consulted their lawyers before signing—in Parker's experience, 30 to 40 per cent of them—present any insuperable problem. The lawyer would not have been present during the preliminary verbal shenanigans; all that confronted him would be a bona fide advertising contract. Moreover, "In most cities lawyers can act as brokers without extra licenses. We'd simply designate them in the contract as selling agents. We'd tell them they could get from 2 to 3 per cent of the sale price. Naturally they'd approve the deal."

The witness went on to describe some of Business Mart's other sure-fire tricks. Its salesmen carried cameras to photograph the property for sale before opening negotiations, later showing the victim prints as evidence of the appraisers' efforts. At the home office, they claimed, appraisals were fed to an "electronic brain" which instantly matched buyers and sellers. To convince the victim that Business Mart didn't accept just any old customer, they exhibited photostats of some thirty letters of rejection—a negative selling stratagem. Everything about the letters was genuine except the reason alleged for having sent them. "Those rejections," said Parker, "were always mailed out when the check bounced."

Chicago, that fecund mother of rackets, spawned the advance-fee racket. Through its early history, dating from 1950, runs the trade name, Charles Ford & Associates, Incorporated, which opened its headquarters in Chicago in July of that year. Complaints against it soon flooded Better Business Bureaus and state realty boards. Ford's founder—in his peculiar field, a brilliant innovator—is a former Chicago furrier named Charles C. Solk. A silvery-haired, bespectacled man of ministerial mien, Solk contends with evangelical fervor that he has been the benefactor of untold numbers of small businessmen. At the outset the noted business analyst, Willard M. Kiplinger, tended to agree. This is what the Kiplinger magazine, Changing Times, reported in its issue of December, 1952, under the title, How to Buy (or Sell) Your Business:

The nation's largest business brokerage service, Charles Ford and Associates, of Chicago, has 260 associated brokers scattered across the United States and in Hawaii. The firm will handle about 300 million dollars in business sales this year, but to attain this volume, Ford advertises for buyers and sellers in 1,500 newspapers and 200 trade papers and on some 50 radio stations. Ford publishes a monthly "Business for Sale" Directory that averages more than 300 pages and lists upwards of 2,000 business offerings throughout the United States. The directory goes to 9,000 brokers, realtors, bankers and prospective buyers. In addition, Ford maintains two files, one that lists some 24,000 businesses for sale, another that contains thousands of names of buyer prospects. These files are constantly cross-checked to match buyers and sellers. No business is listed for sale before it has been inspected and appraised, and approved as a good risk.

There are many other good brokers, of course, but Ford with its nation-wide affiliation of brokers comes closest to being a kind of "national stock exchange" for business transfer.

This endorsement, of which Ford reprinted thousands of copies, proved to be magnificent promotional literature. Its

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salesmen scarcely required an oral pitch. By 1955, however, Kiplinger had radically revised his opinion. In a Changing Times article titled Be Wary of Phony Business Brokers, he depicted Ford a good deal less favorably.

Between the publication of these two articles several contretemps befell President Solk. Nine states and Hawaii refused to issue Ford operating licenses. In Michigan the Corporation and Securities Commission, acting upon complaints from four property owners who had forked over a total of $2570, accused Solk of fraudulently failing to provide guaranteed services. He was placed under civil arrest. The court released him after he posted a bond equivalent to the amount paid by the complainants, but no further action was taken because a Ford vice president, Edward A. Chapman, had already surrendered the firm's Michigan license. Chapman had also resigned, declaring that he had discovered the business to be "something in the nature of a racket."

The original organization, meanwhile, had been split up into four companies—Charles Ford & Associates of the Midwest, with Solk and his son, Leroy, at the helm (headquarters Chicago); Charles Ford of the East (New York); Charles Ford of the West, later reincorporated as Business Mart of America (Hollywood); Charles Ford of the South. All have been accused of fraud either by private individuals or by state licensing officials. The first two have been liquidated. The last two still flourish.

The original Ford's executive vice president, Thomas G. Dudley, resigned to start his own company under the same trade name. Solk brought suit to enjoin him from using it; Dudley then wound up as head of Trans-Continental Clearing House. The attorney who represented him in the Solk litigation, Thomas E. Joyce, became so entranced by the advance-fee business that he founded World Wide Brokerage. The FTC has since issued a complaint against Trans-Continental and a cease-and-desist order against World Wide.

Typical of the complaints lodged against Solk's Ford of the Midwest was one, last July, from a James G. Moore of Port Huron, Michigan, who wanted to be rid of his Blue Water Ferry Company. He advanced Ford $300 upon a salesman's promise to turn up "bona fide buyer prospects." Two names were eventually given him: Walter Stoll of Kalamazoo and Colvin's Marine Storage in Ludington, Michigan. Moore hopefully got in touch with them. Stoll replied, "I am afraid Charles Ford and Associates are not very accurate in the service they advertise. I have been seeking a small chemical company or plastic manufacturing company." Said Colvin's Marine Storage: "Don't let Ford kid you—we are no more interested in a ferry than we are in a sputnik to the moon."

By way of justification Solk argued:

> Webster's dictionary defines bona fide as "in or with good faith, without fraud or deceit, authentic, genuine." What we submitted to Mr. Moore were the names of two genuine or authentic buyer prospects who had contacted us for the purposes of purchasing a business in the nature of Mr. Moore's, *i.e.:* a marine business. . . . A buyer who lists with us, for one reason or another, may not be particularly interested in each business within his category that is submitted to him. That cannot be helped . . . many laymen have been confused by the words "bona fide buyer prospect" as set forth in our contract, and therefore in order to protect both them and ourselves we have completely eliminated this provision.

Pioneer Solk, a cautious character who when talking to strangers in his plushy North Clark Street office has been known to switch on a concealed tape recorder, is no longer connected with the enterprise he created. He concedes that his successors commit flagrant deceptions, but insists that under his presidency Charles Ford's activities were immaculate. "I now have many other interests," he says. "I am a finance and management consultant." Among these interests is Casey & Associates, which offers to arrange loans of money for a percentage payable in advance.

The factors that continue to hamper official efforts to stamp out the advance-fee racket are many and complex. First of all, no impropriety attaches to the practice of charging advance fees for specific business services. Numerous reputable concerns do so. Their representatives, however, avoid unfulfillable claims; they make serious, constructive surveys of buyer-and-seller markets; and they frequently bring about satisfactory deals. Previews, Incorporated, of New York, for example (See The Saturday Evening Post, March 7, 1953), which promotes choice properties the world over, sells about 75 per cent of them at an advance commission of 1 to 1½ per cent. The primary legislative problem, then, is to fashion a net that will destroy the sharks without harming the honest market fish.

State laws aimed at the racket have thus far proved tough to enforce. In 1955 California enacted an amendment to its real-estate statutes requiring advance-fee advertisers, publishers and salesmen to possess the same kind of license as real-estate brokers. Union Interchange and Universal Interchange, two of the Guyer-Bernardi corporations, challenged the amendment on constitutional grounds, contending that since they were not, in fact, brokers, the amendment was discriminatory. Similarly, in Oklahoma, South Dakota and Connecticut, advance-fee lobbies have defeated attempts to classify the business as real-estate brokerage. Furthermore, even if state laws could be made to stick, they would not eliminate the racket, because it is essentially an interstate racket. The solution would seem to be Federal legislation.

Such legislation has been proposed by Senators Mundt and John L. McClellan, with the support of the National Association of License Law Officials and the Western Attorneys General. Under a bill which Mundt submitted to Congress, anybody who obtains through false representation a service contract incident to the sale of property "shall be fined not more than $5000, or imprisoned not more than five years, or both." That, the Senator feels, should discourage the brashest advance-fee racketeers.

Meanwhile, pending the passage of the Mundt bill, or one like it, the wisest course for property owners who are tempted by the blandishments of advance feemen is to heed the advice, published after a second look at Charles Ford & Associates, in Kiplinger's Changing Times:

"Check the credentials of the salesman, but don't put too much faith in them.

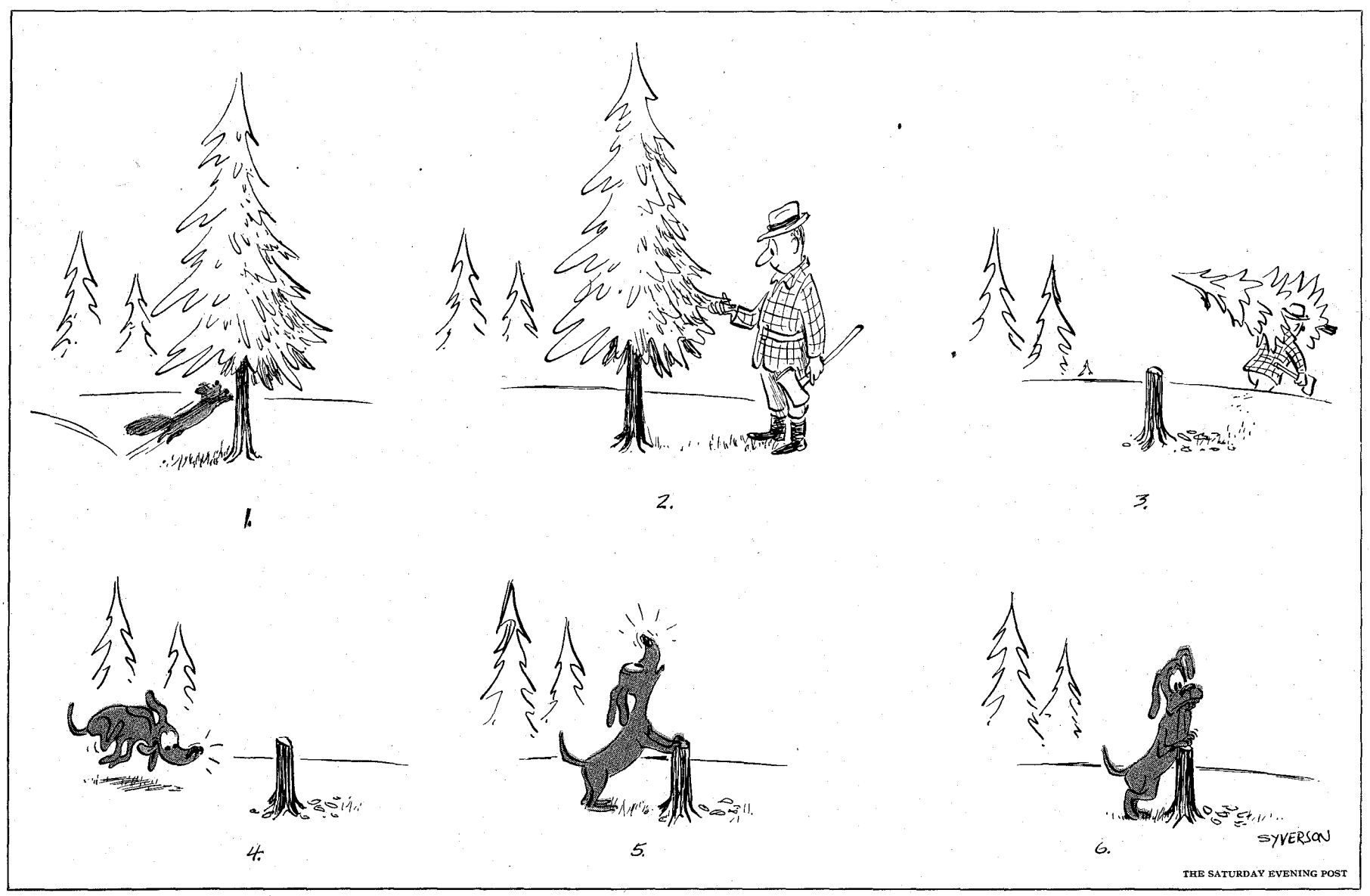
"Check on his firm with Better Business Bureaus and state licensing bodies.

"Read the contract carefully, preferably with the aid of a lawyer. Expect to get exactly what is in the contract *and no more.*

"Ask yourself whether you could more cheaply insert your own ads in trade publications and newspapers.

"Then hesitate some more."

THE END



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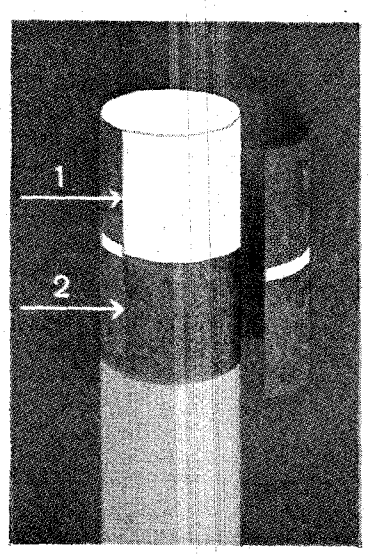
GIVE THE REAL THING IN MILDNESS...THE REAL THING IN FINE TOBACCO TASTE

THE REASON WHY THE TAREYTON DUAL FILTER filters as no single filter can:

1. It combines the efficient filtering action of a pure white outer filter...

2. with the additional filtering action of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL in a unique inner filter. The extraordinary purifying ability of Activated Charcoal is widely known to science. It has been definitely proved that it makes the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.



Open up a new world of smoking pleasure for your friends this Christmas! Give *Dual* Filter Tareytons in the colorful holiday carton . . . keep plenty on hand for your holiday entertaining. *Dual* Filter Tareytons deliver America's smoothest, most satisfying smoke . . . every puff, every pack, every day.

NEW DUAL FILTER

Tareyton

Product of The American Tobacco Company "Tobacco is our middle name" (© A. T. Co.)

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The Christmas Gift (Continued from Page 29)

rest." The main stairway to the upper floors is opposite the front entrance. The four floors form four inner balconies about this central rotunda.

On the walls of the main stairway are hung huge wreaths of pine and holly. On the old heavily ornamented and multi-branched brass candelabra at the foot of the stairs are placed two huge pine wreaths with red-ribbon bows. The heavy oak bannisters and posters which give a feeling of solidarity to the balconies about the rotunda are wrapped in pine-and-holly garlands. The simplicity of these decorations adds even more grandeur to the awe-inspiring figure of the "Merciful Comforter."

Since the opening of the hospital in 1889 the choir of Brown's Memorial Baptist Church has come each Christmas Eve to sing carols for the staff and the patients. Many of the choir members are employees of the hospital, but almost all have been patients in the hospital at some time or other. By now some of the members who came originally as youngsters are grandparents; yet each year they return on Christmas Eve to give their present to their beloved hospital.

The choir always begins caroling in the rotunda. There, grouped about the figure of Christ, after brief prayer, they sing the best-loved carols and Negro spirituals. They finish with the Hallelujah Chorus from The Messiah.

The doctors and nurses who can slip away for a few brief minutes from the wards, some patients in wheel chairs or on stretchers, and many friends of the hospital arrange themselves on the balconies to listen to the carols. It is a glorious occasion and one not easily forgotten. I know, for I have been part of the group listening each Christmas Eve for many years.

The most memorable Christmas Eve for me, however, was my first one, when I was a house officer in the hospital. This year, known as the internship, is the first year of practice for a newly graduated doctor. The theories of medicine have been learned in the hard years of medical school; the practical experience in medicine has now begun.

It is only in the practice of medicine that the full realization dawns of the tremendous responsibility for human life placed in the hands of the physician. Believe me, this is quite frightening for the young physician. Many grave doubts arise in an intern's mind about his own knowledge, ability and worthiness for such a sacred trust. Wise and gentle guidance from more experienced physicians, coupled with the appreciation and affection shown him by the patients whom he has helped care for, builds self-confidence in the intern. But the process is a slow one.

Certainly I was no exception as an intern in having grave doubts about my abilities and worthiness for a medical career. These doubts were so great in the fall of my internship year that I had just about decided to leave medicine and enter another field. I figured I just could never be a good doctor. But Fate has a way of intervening in the affairs of most people, and it did with me in the person of Irene "S."

One Saturday morning in early September I was "covering" for a few hours in the Accident Room for another intern who was sick. I was at the time assigned to the female ward, but found time to spare to give a hand in the Accident Room. A thirty-nine-year-old Negro woman was brought in by her family. They had brought her to Baltimore from their small farm on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. They had driven the long way around the bay in their twenty-year-old truck because they didn't have the money to pay the ferry toll. They started about five o'clock that morning and reached the hospital about ten o'clock. A twenty-year-old broken-down farm truck doesn't make a fast ambulance.

Irene's brother, sister, eldest daughter and cousin were with her. They were obviously very poor, simple farm people who were turning to the hospital for help as a last resort. They had been told that Irene was crazy and should be put away, but they decided to bring her to Baltimore to see if she couldn't be helped.

She was a pitiful creature, emaciated, woebegone, and looking twice her age. She was talking irrationally at times and, when she could muster the strength, would struggle feebly with those supporting her. She fidgeted with the bedclothes and pulled at her hair. Her family reported that she had been getting "peculiar" for some time. She had been losing weight, for she didn't eat, complaining that food made her sick. She vomited what she ate, and retched frequently when she didn't eat. She had become so weak that she had taken to her bed and showed no interest in her surroundings. A doctor had been called to see her, and told her family that she was mentally ill and should be committed to the state mental hospital.

I proceeded to examine her. She was extremely pale. She was quite emaciated and she had great muscle weakness. Her facial expression was dull and listless. She was short-winded and had signs of dropsy. I didn't know what was wrong with her, but I did think she was seriously ill. I made arrangements to admit her to the hospital, and she was brought to the ward where I was assigned as intern. Thus the responsibility for her care in the hospital fell partly on me.

That afternoon the resident physician and I examined her more closely and performed some laboratory tests. We found she was bleeding from her bowels and that this blood loss had caused a profound anemia. It became obvious that her nausea, vomiting and refusal to eat were associated with abdominal pain. The muscle weakness and nervousness seemed to be linked to severe overactivity of the thyroid gland. A basal metabolism test was performed which showed a result consistent with that diagnosis. She was started on iodine drops, the proper medication for Graves' disease, or hyperthyroidism. Digitalis was given for her heart condition. The X ray of her stomach, taken the next day, showed a large ulcer. Proper anti-ulcer treatment was instituted. She was given blood transfusions and was fed intravenously for a few days.

Gradually Irene began to respond to our therapy. She became quiet and subdued, so that sedation could be discontinued. She began to eat. Her heart began to function more efficiently. The abdominal pain disappeared. Her anemia disappeared. She became quite a different person.

All of this treatment necessitated long and close observation. I got to know her well during this time. She had little formal schooling, but she was endowed with a great deal of common sense and she was rich in her love for other people. This began to show immediately as improvement occurred.

I enjoyed talking with her and would spend spare moments at her bedside, listening to her talk about life on the farm, crops, cooking or her family. She dearly loved flowers, and since she could not use the little land the family had for growing anything other than food, she would pick wild flowers and tree blossoms in the fields. One of her favorites was holly, which grew in profusion around her home. She knew little of current events and virtually nothing about the world beyond the Eastern Shore. She had never been to Baltimore before the time she was brought to the hospital by her family.

She improved steadily, and finally the day came for her to be discharged. She said good-by to the nurses, to the other patients with whom she had become friendly during the two months she had spent on the ward, and to the doctors. She shook hands with me and said quite simply, "Thank you, Doc."

We arranged for her to be cared for by a physician in a town on the Eastern Shore, since she had no money to come back for periodic checkups at our hospital. Anyway she thought traveling from her home and getting about in Baltimore would be too confusing for her. The physician sent word on several occasions that she was doing well. I did not think much about Irene in the press of work.

Then Christmas approached with all its excitement. The wards were decorated. Patients had been discharged. The doctors and nurses who had Christmas holiday were gone. The quiet of Christmas Eve descended. In the dining room that night there were lighted candles on the tables. They furnished the only light in the room except for the twinkling electric lights on the gaily decorated Christmas tree in the center of the room. It was very pleasant and cozy, and the usual hospital meal actually tasted good for once!

Soon the time came to go over to the rotunda for the carols. The choir assembled. The group of listeners became quiet. There was the sparkle of anticipation in the air. Here most of the people away from home and loved ones, each quite alone with his own problems, yet bound together in the common work of treating and caring for the sick, stood or sat on the balconies waiting for the music. Below, the choir, gowned in cassocks, prayed softly around the statue of Christ and then burst into song. The singing was magnificent. The whole situation was more beautiful than I had been led to believe by those who had told me about it.

Yet I was terribly sad. This was my first Christmas away from home. Always before, during school, college and medical-school days, I had managed to get home for Christmas. Now I seemed to be terribly alone even in the midst of friends! Doubts in my own ability, dissatisfaction with my own efforts, and a feeling of unworthiness overcame me. Self-pity is inexcusable and terribly destructive. I tried to concentrate on the singing, so as to drown my sadness. Soon the choir was singing the "Hallelujah"—a final burst of heartfelt song, and it was over. The choir was now moving behind the stairs and on into the main corridors to the wards. I still felt depressed.

I turned to go downstairs and back to my ward when I caught sight of the porter at the front door, beckoning to me. I walked down the stairs and across the floor to him. He handed me a box wrapped up in brown paper tied with a knotted piece of red string. He said that during the caroling a colored woman had slipped in the front door and asked him if he would find me. He told her he thought I was up on one of the balconies listening to the caroling, and that when it was finished he would call me, but he couldn't do it while the caroling was on. She said she couldn't wait, and asked him to give me the box she was carrying. He said she told him she had only twenty minutes before the last bus left for home, and since he couldn't call me she would have to hurry along. He said he tried to explain to her that a bus left from in front of the hospital about every fifteen minutes all through the night. He couldn't understand her worry over missing the bus.

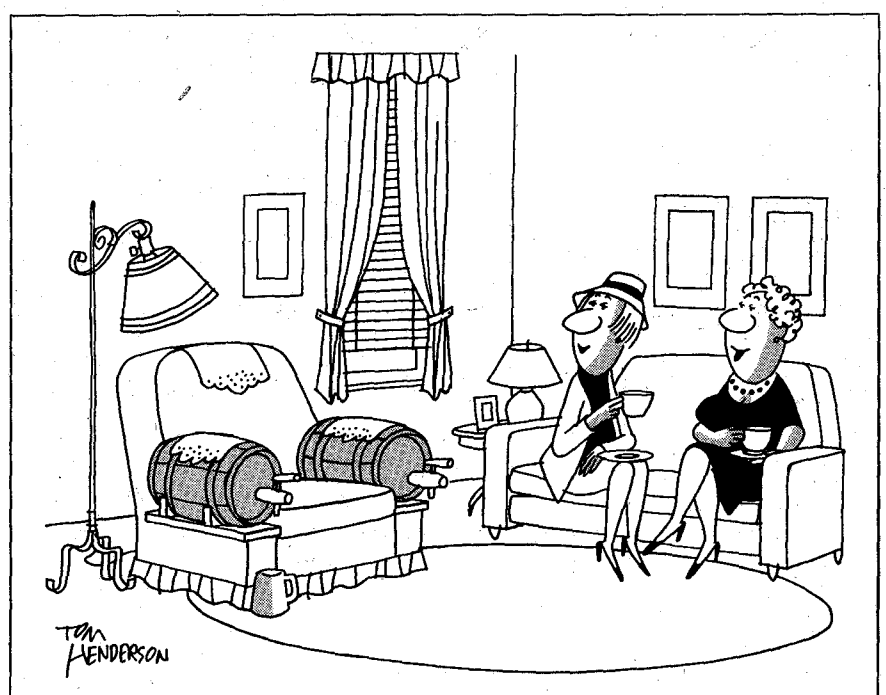
I took the package up to my room and opened it. Over the old brown paper were pasted Christmas decorations cut from newspapers. On one of the flaps of the box was pasted one half of an old Christmas card which had a printed name lined through with red crayon and my name printed crudely on it instead.

I opened the box, and inside were pieces of holly branches obviously freshly picked. I knew immediately who the donor was and what the hurry was. She had a four-hour trip back to the Eastern Shore to get home for Christmas!

Freshly picked holly in a crudely decorated carton tied with a knotted piece of red string. A simple present from a poor, uneducated woman? Not at all—the greatest gift I have ever received!

I looked out the window into the dark sky with its brightly shining stars. And I thought of that night some nineteen hundred years ago. From another part of the hospital I heard the choir singing, ". . . bearing gifts we traverse afar. . . ."

I knew then what I had wanted to know for some time. THE END



"It's my husband's favorite chair."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Basketball's Unhappy Gunner

(Continued from Page 30)

"The Beast" during his playing days. Yardley is known as "The Bird." By the time the season is over, his six-foot, four-and-a-half-inch body, which is bony to start, becomes all angles. One year he dropped from 190 pounds to 168. Last season he lost ten pounds in the final week alone. Yet George played 2843 minutes out of a possible 3426—more than anybody else in the league except the Syracuse workhorse, Dolph Schayes. In six games, including one that went into overtime, Yardley played all the way.

This year he has been getting a bit more rest, but he still plays an average of about thirty-five minutes out of every forty-eight. Before most games he takes dextrose to maintain his energy. He is forever stuffing himself with candy bars, malted milks and other sweets. He has to pack twelve hours of sleep into each day to feel human. When he boards Piston owner Fred Zollner's private plane, in which the team travels, Yardley curls up on the boss' divan and conks out before the plane is airborne. In a taxicab ride of thirty-five minutes' duration, Yardley will sleep for thirty minutes.

The thirty-year-old Yardley has an egglike head, bald except for a fast-disappearing halo of wispy blond hair that straggles from temple to temple. And an "egghead" is what he is out of uniform. During the five off-season months he works as an assistant development engineer for the Robertshaw-Fulton Controls Company, of Anaheim, California, which specializes in research and development of systems and components for aircraft and missiles. Yardley last summer did classified work on the interior valves and regulators and helium pressure-control devices for the X-15, a rocket-powered research aircraft designed to explore the fringes of outer space.

Just to learn this much about Yardley's hush-hush work, your author had to closet himself with Charles Chuckery, security officer at Robertshaw-Fulton, while Yardley discussed his job. With a stenographer taking notes, George described his previous contributions to the development of the Atlas and the Titan, intercontinental ballistic missiles. Yardley drew and designed the valves of the transportation pressure unit for the Atlas, and worked on the LOX-Topping valves for the Titan.

"LOX," George explained, "is liquid oxygen. The unit I worked on for the Titan keeps the LOX level at a certain volume after the missile is fueled. I worked on connecting the lines to the missile, and also helped on the bigger fuel-line disconnects and on the test facility for that."

It was only later, when I discussed George's work with Richard Wenker, the project engineer for the pressurization controls for the X-15, that I learned George is also the inventor of a liquid-oxygen seal which helped to make the Titan operative. He had applied for a patent on this.

I subsequently asked Yardley about it. "A patent doesn't mean anything," he said. "It was just something I figured out in my spare time. Anybody could have done it who put his mind to it. We just had to have a seal for sliding parts between normal temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit and minus 350 degrees."

Said Wenker later, "That's just like George. He figured out the solution in his spare time to a problem that had been bothering us for months. When he first came here three summers ago, we didn't know what to do with him. He had a civil-engineering degree, but we thought of him more as a basketball player. We needed draftsmen and assigned him to a drafting group. At the end of the first day he apologized to me for being so slow, but he had turned out three times what we would have considered a normal workload. In the time he's with us each late spring and summer, he completes work that other fellows need a full year to do."

As was said, this is an improbable basketball player. George Yardley paints, plays the piano and can construct a house from the ground up. He spent four years as a union apprentice carpenter during vacations from high school and college, and could go to work now on union-scale pay if he so desired. He builds model airplanes, railroads and boats. He soups up hot rods. He upholsters furniture. At his new $32,000 ranch home in Tustin, California, where he lives with his wife and three children, George has already added numerous do-it-yourself extras both inside and out.

Then there is his sewing. "It was right after I'd come out of the Navy in 1953 that I took it up," George explains. "I didn't have much money, and I had trouble getting sport shirts with thirty-seven-inch sleeves. I went out and bought a sewing machine, material and patterns. My grandmother showed me how to put a collar on and put the sleeves in. I never had to be told anything more about it. After all, I can read blueprints; and patterns are very much the same.

"Sewing's just like anything else I do. It's a challenging problem. Problems stimulate me, whether they're on the basketball court, in mechanics or in a woodworking shop. Actually, though, I'm not creative, unless it's in a practical way rather than a theoretical way. I would say I'm more imitative."

"I know what Yardley means, at least about basketball," says Red Auerbach coach of the Boston Celtics. "His jump shot is his best scoring weapon. He patterned it after Paul Arizin's, and now his is better than the original."

Auerbach's testimony can be accepted as expert. Last season Yardley averaged 27.8 points against the Celtics, including a game on January fifteenth in which he hammered home fifty-one points. He later topped that with a fifty-two-point game against Syracuse on February fourth—the season's highest one-game total.

Yardley brings to basketball the same analytical approach that he applies to engineering. If you ask most players about such things as their shooting styles, their strengths and weaknesses and the way the opposition plays them, the answers, by and large, are banal. Ask Yardley the same questions, and you get a dissertation that is as systematic as he is.

"To shoot properly," he says, "you must concentrate on the basket with your eyes and have complete control of the ball, no matter where you're holding it. You must move the ball around in mid-air for deception on a jump shot, because with the jump you've committed yourself. But concentration is the secret. You forget about the rest of the body and relax to shoot. In other words, jump strong and then relax in the air. Occasionally I find myself jumping strong and then staying tense. I must become completely limp."

Concerning his work on defense, which is one of the relatively weak features of his game, Yardley admits, "I'm poor defensively, but you get paid for scoring in this business. If I put all my potential toward defense I would not be as effective as I am putting all my potential toward scoring."

As an example, he cites the final Western Division play-offs last season. The St. Louis Hawks defeated the Pistons, four games to one, then went on to win the N.B.A. title from the Boston Celtics in the championship series. In his five play-off games against the Hawks, Yardley's scoring average fell to 22.2 points.

"I tried to pass too much," he says. "I'm not that good a passer. I should have shot more. We might have beaten the Hawks if I had."

Yardley has a measured explanation for his emergence as pro basketball's highest scorer last season, after four years of working his way up the list. "I'm much better than I ever expected to be," he declared recently, "but I don't feel I could have improved that much from one season to the next all on my own. Actually, a combination of five things made it possible."

He proceeded to itemize the five factors, a majority of which still exist this year. To begin with, Yardley played much of the time last year alongside seven-foot Walter Dukes, who had joined the Pistons in a trade. Dukes is a solid performer, but essentially not a shooter. Thus the ball came to Yardley at forward more often than it would have if the Pistons had not traded away such men as Mel Hutchins, a fine shot.

Another useful new teammate was Harry Gallatin—who switched to college coaching this year—a tall man who could play both inside and outside. Yardley explained, "If a small man is guarding me, he's quicker than I am. Unless I can take him inside where I can use my height, I can't score on him. So Gallatin goes outside and takes their big man with him away from the board. Then I can go into the pivot with my smaller man, and have an advantage in scoring and also in rebounding."

A third factor was the Pistons' acquisition of ball-handler Dick McGuire. Although a veteran, McGuire still is the finest passer in the game. Yardley knew that when Dick got the ball at his own end of the floor, he would fast-break with it. It became automatic for George to fast-break too. Getting the ball more often in this way, he was able to shoot more often.

"The fact that the team had moved from Fort Wayne to Detroit made me want to create and impress the new fans," George continued. "A situation like that makes you play harder.

"The fifth circumstance was Red Rocha succeeding Charley Eckman, who used to be a referee, as our coach. I scored well for Eckman, too, but might unconsciously have let down with him at times. When Red came I knew I couldn't bluff a veteran player like him. I had to hustle more than ever."

Yardley deliberately builds himself up to a nervous state before each game because he knows it will make him sharper, even if it later leaves him exhausted and vibrating like the plucked string of a bull fiddle. Most professionals feel that they

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Oscar was walking quietly down the street when two men flashed police badges and asked him who he was. Oscar spoke out: "Where do you punks think you are, in Russia?" Because that caused a crowd to gather, the police arrested him for disturbing the peace.

"I was walking along, minding my business, as I had a right to do," Oscar said on trial. "The police had no reason to halt and question me as they did."

"We were only doing our duty," the police replied. "He looked suspicious to us and it was our job to find out who he was and what he was doing. Instead, he disturbed the peace. So he should be fined."

If you were the judge, would you fine Oscar?

• •

Oscar went free with apologies. The court said law-abiding citizens are not required to identify themselves at the whim of police. It commented that this invasion of personal rights ". . . may seem unimportant, but we know now, more surely than ever before, that callousness to the rights of individuals leads to barbarism and the destruction of the essential values of civilized life."

Based upon a 1957 New York decision.

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must pace themselves through a long season to husband their physical and emotional energy. Yardley, however, tries always to be at a high pitch when he steps out on the floor.

On the day of a home game he sleeps until 11:30 in the morning. He has breakfast at noon and eats his pregame meal at four. He invariably has trouble getting it down. After the meal Yardley goes back to bed. His wife, Diana, calls him half an hour before it is time to leave for the arena.

"George is so easy to live with," says Diana, "except for his pregame edginess. He's relaxed and has the perfect disposition—until it's time to get up to play. Driving to the game I'll talk to him, but he won't answer. He's thinking about the game."

Chuck Noble, who has been Yardley's Piston roommate on the road, testifies, "George has had good nights against every defensive man in the league, but he's not the kind who takes anything for granted. You can see him sitting around the room, and you know he's recalling how a certain player he'll oppose that night played him in earlier games. He thinks about these things all the time."

Yardley makes mental notes that against Ken Sears, of the New York Knickerbockers, he must drive all the way to the basket and fast-break as much as possible, because Sears wears physically. Against Jack Twyman, of Cincinnati, Yardley must move even without the ball, because Twyman presses him far out on the court. Woody Sauldsberry, of the Warriors, is a high jumper. He blocked several of Yardley's shots in the early going last season. George began to hurry his shooting, with unfortunate results. Then he concluded that he had allowed Sauldsberry to pressure him out of his own natural shooting style. Thereafter Yardley didn't hurry, and Woody stopped being a problem.

"In engineering I work out problems by thinking about them," George points out. "I carry a pad and pencil in the car and jot down my thoughts. The same principle applies in basketball. There you have the human element of an opponent who may be one step ahead of you, but you must do the same type of thinking. As in engineering, there isn't just one way to solve a problem. Sometimes there are many, and you must consider them all.

"By the time I'm in uniform, I'm so keyed up I can't sit down. I keep pacing. My nerves are just jumping. I've usually had the heaves by the time I get on the floor. It depends upon how badly I've worked myself up."

Trainer Stan Kenworthy is always ready with George's favorite stomach remedies: rhubarb of soda, citrate pills and a carbonated beverage. Kenworthy administers one or all, depending upon the severity of Yardley's upset.

"When George seems especially sick," says Coach Red Rocha, "we know he's going to play very well."

The scoring statistics seem to bear this out. Yardley's toughest pregame periods occurred last year on his highest-scoring nights—forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty-one and fifty-two points, against Syracuse, Minneapolis, Boston and Syracuse respectively.

"Adolph Schayes had been closing in on me real rapidly in the scoring race when we played the Nats in that forty-eight-point game on February eighteenth," George says. "I was so keyed up I had to go back to the dressing room to rest for a few minutes before the opening whistle."

The night of Yardley's greatest intensity, however, was the one on which he broke Mikan's record with his forty-nine-point splash against the Minneapolis Lakers, coached by Mikan himself.

"That afternoon Mikan asked me to lunch at the Minneapolis Athletic Club," Yardley relates. "He told me I would break his record that night—I needed twenty-nine points—and he was glad he'd be there to see it done. That started getting me excited much earlier in the day than usual. I had all I could do to get out on the court that night."

The final night of the season at Syracuse, when Yardley scored twenty-six points to raise his total to 2001, would have been an anticlimax to him if Coach Paul Seymour, of the Nats, had not deliberately rigged his defenses in an effort to keep George from reaching the 2000-point mark.

George scored thirteen in the first half, and thus was twelve shy when the second half began. Word had reached Yardley that in the locker room Seymour had said, "He'll do it over my dead body." Syracuse's defenders gave the Pistons all the outside shots they wanted, but surrounded Yardley with double and triple teams and a floating four-man zone.

"I could understand their doing a little overloading," Yardley says, "but not that much. It meant a lot more to me to make it than for them to prevent me. Really, I didn't care particularly before the game, but by the end of it I wanted 2000 points so badly I could taste it."

The field goal that took him to the 2000 mark came after a Syracuse shot missed the basket and the Pistons grabbed the rebound. Gene Shue, Sweetwater Clifton and Yardley fast-broke. A full-court pass went to Shue, who could have fed the ball to Clifton, racing ahead of Yardley. Instead, Shue yelled to George, "Hurry up, it's yours!"

Yardley seldom dunks a ball, but this time he did it with a flourish. He added a final point later in the game with a foul shot.

Months afterward George still bitterly remembered Seymour's comment about the 2000th point. "That was a cheap way to get it," Yardley quoted the Syracuse coach as having said to him. Bitterness is unusual in Yardley. He is an amiable man, and not a vain one, but he does have his pride. In this case his pride was stung.

Yardley has always excelled at just about anything he took up. He is an eleven-handicap golfer, although he's only been golfing for four summers. He was a promising enough tennis player to arouse the interest of Dick Skeen, who taught Jack Kramer and Louise Brough, and he still is good enough to win club championships. In 1951 George won All-American mention in Amateur Athletic Union volleyball.

His mother, Mrs. Dorothy Yardley, a strikingly handsome and animated woman of fifty-three, recalls that in grammar school George would have his studies and assignments completed two weeks ahead, so that there could be no legitimate objection if he devoted his free hours to his various pastimes.

Says Mrs. Yardley, who is now public-relations director of the swank Balboa Bay Club in Newport Beach, California, "At the age of seven George was getting the morning paper and reading the sports pages. He had the same concentration and application then that he has now."

His sixty-one-year-old father, George H. Yardley, Jr.—the Pistons' star is George H., III—is proud that when his famous son meets him, he will embrace him and kiss him. Mr. Yardley, a retired builder and contractor, says, "My sons and I showed great affection toward each other when they were youngsters, and there is no difference now that they are grown up."

George has one brother, Robert, who is three years younger. Robert played college basketball at the University of Colorado and later went to the A.A.U. tournament finals at Denver with a group of seniors from the school.

It isn't surprising that both the Yardley boys became proficient athletes, because their father was one—the first man at the University of Chicago ever to captain both the basketball and the baseball teams. In baseball in 1922 the senior Yardley was the catcher for pitcher Fritz Crisler, later a highly successful football coach and now director of athletics at the University of Michigan.

After graduation Mr. Yardley was offered a baseball tryout with the Pittsburgh Pirates. However, by then he was married, and he decided to move to California to go into the construction business.

"They may be a bit snug now, but once the seams burst they should be quite comfortable."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George, III, was born in Hollywood on November 3, 1928. He was reared in an atmosphere where sports talk was traditional. Amos Alonzo Stagg, who had coached his father at Chicago, was a visitor at the Yardley home when George was a child, and still corresponds with all the Yardleys.

As soon as little George was old enough to hold a ball in his hands, his father laid out a basketball court on which all the neighborhood kids played.

"More than coaching," George says, "dad created an atmosphere and an interest in sports. He'd play with me and encourage me."

George has done much the same thing for the kids in his own neighborhood today. A basket hangs from the garage, and Mrs. Yardley brings strange children around for George to assist. He does it gladly. He takes to strangers, and gets along well with people of all ages.

At Newport High in California, George Yardley played football, basketball and tennis. Always fairly tall, but rather light, he led his high-school basketball league in scoring as a senior and was picked on the All-Southern California Scholastic third-string. However, no college offers came his way.

He went on to college under his own power. University of Southern California basketball stars Jack Huff and Jack Hanson had been his boyhood athletic heroes, but Yardley chose to go to Stanford because of its engineering school. He "hashed" for his meals—the campus term for waiting on tables. Trying out for the varsity basketball team, he barely made the squad as a sophomore, and rarely played in games.

"People who remember me from then," Yardley says, "told me they thought I'd never make first-string. I didn't have a jump shot then, although I was working on it. I could jump well, but I couldn't do anything after I jumped. I'd knock the ball over the board."

George received encouragement from Everett Dean, the Stanford coach, who is now retired in Orleans, Indiana. As a junior, Yardley began to show real talent. He was voted the most valuable player in the early-season Pacific Coast Conference Tournament, but was slowed by a knee injury the last half of the year.

There still are erroneous stories that Yardley was an All-American that season. Actually he made nobody's first or second All-American team. He was on the Helms Foundation third team, but ten players were picked for each of the three units, meaning that a full twenty were ranked ahead of him.

In his senior season he was a better player and an All-Pacific Coast selection, but received no national mention. Nevertheless, the Fort Wayne Pistons made George their first draft choice in 1950. Coach Everett Dean had advised Murray Mendenhall, Fort Wayne's coach, that Yardley compared favorably with Hank Luisetti and Jim Pollard, the two greatest players to come out of Stanford.

Yardley, however, wanted no part of professional basketball. He was hoping to connect with either the Peoria Caterpillar Tractor Company or the Phillips 66 Oil Company, both of which offered engineering opportunities as well as maintaining top A.A.U. basketball teams. But neither connection developed. So Yardley joined the San Francisco Stewart-Chevrolets, an A.A.U. team coached by Hank Luisetti.

Says Luisetti, who is still regarded by many older fans as the greatest college player of all time, "In college Yardley wasn't a strong boy. He used to tire a lot, and Dean would take him out. When he played with me he had to go all the way.

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It was the making of him. He was a good shooter, and he had that big first step. As he's developed, no man in the game today can play with George one against one."

Yardley's next basketball was played on another A.A.U. team at Los Alamitos Naval Air Base, where he was stationed for twenty-one months as an apprentice seaman in 1952 and 1953. "The A.A.U. experience changed my style completely, because I had to go against so many good defensive players," he says now.

His great ambition was to make the 1952 Olympic squad, but a month before the tryouts he broke a hand in an inconsequential service game in which his team led by thirty points. The following season George got his first glimpse of Paul Arizin, of the Philadelphia Warriors, whose jump shot he copied to become truly great. Arizin, the high scorer of the N.B.A. during the 1951–1952 season, was at this point playing for the Quantico Marines. George's Los Alamitos team met and beat Quantico in the All-Service finals at Omaha, Nebraska.

As his discharge time approached, Yardley still was hoping that some A.A.U. industrial opening with a future would develop. None did, and he needed money badly. He had set a wedding date with Diana Gibson, a U.C.L.A. graduate, who was teaching the first grade at El Segundo Center Street School. As it happened, they had been delivered by the same doctor in the same obstetrical ward at Hollywood Hospital, but never had met until introduced in March, 1953, by Yardley's aunt, who was a friend of Diana's parents. Five months later they were married.

Shortly before the wedding, at Diana's urging, George had broken down and contacted Fred Zollner, the millionaire owner of the Pistons. George extracted a $1000 bonus for signing, which the newlyweds spent for a honeymoon. In September, 1953, Yardley reported for training. He hated pro basketball immediately, and has not rid himself of his aversion to it yet.

"I love the game itself," George emphasizes, "but the life you lead is a miserable one for the player and his family. In my first season I was ready to quit. I've felt that way ever since. It's an unmethodical life. If I hadn't been able to work up the arrangement I have at Robertshaw-Fulton, I wouldn't be playing now. As it is, this will probably be my last year of playing."

In his basketball traveling, one of his pleasures is picking out clothes for his wife. He has even made clothing for her. When Mrs. Yardley became pregnant with her first child, her sister was also pregnant. George surprised them with matching maternity outfits he'd run up on his sewing machine. At Christmastime he makes sport shirts for his father and brother, and for Diana's father and brother, inserting tailor's labels which read: "Fashioned by George Yardley."

When Larry Foust, now with the Minneapolis Lakers, played with George on the Pistons, the Yardleys and Fousts were firm friends. One night Joan Foust, an extremely tall girl, told Mrs. Yardley she had taken a fancy to an aqua felt skirt she'd seen in a store, but had been unable to get it in her size.

"I'll go look at it and make up one to fit you," George said. And he did.

Yardley now receives $23,000 a season from the Pistons. He makes no bones about this being the only reason he has continued to punish his body and nervous system and delay his engineering career.

"The money is good," George says, "and I'm building a nest egg with it. But the season's so long, and the traveling is so hard on a man. This is no life for the children, being moved to Detroit when the season starts and back to California when it ends."

Says his wife, "George can't forget an experience we had returning in the spring of 1957. It was rather horrible, at that."

Their daughter, Marilyn, was only twenty-one months old then, and twins Robert and Richard were only three months. Driving through the Texas Panhandle after the conclusion of the season, the Yardleys were caught in a blizzard near the town of Shamrock. The only motel was filled and turned them away. The Yardleys drove through a snowdrift until they saw the light of a farmhouse. The farmer allowed them to take shelter in a broken-down shack behind the house. It already contained an old drunkard, who lay among empty whisky bottles on a rickety cot, wrapped in smelly blankets.

A candle offered the only light. There was no heat. George had to leave his family and trudge a mile through the snow to find milk for the babies. The twins lay in their baskets. Diana and her daughter huddled together for warmth.

The next day eight people were found dead in marooned cars along the highway. When the Yardleys finally managed to start up again, it took them twelve hours to drive ninety miles to Amarillo.

"I should have quit right then," George declared recently.

If he had, he would not now occupy his special place as the only 2000-point man in pro-basketball history. However, Yardley is unimpressed by this claim to basketball immortality.

"My record will be broken by Pettit, perhaps this year. There's no doubt in my mind about that," George predicts. "If he hadn't been hurt last year he would have outscored me. I'm the same type as Pettit, but he rebounds better and scores better than I do."

Last month Yardley was running second in this year's scoring race to brilliant newcomer Elgin Baylor, of Minneapolis. Pettit had a higher per-game average than either.

Yardley said before the current season, "In many categories of the game there are many players much better than I am. There are so many facets where I'm inferior."

He went on to select a ten-man N.B.A. team he insisted he could not make. "It would have Pettit, Hagan, Schayes and Stokes (now sick with a form of encephalitis) at the forwards; Johnston and Russell at center, and Cousy, Sharman, Martin and Shue at the guards," George said. "I certainly couldn't beat out any of those men."

Not unexpectedly, basketball's improbable high scorer remains precise and analytical, even when discounting himself.

Are You a Midnight Genius? (Continued from Page 25)

my work. Finally I started forcing myself to make notes.

By inquiring around I've found that it happens to other people too. And it is the same way with all of us who write memos in the night. We learn eventually to scratch the things down so they will not be lost to posterity. And then we learn that the things we scratch down for posterity are almost always pure nonsense.

For some years I have preserved a thing I scribbled during the night and which had me convinced, at the time I put it down, that I would be the first man in history to win *two* Nobel prizes in the same year—the prize for literature and the prize for peace—and *almost* the prize for chemistry. I wrote it down and then dozed off, thinking of my trip to Sweden and the fame that would be mine. The next morning I found on my scratch-pad:

insomnia for poor people
think of something downstairs
think of something in bathroom
(powdered alum)
think of something in bedroom
RETRACE!!!!

Don't look at me! I only wrote it!

Perhaps the most famous example of note writing at night is that of Mrs. Amos Pinchot. Out of the blackness came a poem that impressed her as being so shiningly beautiful and so filled with wisdom that because of it she would be acclaimed as the greatest poet and the most profound thinker in all history. She wrote it down and in the morning this is how it looked:

Hogamus Higamus
Men are Polygamous,
Higamus Hogamus
Women Monogamous.

One of the most interesting night-thinkers to cross my path is a neighbor who is a vice president of a large New York corporation where brainstorming sessions are held once a week. My neighbor, in a period of sleeplessness, arrived at an idea which he believed would be of enormous benefit to his company, and so he wrote it down.

The next day he was unable to make any sense out of it. Still, he knew that there was a way of applying it to his business and he worried about it, and the next time he and his fellow executives were indulging in a session of brainstorming, he tossed it into the pot—reading it off his notes, as follows:

Is there any significance
To the fact that my little fingers
just fit my nostrils
Or is it mere coincidence?

After he read it off, a few wise looks appeared on faces around the table, but nobody offered to develop it further. Later, however, the president of the company called my friend aside and said, "That idea of yours—about the little fingers fitting in the nostrils—I think perhaps you've got hold of something there."

My friend exclaimed, "Great! Glad you think so. I felt it was important, but I just can't seem to find a concrete application for it."

And the boss replied, "Just leave it alone. It has a great potential. Let it gestate. One of these days, BAM! You'll have it."

My friend says that up to the present moment, no BAM! Yet he hasn't been cured of night notes. One of his more recent bafflers says: "German doctor—lines patients up in circle—checks 'em from his bicycle seat."

The scratching down of unintelligible night notes is a universal habit among professional writers, but I find that it also happens to sensible and well-adjusted people. Adm. William S. Sims used to tell of a memo written in the night by a famous English admiral during the First World War. This admiral had a recurring dream in which he was shown the way to end the war swiftly and happily. During his sleep the admiral would see it all quite clearly, but when morning came he'd be unable to remember it. Finally he decided he would force himself to write it down in the night, and he did so, and the next day he hurried to read what he had written so he could get on with the job of ending the war. His master solution was stated in seven words:

The skin is mightier than the banana.

Raymond Loewy has designed a sliding night desk which emerges from a storage cabinet and takes up a position across his bed, so that he can work when he doesn't feel like sleeping. And someone else has invented and marketed a pencil with a tiny flashlight on it, to facilitate the taking of night notes. These inventors apparently operate on the assumption that all such notes and memos are valuable. I know that I have found scribblings on my bedside pad that almost contained wisdom, such as, "She was inhuman toward her husband, meaning she was invariably nice to him." And on another occasion, "Somebody hit him on the head with a powerful telescope."

Fred Beck, of Los Angeles, has a many-sided mind, and one of its sides would suggest that he has the instincts of a promoter. He has written many notes in the night. One of his long memos concerned his belief that Catalina Island would make California's most beautiful residential suburb if it didn't have a water problem.

Mr. Beck, lying half asleep, decided he would subdivide the island and require that the purchaser of each lot donate a fifty-foot length of garden hose. All these hose lengths would be hooked together and coiled on a barge. The end would be attached to a faucet in the garden of Mr. Beck's brother-in-law, Nortie, in Santa Monica. The hose would then be unreeled from the barge, dramatically, in the manner of the Atlantic cable, and laid on the ocean floor; and thus would water be brought to Catalina and an immense fortune to the pocket of Mr. Beck.

This same Fred Beck was once associated with the famous Farmers Market in Los Angeles. During that period he had a night thought which would bring a great flood of publicity for the market. He wrote it down, as follows: "Arrange have Capistrano swallows switch to F.M." Unhappily he didn't write down the part in which he had figured out how to do it—

Wear and Tear

My nerves can be reduced
to tatters
Not so much, it seems, by
matters
Of life and death, but the
routine
Assorted trifles in between!

Thomas Usk

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how to convince the swallows. He tells me that during the night he had it, he knew how it could be done, but that he was never able to remember it.

During the time when I was investigating the subject of night notes, a gentleman-adventurer named Desmond Slattery spent a weekend at my house in the country. After he had gone back to the city I found some notes beside the bed he had used. I couldn't make any sense out of them. Here they are:

> Get Gov. underwrite my expenses go down stage roundup—airlift—parachute 'em all over state.
> Important—issue statement to press denying this publicity stunt for song.

A few days later I saw Mr. Slattery again in New York and gave him his notes. He studied them awhile and then surprised me by remembering what they were about. He reminded me that the fire ants from Central America are swarming over the South, and especially over Alabama. Mr. Slattery proposed that he would go to Central America and stage an anteater roundup. Then he would organize an airlift and parachute anteaters all over the state of Alabama. As for the statement to the press, Mr. Slattery explained that he would issue it to deny that he was plugging a song titled, Anteaters Fell on Alabama.

A. J. Russell, one of the top writers in television, tells me that he once had a plotting problem, in connection with a TV-drama script, that stayed with him for days and grew worse as time passed. He became irascible and mean, and kicked at flowers and spent hours pacing the floor. Finally came a morning when he was snarling his way through breakfast. Mrs. Russell tried to soothe him, telling him to be patient, that he'd get it solved in time; and then suddenly he leaped to his feet with a joyous cry. "I got it worked out last night," he shouted, "while I was half asleep! I wrote it down—the whole solution!" He raced to his bed table and snatched up a sheet of paper. There it was, in bold letters: "Quit the damn job."

Ann Maulsby, a writing neighbor of mine, has saved several brilliant examples of her own night notes. Once, she thought, in her twilight sleep, that she had found the perfect opening for a novel. She wrote it down sleepily and found the next day that it read:

> She was traveling around the world trying to learn how to be circular. She had never been circular.

Mrs. Maulsby has never written a novel to go on the end of that beginning, but I think she should. Also, I am an admirer of a poem she composed in the night. This time she couldn't even remember having written it down. She simply found the notes and recognized her own handwriting. Here it is:

> Stuck with the stuff of gardeners' dolls—
> One-half man and one-half woman.
> Little Mary Ott on her blot-stained cot,
> Plagued by austerer values than ours.

In my opinion it's as good as anything T. S. Eliot ever wrote.

Hugh Troy, who lives in Washington, D.C., is—in the Brooklyn phrase—a man of many facets, all turned on. Many lovely philosophical concepts come to him during the night. One of them turned up on his note pad as follows:

> Call State dept.
> All energy is state of mind. Going uphill is state of mind. Climb Everest—think downhill while climbing. You'll really be going downhill. Important.

I have been told about another Washington man, head of a powerful Government agency, who evolved an elaborate Defense of Hatred one night and wrote it all down, believing that it might be so important that a new cabinet post would be needed to handle it. His notes, passed along to me, follow:

> Right to Hate is paramount, God-given. To restrain hate is unhealthy. Don't bottle it up. Bring out in open. Market a Hate Kit. Little dolls like real people—Pres. Veep. Sens. Cabineters. Pins to stick in them. Candy dolls to be eaten. Slogan—EAT THE MAN YOU HATE. Slogan—HATE FOR HEALTH.

I'm told that the citizen who inscribed those sentiments is one of the gentlest and kindest men in Washington.

Some years ago a writer came to me in Hollywood and showed me a scrawl on a piece of paper, which said, "The Sensitive Cucumber." He said he had written it down in the night, but he couldn't think what it meant and it had him worried. He wanted to know if I had ever heard him talking about cucumbers, sensitive or otherwise. I couldn't remember any such conversation. A week or so later I saw him again and asked him about it, and he said it had all been cleared up in another dream.

"Here I was," he said, "walking down a street, and suddenly right there on the sidewalk, in front of me, was a cucumber—a huge cucumber big around as a barrel, stretching across the sidewalk. I made a movement to the right, as if to go around it, but it turned with me. I made a move in the other direction, and it turned with me—just like a radar scope. It was sensitive to every move I made, and I just couldn't get past it and had to turn around and go back home."

I told him I thought that The Sensitive Cucumber would make an excellent title for a book I was then writing, and asked him if I might have it, but he turned me down—said it was his dream and his cucumber and he'd use it on one of his books. Real selfish.

I have read that Ralph Waldo Emerson awoke one night with the most wondrous and prodigious philosophical image ever to come within his grasp. He groped for a pad and got it and groped for a pencil and got instead a small comb belonging to his wife. In the darkness he scribbled quick notes to remind himself of his great idea. And in the morning he found, of course, a blank sheet of paper.

There is, also, a story about Oliver Wendell Holmes the Elder. As a doctor he was interested in the use of ether as an anesthetic and once had a dose administered to himself. As he was going under, a great thought framed itself in his mind—he believed that he had grasped the key to all the mysteries of philosophy, a final solution to the central problem of existence. When he regained consciousness he was unable to think of it. But he had to recapture it, for it was of vital importance to mankind. He arranged to have himself given ether again and determined that he would speak the great thought so that a stenographer could write it down. This time, just before the ether took full effect, he had the vision again, and he spoke the words and they were written down as follows:

> The entire universe is permeated with a strong odor of turpentine.

In conclusion, I would like to offer two remarkable examples of night notes produced by Dale Eunson, a writer now resident in California. Once Mr. Eunson dreamed that he was a poet, reading his works to an audience in a vast amphitheater. His works consisted of one deathless line, and when he recited it, the enormous audience sat stunned, heads bowed in reverance, and then they arose as one man, shouting and screaming and clamoring to shake Mr. Eunson's hand, and lifting him to their shoulders for having at last revealed to them the Truth. When he awoke, Mr. Eunson hastily scribbled down the single line of his poem, so that the human race might benefit from it, and when he got around to reading it, this is what he found:

> Oh, come see the deer, bighearted Or.

On another night Mr. Eunson was lying in bed, and it seemed to him that he was reading Louella Parsons' column in a newspaper. The column was in its customary position in the paper, but the type was large and flowery, as if illuminated by medieval monks, and the words were all in Gaelic. Mr. Eunson started to read the column and got through exactly four words before he woke up. He remembers that at the time he was enormously impressed by Miss Parsons' erudition, and he remembers writing down the four words. They were:

> *Whey shillic ick il.*

Mr. Eunson says those words are graven forever on his memory, and sometimes in troubled moments he repeats them to himself. If it had happened to me, I'm sure I'd do the same.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON

PETER LIND HAYES

AND

MARY HEALY

By Pete Martin

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 17

How Words Change Our Lives

By S. I. Hayakawa

STRANGERS IN OUR HOUSE

What Happens when a Family Takes in Three Hungarian Refugees?

IN COLOR:

MEXICO'S PENINSULA PARADISE

The Unspoiled Delights of Lower California

Britain's Own "Traitor to His Class"

Hugh Gaitskell, Gentleman Rebel

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

THE NINE DAYS OF NIGHT

By George Byram

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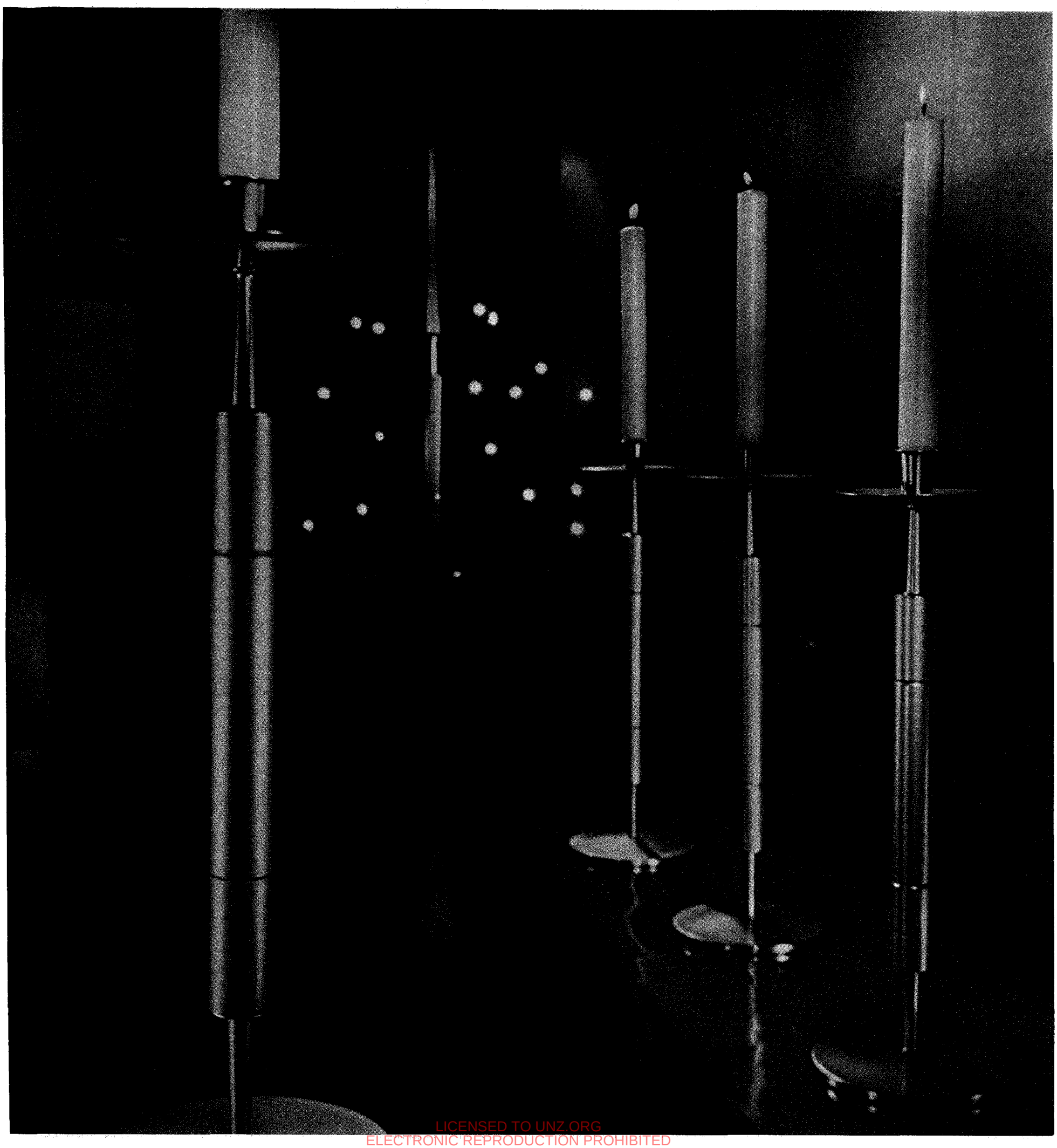
FORECAST: There's a world of aluminum in the wonderful world of tomorrow ... where devotion will find infinite expression in the ethereal beauty of aluminum ... graceful aluminum that will inspire designs, textures, colors as numberless as the stars in the sky ... as ageless as the Song of David. Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh.

ALCOA ALUMINUM

ALUMINUM ALTAR PIECES DESIGNED IN KENSINGTON FOR THE ALCOA COLLECTION
BY HAROLD W. RAMBUSCH. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON BRUEHL.



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The Counterfeit Confidence Man

(Continued from Page 31)

"More work for the undertaker," said Mrs. Fitzpayne as we walked toward the house.

The reference was to myself. Mrs. Fitzpayne classed lawyers with undertakers as being representative of a displeasing aspect of the human condition. I was there on behalf of my law firm to explain to her and get her agreement about some ticklish legal arrangements concerning property she had in England. In general I was to act as a soothing influence on our client.

I was to say that we would do anything, within reason, to meet her wishes. "Reason" did not include facilitating her marriage to some totally unsuitable new husband in place of the late Fitzpayne, nor securing from the Treasury Departments of the United States and Great Britain a humble apology for having bothered her with taxation in the past and a pledge to behave themselves with more restraint in the future.

I was to ease Mrs. Fitzpayne's tensions by gently indicating that her views of governments were unduly harsh. These views could be briefly expressed. They were that governments are rapacious, inhumanly cunning, subhumanly stupid, mean, extravagant, meddlesome, indolent, hidebound and grossly corrupt.

She strode elegantly ahead of me through the central hallway of the house and out into the deep-shaded patio where beyond a sunken lily pool and fountain Mr. George Gerrard lurked in a deep cane chair.

"You look," said Mrs. Fitzpayne pleasantly, "like an elephant with false tusks."

Mr. Gerrard viewed his sister-in-law with alarm, as he always did when she showed signs of unusual animation. They were signs, he feared, that she was on the point of doing something disturbing, such as suddenly closing up the house or involving herself in some flamboyant scandal, with repercussions, Mr. Gerrard felt, that would affect him in the crisis he was having.

His wife, for her part, was facing this crisis in their fortunes by going to Paris for a quick intensive course in Zen Buddhism. Mr. Gerrard did not have the consolations of philosophy and religion. Without them he faced the fact that at least two of his fellow directors of the Great General Corporation, with which his own company had been recently merged, were plotting to turn him off the board. They desired total control. Their aims were strictly financial, but they proposed to blacken Mr. Gerrard in the eyes of wavering directors and shareholders on moral grounds.

They claimed that he had "certain weaknesses." They worked hard to uncover evidence showing past acts of financial unorthodoxy on his part. They also noted that in moments of relaxed elation he was apt to caper in night clubs, with all that implied.

Counterattack was difficult. The hostile directors were, he said, "a damnably respectable class of scoundrels." He had retired to the haven of Mrs. Fitzpayne's Mediterranean palace, and the thought that anything might disturb the security of his haven made him horribly nervous.

Mrs. Fitzpayne told him about the suspect in the hat. "A government-looking type," she said. "I can spot them miles away."

George Gerrard believed in no troubles but his own. He told her not to be foolish. He said the man was probably a tourist looking for a place to take a picture from.

He stopped talking and snarled slightly. Experience of two days at Mrs. Fitzpayne's told me that what had come into his line of vision was probably his pretty niece Antonia, probably hand in hot hand with the young painter most people called Sandy Grant but whom Gerrard spoke of as "that weed." Young Grant was in fine physical shape, but he attained "weed" status with Mr. Gerrard because he would obviously be no use in a proxy fight. If Antonia was going to marry anyone it should be someone with a powerful financial warhead. Mr. Gerrard was intriguing with Mrs. Fitzpayne to tell Grant that he had stayed in the house long enough.

"What," asked Antonia, "is Pedro doing down at the gate? Parleying with some strange unit of personnel? Plotting against us, I assume."

At that moment Pedro reappeared.

... ...

Conspiracy

By Laurence Eisenlohr

Hey diddle diddle,
We're caught in the middle.
The ladies are pulling a
fast one.
Each hostess is led
To outrival the spread
Provided for us by the last
one.

Hey diddle diddle,
We're plump in the middle.
The cause is, of course,
understandable:
They do the competing,
But most of the eating
Is left to the men—they're
expandable.

... ...

"Well," said Mrs. Fitzpayne. "Who is he? What does he want?"

"He's from the government," said Pedro. "He's looking for a good place to put telegraph lines and maybe a power line too."

"How? Where?" snapped Gerrard.

"Poles and wires and pylons," said Pedro patiently. "It's a new development, advantageous to national progress, he told me. They'll set the poles up slantwise over the terraces across the front of the house and then across the English garden, and on across country from there."

I was genuinely shocked at the idea of that beautiful hillside being blasted to establish telegraph poles or pylons or both, and the lovely house and its view disfigured by wires.

"We must stop this!" I cried.

Mrs. Fitzpayne gripped my arm with both hands.

"Of course!" she said. "What are you going to do?"

"The first thing, obviously, is to ascertain the exact facts."

"Pedro," said Mrs. Fitzpayne, "go back and fetch that man up to see me. You can give him a ride on the back of your scooter. Now then," she said, looking expectantly at me.

I spoke of getting facts, then consulting some local law firm of good repute and proceeding to examination of the exact position regarding governmental powers, rights of private owners and so on.

"Merest rigmarole," Mrs. Fitzpayne said. "What we have to do is nip this thing in the bud."

"How?" asked Gerrard.

"With money, of course," said Mrs. Fitzpayne.

"Don't take too much for granted, Jane," warned Gerrard, speaking I should say from a fairly wide experience of attempted bribery. "You need a lot of caution and finesse for that sort of thing."

"Finesse my foot!" said Mrs. Fitzpayne. "Just let them hear the crisp crinkle of cash."

I supported Gerrard. We were in a foreign land, on unknown territory. Rashness could bring disaster.

Mrs. Fitzpayne's reply was to stretch, close her eyes and pretend to be asleep. She opened them for a moment to suggest that I go into the house and telephone the village to ask if anything was known about the prowling stranger.

I did so. The result was discouraging. The proprietor of the small local hotel spoke of the stranger with awe.

"I knew his sort as soon as he came into the place," he said. "I got a load of that hat and I knew what we had there even before he signed the register. More nosing about and trouble, I expect."

Soon after I had returned to the patio, Pedro guided the stranger around the lily pond, gestured toward Mrs. Fitzpayne and took himself off.

By that time I was feeling a little overwrought. That would account for my momentary impression that I had presented myself, after insufficient preparation, for a crucial interview with a keen young bishop, who was also a member in good standing of the F.B.I. This young man seemed the calm embodiment of official authority. So, now, at close quarters, did the hat.

I noted chiefly the liveliness of his gray eyes in a very pale face which could certainly be described as handsome. The eyes, in their quick alert movement, indicated that he fully expected sin to pop up somewhere, and was opposed to it.

He handed his card to Mrs. Fitzpayne, who glanced at it and passed it to me. In addition to his name—Cosmo—and that of his department, it bore the vague but slightly intimidating title "Inspector."

Bowing, he seated himself and placed the hat on a marble-topped table beside him. Being addressed by George Gerrard in the language of the country, Mr. Cosmo quickly held up his hand and said he preferred to speak English—implying, I thought, that he assumed he certainly could perform in our language better than we could perform in his.

Looking mostly at the sky and occasionally under half-closed lids at the inspector, Mrs. Fitzpayne repeated the information given us by Pedro and asked if it was accurate. Mr. Cosmo nodded sharply.

"You realize," I said, "that in this case the compensation payable would be heavy. The proposed scheme would ruin the amenities of the estate."

"The question whether any compensation will be payable at all is, of course, a matter for later consideration," said Mr. Cosmo. "As for amenities, I would remind you that many people's houses are situated close to new highways where lorries shake the earth, and ceilings crack, dropping crumbs of plaster into soup plates or coffee cups. The stench of gasoline fumes is pervasive."

He spoke as though reading words from an invisible screen suspended a couple of feet above Mrs. Fitzpayne's head.

"Others again," he said, "find vast airfields developed in their vicinity. The screech of jet aircraft overhead is earsplitting and has been known to cause nervous breakdowns in householders. Many, many people live under similar conditions, and when the thought of amenities and compensation occurs to them, their hearts reply that all this is happening only because progress is happening. They feel themselves going forward and upward with their country."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Fitzpayne.

"Quite," said the inspector.

The discussion, if it can be so described, went along like this for quite a while.

"Well," said the inspector at last, "I have my report to make."

Mrs. Fitzpayne sighed. "Yes, your duty is your duty," she said in a pious tone, causing Gerrard to look at her suspiciously. "Ah well, what must be must be."

The inspector was already on his feet, his hat in his hand, and Mrs. Fitzpayne rose too.

"I'll come with you," she said, "as far as the top of the drive. I'd like to show you the view you are aiming to blot out. Come along, too," she said to me; "it'll give you a few minutes to think up some wonderful legal gimmick that'll change the inspector's mind. This gentleman," she explained to Mr. Cosmo as we went through the house, "is my lawyer from London. Very, very delicate and discreet, you know."

As we reached the balustrade in front of the house, the beauty of the panorama seemed to strike the inspector with a force which surprised me. A small gasp of admiration escaped him.

"Wonderful," he said.

"But doomed," said Mrs. Fitzpayne.

"As you say, doomed," repeated the inspector.

"Bad luck it should have to be just here," she said.

"It has been assumed for some time in the department that this would be the best place to carry the new line inland from the coast. A great deal of preliminary paper work has been done on that assumption. Time and money have been spent."

"And, of course," said Mrs. Fitzpayne, "it would be an expensive business to change all that."

"Very."

"But," I said, "it seems to me that when we were driving along here from the other side of the town the other day there were other places where the coastal ridge could be crossed by such a line as easily as here."

"Perhaps."

"Well, then?"

Mr. Cosmo sighed and looked with softened eyes at the glorious prospect before him.

"It is hard," he said, "to explain these things. Perhaps I could make it plain to *you*, madame," he said, "but ——"

"I've already told you," said Mrs. Fitzpayne, "that this gentleman is a man of the world, the soul of discretion and all that."

"Well, you see," said Mr. Cosmo, "it may be that some landowner in the area you speak of, or perhaps the proprietor of a hotel who has advertised his secluded and ornamental grounds, has employed dirty backstairs means to influence the decision of the department."

"I have always said," remarked Mrs. Fitzpayne, "that government departments are riddled with that kind of thing. Where there's government there's corruption, I always say. It's appalling."

"Appalling indeed," echoed the inspector, "and yet."

"And yet, as you so rightly say," said Mrs. Fitzpayne.

There is no need, I suppose, for me to draw a map of the course the conversa-

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tion took from that point. The sordid material details of the transaction were completed in the library. I attended the proceedings with distaste, Mrs. Fitzpayne insisting.

"After all, you are my lawyer," she said, and to the inspector remarked, as she thumbed through a whirl of big greasy bills in local currency which she had taken from a wall safe, "you don't mind if our friend here watches me actually hand over the money, do you? I always think on these occasions three heads are so much better than two."

In return for her money she was to receive a letter from the inspector confirming that as a result of his survey he had concluded, for various reasons, the proposed route for the new electric lines was impracticable. There would be a delay of a month or so before she got official notification from the department.

"In the end," said Mr. Cosmo, "it will be seen that the whole affair is too expensive. Economy must be the watchword of the department. The nation's finances must be protected."

Pleased as she was to have saved her grounds from disfigurement, Mrs. Fitzpayne was far more pleased to have been proved absolutely, one hundred per cent right about government officials.

While Mr. Cosmo was busy writing his letter in the library, Mrs. Fitzpayne tossed a verbal hand grenade into our midst as we sat on the patio.

"Until we get the official doodah from that department of his," she said, "I have suggested he stay here in the house; because," she went on, before anyone had time to protest, "it will make it more difficult for him to double-cross me. I shall have him under my eye. If he gets up to any tricks I can put him in a false position—expose him as having forced me to give him hospitality with blackmailing threats. I could say he was making passes at me."

"Not already?" cried Antonia.

"No. But it would be something I could say if necessary."

Mr. Cosmo sauntered out into the patio. With the hat out of sight and his hands in his pockets, he still looked authoritative, but jauntily so. He said to Mrs. Fitzpayne: "Now that I have the honor to be your guest, I was hoping that you would show me round your lovely house and gardens."

Mrs. Fitzpayne got up and said, "All right, what shall I show you first?" She went off, leading the way in a dignified silence.

"So already we are in occupied territory," said Antonia. "Masking her bitterness of soul, she shows the brutal invader round the home."

George Gerrard's face shone with the slight nervous sweat he was prone to when irked.

"She'll be so mad about this she'll be liable to declare war on the whole country and settle in Red China. She thinks she's being clever, but before the month's up she'll explode. She'll probably shoot him. My fellow directors will be delighted. Even my in-laws are unstable. This house needs a thorough clean-up."

He marched off in the direction of the room rather absurdly called "the study."

"Now he's mad too," Antonia said. "Damn this man Cosmo."

"He doesn't matter to us, does he?" said Sandy.

"Look," said Antonia, "as a painter you have genius, I know it. As a youth you have vital charm, I know it. But you are dumb about what goes on. For days Uncle George has been intriguing to get you shot out of this house. But he was lethargic. Now comes this Cosmo. He's the straw which stiffens the camel's back. Now he talks about 'clean-up.' Now he will do all in his power to persuade Aunt Jane to get rid of all you alien elements. Our business, as I see it, is to make things so unpleasant for this Cosmo that he will go away of his own accord before uncle's rage has time to detonate."

Had there been an emotional barometer about the place it would have stood at "Storm." Sparks crackled in the atmosphere. I was glad that my business with Mrs. Fitzpayne had been virtually completed before the arrival of Mr. Cosmo. The affair had evidently upset her. Behind her dazzling eyes her mind seemed to brood—but not, I feared, on problems of her English real estate. To prolong my visit had become pointless. I decided to return to London immediately. Business apart, the tension in the air had become as vexatious as prickly heat. And nobody seemed able to talk of anything but Mr. Cosmo.

George Gerrard's state of excitement and dismay had been brought to fever pitch by information received from Pedro, who viewed Cosmo as the type of guest who made extra work but was unlikely to tip proportionately. Pedro did not consider that a civil servant, however lavishly bribed, would be carefree with the gratuities. He mentioned to George Gerrard that he had come upon Mr. Cosmo in the "study," apparently looking through the papers on the desk.

Mr. Gerrard, feeling as always vulnerable and conscious of his own weaknesses, immediately concluded that Cosmo was looking for written evidence of illegal dealings in the local currency. And if, Mr. Gerrard pointed out, he was nosing about looking for evidence of such things he would certainly find it. There would be a case against Gerrard—more ammunition for the enemy directors. As Antonia had predicted, his sharply increased distaste for his fellow guests included Sandy Grant. Antonia overheard him saying to Mrs. Fitzpayne: "How can you expect peace and quiet when you fill the house with sponging artists and corrupt government officials?"

Cosmo himself remained irritatingly self-possessed. I must say he proved a great deal less uncouth than I had expected. Indeed, in other circumstances his easy flow of interesting and often witty conversation at luncheon or dinner could have been deemed an asset to the house party. But when I reflected that the fellow was after all nothing but a depraved civil servant blatantly betraying his trust, I could not feel that his easy manners were in the best possible taste.

As I sauntered on the terrace waiting for my baggage to be put in the car that was to take me to the railhead, Cosmo came lounging out of the house and joined me. His tone seemed to me irksomely confidential and patronizing.

"So sad," he said, "that there should be so little good cheer about so lovely a dwelling as this. Our hostess, for instance, is not happy. Something is lacking to her full enjoyment of life."

I indicated that I did not care to discuss other people's feelings with him.

"But one must interest oneself in others," he said. "To be indifferent is surely unchristian. Mr. Gerrard, now, he is unhappy too. He fears ruin at the hands of those directors in London he speaks of. He is at a loss. Pretty Miss Antonia, she is unhappy too. She fears Mr. Grant will be ejected from the house and from that barn which he uses as a studio. Sad for her to love one so attractive, yet so poor as to prospects. You have seen his pictures? I think art is not his natural vocation."

I welcomed the sight of Pedro, who had come out onto the steps and was watching the houseboy putting my bags in the car.

"Even he," said Mr. Cosmo, nodding in Pedro's direction, "is not happy. He feels he is in a backwater. He would like to be butler to a Greek multimillionaire."

Cosmo sighed, gazed down over the terraces and the zigzag driveway, and sighed again. He pointed to a uniformed figure whose motorized bicycle was stuttering painfully up the gradient. "The sergeant of the police from the village," he said. "He, too, is ill at ease. Strangers in the neighborhood bother him. Particularly if they are members of another branch of government service. He wonders why I am staying here so long. He comes and talks to me. He thinks, perhaps, there is some hanky-panky."

"Does he indeed?" I said as I moved to the waiting car.

Meditating on the situation as the train took me toward the capital where I would get the plane for England, I decided that duty called for me to break my journey for a few hours. My firm was anxious to induce calm in the Fitzpayne household. *L'affaire Cosmo* seemed to be having an opposite effect. I thought there might be some means of getting in touch—unofficially and most discreetly, of course—with some higher-up in Mr. Cosmo's department and possibly arranging to have his departure from Mrs. Fitzpayne's expedited.

I called on one of the partners of a local law firm with whom we often had dealings, and put the matter to him. He promised to institute the delicate inquiries and would write me of the result in, he hoped, a few days.

Actually I had been in London less than forty-eight hours when the letter reached me. It stated categorically that no Mr. Cosmo was, or ever had been, employed by the relevant department in any capacity.

I sent Mr. Gerrard a telegram, carefully worded to avoid local post-office gossip. I followed it with an air-mail letter making clear at greater length that Mr. Cosmo was evidently an impostor. It was the best I could do and I prepared to forget the entire episode. It was not to be.

After a scant ten days of peaceful routine work in London, someone in our office discovered that Mrs. Fitzpayne had casually omitted to consult or inform us about some documents she had signed a year or so ago in connection with her English property. The effect of this was to make nonsense of most of what had been supposedly settled in my discussions with her, and the only way to straighten things out was for me to return and go over the whole thing again.

I took plane and train, hired a car at the railhead, drove to the rejuvenated palace, and was met at the door by Pedro.

"You'll find them all in the patio," he told me.

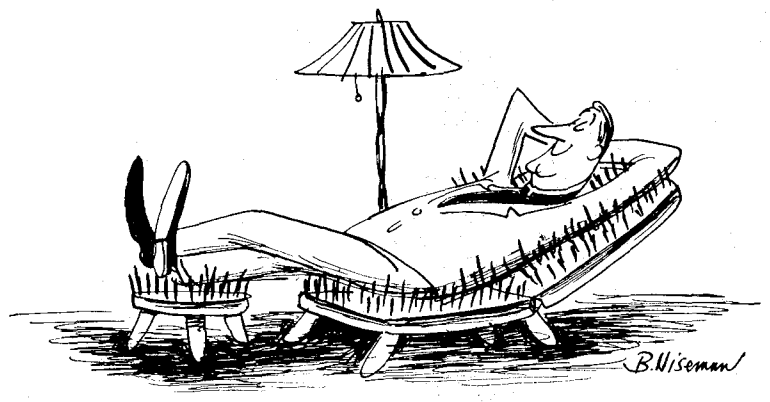
"Mr. Grant still here?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Pedro. "Mr. Grant and Miss Antonia and Mr. Gerrard and Mr. Cosmo."

For a moment I was too startled to speak, and in that moment Cosmo himself came strolling across the wide hall, still looking like a youthful and handsome bishop, but now a bishop who has given up opposing sin and devoted himself to sun bathing and tennis instead. He waved a gay hand at me, and cried, "Back again, eh? Still a little more law needed around here?" Before I could say anything the telephone rang in an alcove of the hall and we both stood waiting while Pedro answered it.

"For you, sir," he said respectfully to Cosmo, and I hurried on through the house toward the patio.

The four other members of the house party greeted me warmly, but with, I was not surprised to observe, a shade of



The Perfect Squelch

The missionary, a handsome, solemn-faced man, habitually wore a martyred expression. Apparently he identified himself with the early martyrs of religion. Even in casual conversation, he stressed that a clergyman's lot necessarily should be a hard one and that he preferred it that way.

At a gathering of fellow church workers, he announced rather dramatically that he intended to seek a new field. "I never allow myself to stay in one location so long that I feel comfortable there," he asserted. "No matter where I am, I always insist upon being sent to a less comfortable place."

A quiet, hard-working colleague asked gently, "Isn't that going to make it a bit awkward for you in heaven?"

Mary Anne Bode

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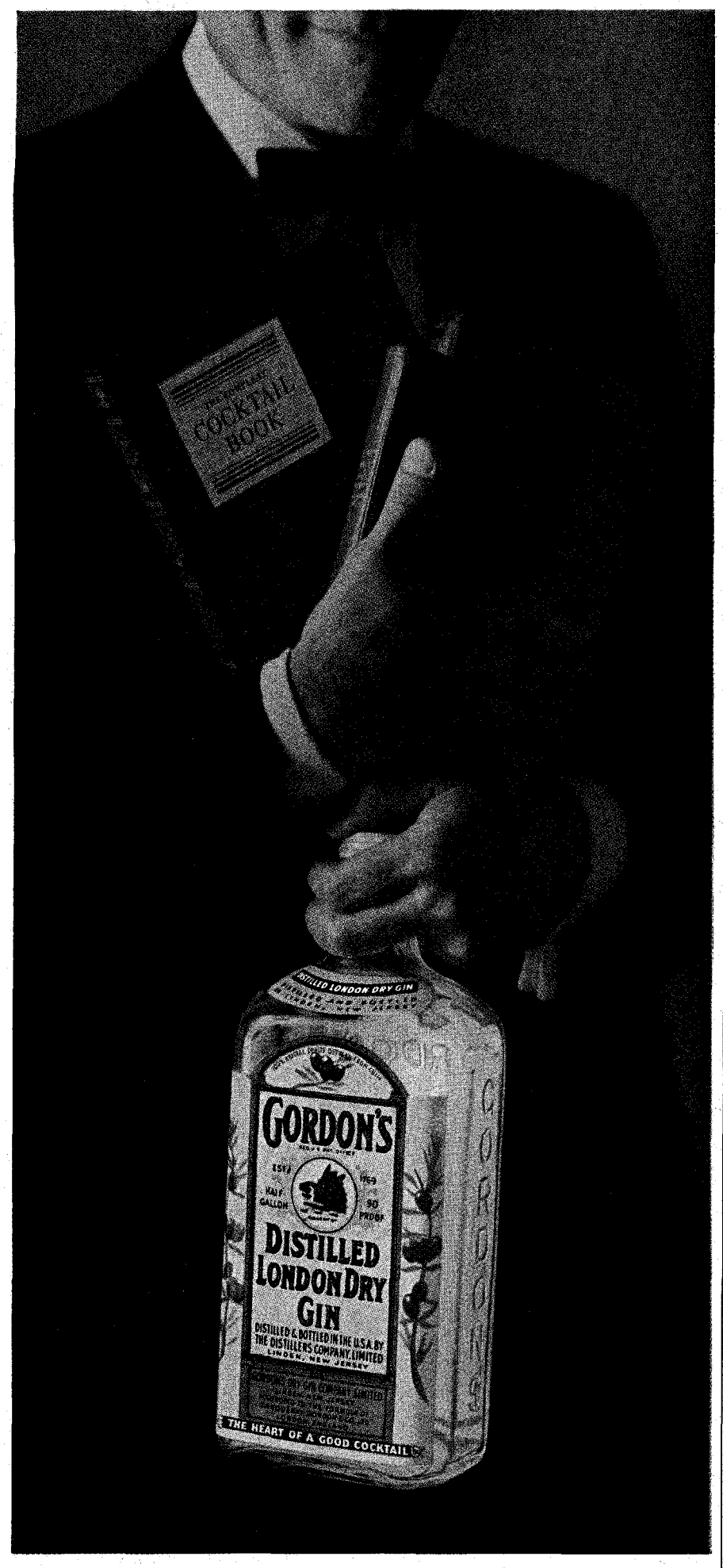

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embarrassment. They must have known that I had passed Cosmo on my way. Mrs. Fitzpayne lazily raised her hand as though in a plea for silence.

"I know, I know," she said. "You kindly made inquiries and you sent us a telegram and wrote us a letter, and now when you find the"—she hesitated—"ex-inspector still among those present, you're a little surprised, I expect."

"Just the tiniest bit," I said. "After all, he does just happen to be a fraudulent *impostor*."

"In a sense," said Mrs. Fitzpayne.

"In every sense, surely," I said.

"Of course, he isn't actually a government official," she said, "but he knows the breed inside out. You see, he has so often impersonated them. He's a student of human nature. He travels about, studying it, especially officials. And everything he says proves I have been absolutely right in everything I've always said. I must say, apart from everything else, he's tremendously good value in that way."

At this point Pedro came hurrying from the house.

"Mr. Cosmo," he said, bowing to Mrs. Fitzpayne, "requests that madame will be so very good as to join him for a moment in the library."

"Great heaven!" I said as she hurried away, followed more slowly by Pedro, "now I've seen everything. Pedro, too, bows low to him, I noticed."

"That," said Antonia, "is because our Mr. Cosmo knows a butler who knows a butler who buttles for Mr. Onassis. Pedro may get a job with a Greek millionaire, after all."

"Cosmo tips him as though he were a millionaire himself," said Sandy Grant.

"Out of the bribe, I suppose, he got for double-crossing a department he didn't even work for," I said coldly.

"Not exactly," said Gerrard, his expression a baffling mixture of the cheerful and the hangdog. "The fact is I've found it worth while to finance him to some extent myself."

I controlled myself. "I see I was wrong when I said I'd seen everything," I said. "Perhaps you would just put me in the picture."

Becoming less hangdog as he talked, George Gerrard explained that on getting my telegram and letter making clear that Cosmo was certainly not a government official, he had been vouchsafed a brilliant flash of intuition and understanding. He had recalled that at one time his codirectors had planted upon him in his London office a secretary who looked as pretty as a picture and as faithful as a little hound, but who had been busy by day and by night collecting evidence of Mr. Gerrard's irregularities and weaknesses. In his moment of inspired vision, George Gerrard had discerned that, if Cosmo was not what he purported to be, then what more likely than that he should be an undercover agent of the Great General Corporation? Gerrard had gone to him and accused him point-blank. Cosmo denied it. Gerrard violently insisted. Cosmo became evasive. Gerrard shouted at him to come clean.

"I had to drag it out of him," said Gerrard, "but in the end he admitted it."

"So why didn't you throw him out on the spot?"

"Because," said Gerrard, tapping my knee impressively with his forefinger, "I began to sense from the way he talked that although he's employed by them, he's quite prepared to change sides. For a cash consideration, of course."

"Of course," I said, "but what can he do for you?"

"He's given me tremendous confidence," George Gerrard said, and I must say he looked as bold as an elephant that has somehow grown new tusks. "The point is I've realized, talking to Cosmo, that they're not as safe and respectable as I thought. I tell you, my boy, they've got some skeletons in their cupboards too. Sharp practice, sex, booze—the lot."

"How did he know so much about them?"

"Don't know how he knows, but he knows, all right. He knows about people, you see. I can see now that with a bit of detective work I can get them where I want them. I ought to have realized for myself that those fellows were a bit too good to be true. That man Cosmo's of great value. Ask Sandy there."

Sandy Grant's usually harrowed face was almost complacent.

"Well," he said, "it's nice to be recognized—as an artist, I mean."

"And Louis did the needful," said Antonia.

"Louis?" I said with a chill on the word.

"Louis Cosmo," she said; "that's his name."

"One of them, no doubt," I said. "I thought you disliked him."

"Not any more. He's got artistic flair, an eye for greatness."

It seemed there was a real-estate speculator from whom Mrs. Fitzpayne had originally bought the palace and its grounds. The speculator—his name was M. Luzac—had driven down to have a look at the face-lifted ruin and offered to buy it back at an enormous price, he being wishful to turn it into a hotel. Mrs. Fitzpayne refused to sell. His speculative passion was thwarted. "It would be a Christian kindness," Cosmo had said, "to offer him something else."

In this spirit, Mr. Cosmo had "given him to understand" that he, Cosmo, was secretly acting for a leading art dealer in Paris who, convinced that Sandy Grant's work would fetch huge prices in a year or two, had commissioned Mr. Cosmo to pay big money for an option on Grant's painting before anyone else had even heard of him. However, Mr. Cosmo felt himself aggrieved by one or two actions of his principal, the dealer. For a reasonable consideration he was prepared to persuade Grant to sell the option to M. Luzac instead.

M. Luzac, speculative money fretting in his pocket, and exalted by the thought of stealing a dishonest march through the spite and avarice of this agent Cosmo, had gone out to the barn to look at Grant's pictures. All modern painting looked a mess to M. Luzac, and this seemed to be the kind of mess he had seen getting big prices at Paris auctions. He bought.

With what was left of my mind I recalled an odd thing Mrs. Fitzpayne had said a little earlier. My discretion eroded by the atmosphere, I said to Gerrard, "What did Mrs. Fitzpayne mean when she said just now that Cosmo was 'good value in that way, *apart from everything else*'?"

Gerrard shifted about in his chair. "Well," he said, "you must admit he's good-looking and amusing. Has a lot of charm. And then, of course, from the outset he made her feel so right about everything. As a really crooked government type he was a sort of dream come true, and he went on from there. It's hard to resist," he added, thinking no doubt of his new view of the G.G.C. directors.

"He's everyone's dream come true," sighed Antonia.

"You don't mean to say she's contemplating anything—permanent?" I said, increasingly indiscreet.

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Whatever Gerrard's answer was going to be, it was prevented by Pedro, announcing that my London office was calling. I went in to take the call and while my partner briefed me on a couple of points that had not been clear before I left London, I wondered what the firm would feel like if and when Mr. Cosmo burst upon them prepared, as her husband, to shoulder the burden of the present Mrs. Fitzpayne's affairs.

As I put down the receiver Cosmo came out of the library with Mrs. Fitzpayne, whom for a split second I scarcely recognized. She was as beautiful as ever, but, for her, almost disheveled, her face soft with sadness, and the smudge of a tear under one of those splendid eyes. She nodded at me and said vaguely, "We'll talk later. I'm going to lie down for a little." She moved away toward the baroque stairway.

I turned back toward Cosmo, and beyond him through the wide-open main doors of the house, saw the hired car which I had paid off long ago still standing on the terrace. Cosmo saw my look of surprise.

"I caught the driver just in time before he went off," he said. "The fact is—you remember that telephone call for me just as you arrived? It was from the local sergeant of police saying he would be up to see me at five o'clock this afternoon—an hour or so from now. I'm afraid I must take it as the signal for my departure."

"You're leaving at once?" I asked stupidly.

"Best so. The sergeant's visit can only mean that the prison authorities in the north have got some sort of tip-off, are getting the police to investigate. Naturally they want me to return and complete my term in their penitentiary."

"I'm sorry," I said, and was astonished to find that I meant it.

"It was only a short sentence," said Cosmo, "just for fraud, you know. But after a couple of months I became intolerably restless and broke out. That's why I was so pale and poor when I arrived. On the way here I collected only just enough money to buy suitable clothes—and, above all, the hat."

"The hat?"

"Surely it was that hat that first fixed in everyone's mind that I was some sort of government man? It is the essential first step. People feel nervous or guilty and are anxious to settle matters quickly."

Pedro and the boy-of-all-work appeared, lugging some good-looking cases which Mr. Cosmo had evidently bought out of the proceeds of Mr. Gerrard's newborn hopes.

"Remember," he said, as though I were thinking of going in for his line of business, "being taken for a government official or an art dealer's agent or what not is only the first step. You have to convince people that you are a corrupt one. People love dealing with dishonest officials and agents. It makes them feel so strong and superior. It's what you might call"—he breathed the scented air of the terrace luxuriously—"the no-confidence trick."

He took notes from a fat roll and distributed them to Pedro and the boy.

"Sad not to have been able to stay longer in this lovely spot," Cosmo said. "I do hope everyone has benefited a little from my visit. I do like," he added emphatically, "to give people their money's worth."

I said, speaking more enthusiastically than I had intended, "You certainly seem to have given a lot of people what they wanted."

"That's the thing," he said. "Guess what people want, and then make them feel they've got it."

"Mrs. Fitzpayne ——" I began.

"It's sad," he said, interrupting. "But it's best. She would not have enjoyed anything permanent. She had that idea about officials, and that came true. And then, too, like many women, she had a dream of a brief, wonderful love affair with a mysterious stranger, and that came true too."

He jerked open the door of the car, and told the driver: "Left on the main road, not through the village." He turned back to me. "But to be satisfactorily mysterious," he said, "the stranger must vanish."

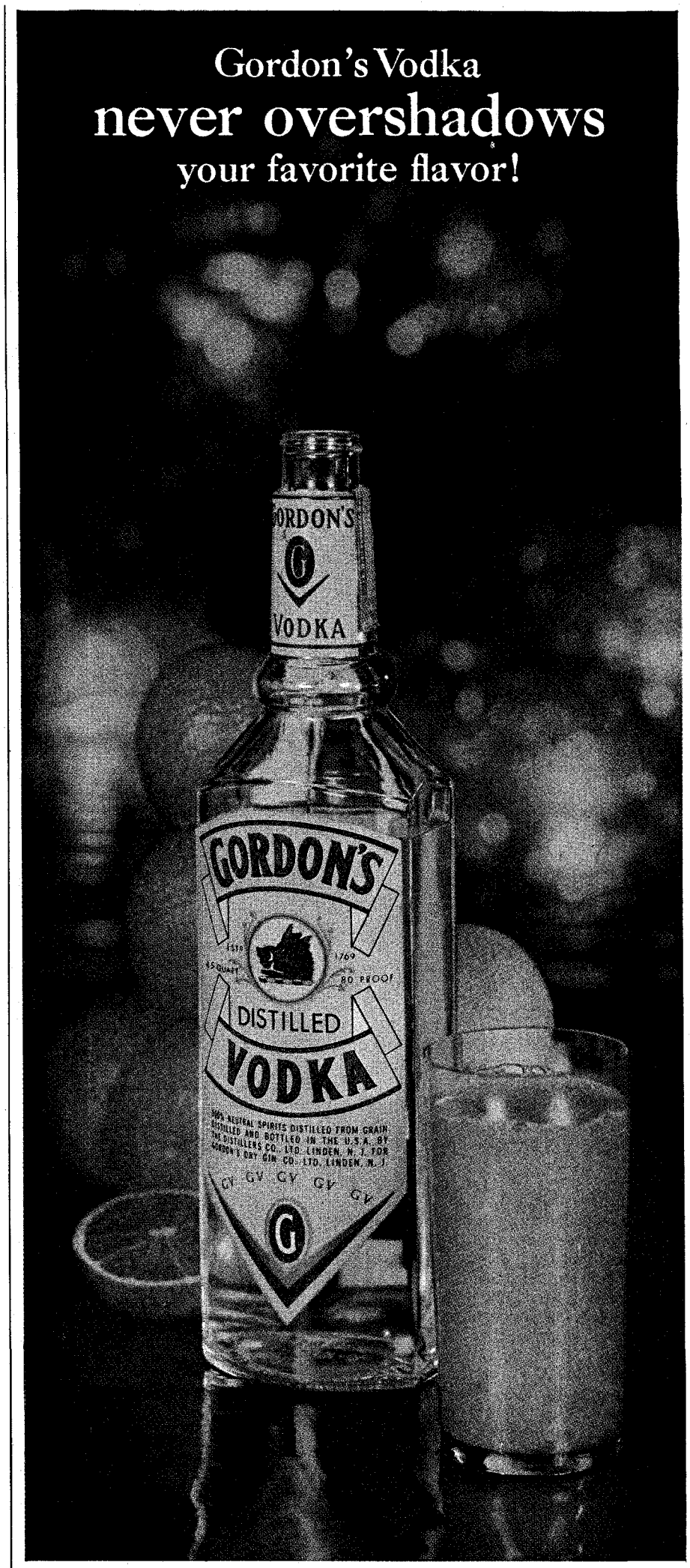
At a few minutes after five o'clock the sergeant of police came pop-popping up the hill on his motorized bicycle. He was surprised to learn that Mr. Cosmo was no longer with us, but—considering that he was supposed to be checking up on the possible presence of an escaped convict—seemed singularly unperturbed. Indeed, after a long, strong drink he disclosed that he would really have been embarrassed to interview him on such a matter.

"The whole thing is a ridiculous mistake," said the sergeant. "I can tell you in confidence that although he pretended to be concerned with electrical developments, that was in reality a 'cover.' He was a very highly placed member of the Central Detective Force on a special mission. A man such as I have always wanted to meet. He didn't actually tell me so, but I could read between the lines, so to speak, of what he said. He denied it, of course. But he was not quite clever enough to deceive me. I have always said I can always spot what a man really is. His going off like this, so discreetly, proves I was right."

He beamed with pleasure and accepted another drink. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He'll probably make it, but it'll be an awful tight squeeze."



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Indiscreetly in Love (Continued from Page 20)

She started over toward the parking lot and I went with her and she had a 'Fifty-four sedan with the back seat filled with suitcases and a couple of hatboxes, and when she got into the car and sighed under her breath, I could not bear to see her go.

"We are just a couple of tourists who meet and pass in the balmy Arizona night," I said. "I cannot let you go this way. When did you eat last?"

"I had a hamburger about four P.M. somewhere," she said.

"They have a very fine dining room here," I said. "At least allow me the pleasure of sharing a meal with you."

She looked me up and down. "You won't come up with any more ideas about your room?"

I promised and she said, "I will buy my own dinner. Now if you will give me the key to your room and promise to stay in the lobby I will join you in a few minutes. I am tired and dirty and I look a fright."

She pulled a suitcase out of the car and I handed her the key and she went into my room and pulled the drapes across the window so there was no view.

I went into the lobby and the manager of the ball team was there talking about the team to some reporters and ordinarily I would have been breathing down his neck not missing a single gem from his lips, but suddenly somehow I did not care.

I waited forty-seven minutes and what I figured was the girl had stolen my clothes and the travelers checks I left on the bureau and probably even my toothbrush, but suddenly she came into the lobby.

She looked pink. All I could think of was that she was pink in a blue dress.

"I am terribly sorry," she said. "I could not resist taking a bath. When I saw that tub I was lost. I just lay in the tub and soaked."

It made me feel very fond of my room, No. 140. It made me feel like my eighteen-dollar room was suddenly a shrine.

We went into the dining room and it was nine P.M. and the orchestra was playing dance music. We ordered cocktails and she said, "Aren't you starved? Do you usually wait until nine to eat? I suppose it is a habit of the rich, eating late. Maybe the rich don't get as hungry as the poor, but then I suppose they get up later."

The truth was I had been sitting in the lobby hoping I could pick up some girl, but I could not tell her that. It was better to let her think I was rich and never ate until nine o'clock.

"My name is Fred Dillon," I said, "and I already saw on your suitcase tag that you are Betty Mercer. If you will pardon my curiosity, Betty, I would like to ask you a question. What is a single girl doing, arriving all alone in a place like Scottsdale at night in March without a reservation? I would rather not spend the rest of my life wondering."

"It is a long story," Betty said, "and a foolish one but you are welcome to hear. I come from a small town in Oklahoma and I am engaged to be married to a fine young man in the hardware business. We have been going together for some time and he is considered quite a catch. Everyone tells me I am a lucky girl. We are supposed to be married in a few weeks and suddenly I couldn't stand it, I had to get away by myself and think. It is very wrong of me but I became frightened. I could see my life stretching ahead—an apartment, then a baby, and a house on a side street, and it scared me. I had to get away and make sure I was ready for that. All I could think of were the places I had read about—the glamour spots like Palm Springs and Miami Beach and Scottsdale. I live with an aunt and she said I was out of my mind to take a chance on losing George."

"Thinking the same things about matrimony has kept me single to date," I said. "I suppose you are too tired to dance."

"I was, Fred," she said, "but not any more. I would love it."

So we danced. It was like holding a soap bubble in my arms although a lot more fun.

"Would George not have brought you here on your honeymoon?" I said.

"There is a hardware convention in Chicago and he was planning to take me there," she said, "combining business with pleasure."

We went back to our table when the set ended and Betty said, "This life you lead intrigues me. I have read about you people who follow the sun in the winter. I have always wanted to meet someone like you who enjoys a life of leisure."

Naturally after that I could not let her pay for the steaks and the Caesar salad, although she kept thrusting bills at me.

"It was twelve dollars," she said. "It is terribly expensive."

"It is a mere bagatelle," I said, and we went through the lobby and out to her car and I said, "When will I see you again?"

"I am afraid never," she said. "I will get a room in Phoenix and probably in a day or two I will turn around and go back home and there will be a scene but if George will have me I will marry him and do my best to be a good wife to him. I just had to get away for a little while."

All through dinner I had been struggling with myself. "Listen," I said; "take my room."

"Fred," she said, "you and your room are very fine, but do not believe everything you read about the modern girl. You should have let me buy my dinner."

She leaned out of her car and kissed me. "Now good-by," she said.

"I mean alone," I said. "I will drive into Phoenix and find a place. It is no good for a girl like you to be wandering around a strange city at night. You do not know your way. I have been coming here for years, I will have no trouble."

She looked at me for a long time. "You will not keep a key? I will not hear you breathing beside my bed at two A.M.? You will let me reimburse you for the room?"

"Anything you say," I said. "The room is six dollars."

"I do not believe that," she said. "That looks like a very expensive room. I bet it is all of ten or twelve dollars."

"Well, it is ten," I said.

So she gave me ten in advance. And wouldn't even let me carry in her hatbox, but she promised to have breakfast with me, and I got into my car, which was rented because I had flown there. I drove in to Phoenix past the NO VACANCY signs and finally found a miserable motel and got a closet of a room and lay on the lumpy bed with my shoes off and lit a cigarette and looked at the ceiling and pondered what hath I wrought, how did I get here with an eighteen-dollar room all paid for.

Any way I looked at the problem, I was a sucker and I knew it but I did not mind being a sucker. There are worse things in life than being a sucker.

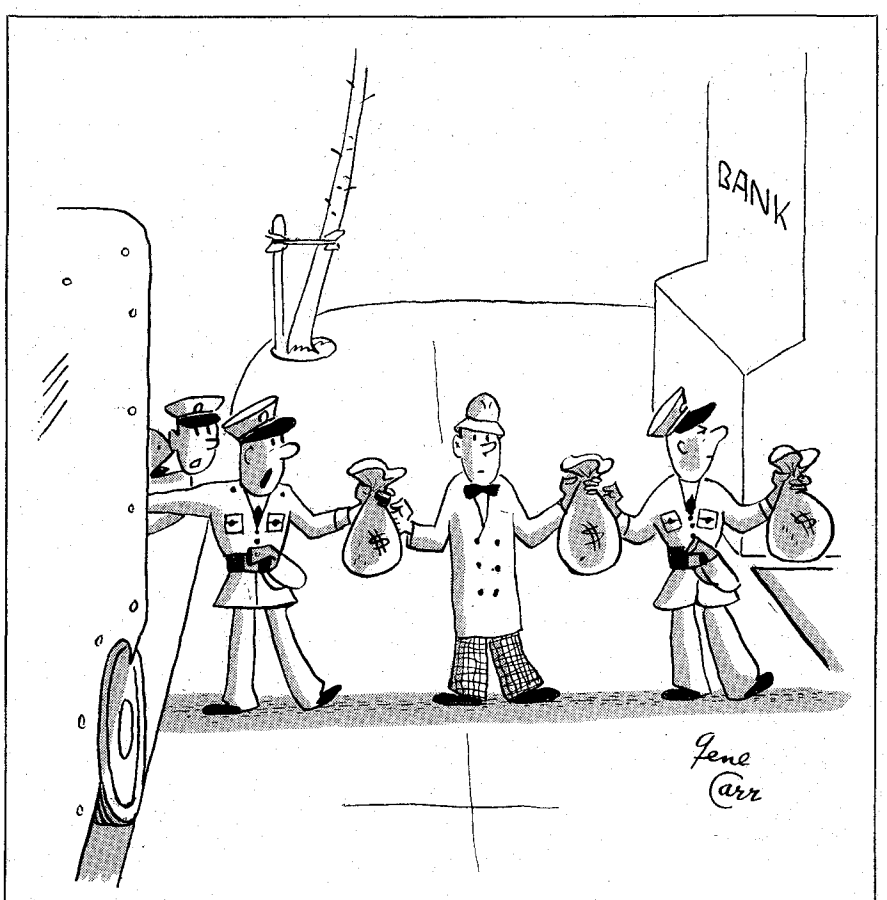
I was up at six o'clock in the morning and back to Scottsdale and practicing on the putting green, putting very badly, but not really trying because one eye was on the ball and the other eye was on Room 140.

Finally the door opened and Betty came out wearing capris, I think they call them, and she bent over to pick up the morning paper and looked fine bending over in the early Arizona sunlight and I dropped my putter and went across the grass to her.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said. "The air so light and clear, that mountain so sharp."

"That is Camelback Mountain," I said. "I am very fond of it. If I am lost I can always sooner or later see old Camelback and then I know where I am. Let us have breakfast."

So we walked through the lobby and the room clerk gave me the eye although I was without a doubt the most innocent man in the state of Arizona.



"Now that you mention it, I never saw him before either!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've never breakfasted with a man before," Betty said. "One of the things worrying me about George is how he acts at breakfast. It is no small thing when two people may do it together for decades."

Personally I could not care less if George ate breakfast standing on his head and I changed the subject.

"This morning," I said, "we will play shuffleboard and swim and get a tan around the pool. This afternoon if you are interested, we can go to the ball game and after that I will drive you around and show you the sights. And tonight we can have dinner and go dancing somewhere."

"I thought I should be by myself to think things out," Betty said, "but you are hard to resist. Are you sure you found a comfortable motel?"

"I found a wonderful place," I lied, "which is even fancier than this with carpets where you sink up to your ankles and colored lights in the swimming pool and people so exclusive they consider this a slum."

"I am so glad," Betty said. "I woke up worrying about you sleeping on a park bench."

We had breakfast and then Betty went into Room 140 and put on a bathing suit and when she came out looking spectacular, she gave me the key and I went in and put on my trunks and met her by the pool. We frolicked in and out of it all morning and at noon I picked up a phone on a table and ordered lunch and the waiter came out riding a bicycle with the luncheon tray balanced on the top of his head.

When we finished lunch we went to the ball game which that day was in Scottsdale between the Baltimore Orioles and the San Francisco Giants which the Giants won in the ninth on a home run by Willie Mays, and after the game we were not hungry, being full of peanuts and soda pop, and I took her for a drive. I showed her Taliesin built up against the mountains which is Frank Lloyd Wright's place, the famous architect, and I showed her around Paradise Valley and various points of interest, and when it became the fashionable hour to eat I took her to a restaurant and we sat outside by a fireplace and had cocktails and chose our dinner from the menu, and when the soup was on the table, the waiter called us.

"This is a new world," said Betty. "Fred, do you ever get tired of this kind of life? It is so wonderful to me, so exciting, but I wonder if it is possible to become bored. Some of the people around us look bored. I am sorry for them and it makes me wonder if it is not better not to be rich and to be able to come here only once in a great while."

"I have been coming here for years," I said, "and I have never been less bored than I am this very minute. How do you feel about George now?"

"Well, my conscience is bothering me because I am enjoying myself and by rights I should be miserable," Betty said. "What is life, Fred, but a struggle? Maybe I am trying to avoid my responsibilities. I feel very small and tarnished."

"You do not look tarnished," I said; "in fact, just the opposite. Let us go back to the motel and discuss this some more."

Which we did, discussing it inside the restaurant while dancing, and later on the lawn by the swimming pool, and when the desert night became too chilly we moseyed over toward Room 140 to which I no longer even had a key; but to be candid, I was thinking all I had to do was go to the room clerk and get a key, it was that easy.

"Well, it was a wonderful day," Betty said; "it was a day I will treasure through the years, Fred."

And she gave me a peck on the cheek which did (*Continued on Page 64*)

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(*Continued from Page 62*) not help the way I felt and opened the door with my key, and closed the door, and standing outside I heard her lock it, and I went back across the lawn and into the lobby and said to the room clerk, "I seem to have temporarily mislaid my key."

"Here you are, Mr. Dillon," said the room clerk, and handed me another key to Room 140 and I went back outside and sat in a chair, and looked at Room 140 with the drapes across the front.

And after a while a couple of lights went off but one stayed on and I could tell it was the bed light and I knew that Betty was there in my double bed maybe writing a letter to George or reading the paper or maybe just lying there trying to get over being confused.

I went over and stood right in front of Room 140 and was having a big battle with myself, one side saying this girl was in my eighteen-dollar room and paying me ten a day leaving it costing me eight plus what I was paying for the fleabag where I was staying, plus all the meals and the ball tickets and the peanuts and soda pop, and one peck on the cheek is no return for that big an investment. The opposition was saying that here was a girl already confused and did I wish to confuse her more, and the titanic struggle raged and I started to put the key in the lock, sliding it in like a burglar, and suddenly I don't know why I just tapped the glass with the key.

Nothing happened for a moment, then I heard the lock turn and the door slid back three inches and Betty looked out at me standing there with my key in my hand. She looked from my face to the key and back at my face and said, "Hello, Fred, I suppose you'd like to come in."

"Yes, I would," I said, "but the reason I came over is that I just now discovered this extra key and I thought I would pass it on to you because it is always handy having two keys in case one gets misplaced."

"Thank you," she said. "Of course you have every right to come in. I suppose you move in very sophisticated circles and I am no doubt something of a novelty to you, but I will tell you I am a slow starter. I am not very sophisticated. It is not that I worry about you. It is not that I trust you either but any girl who does not learn how to handle a situation has only herself to blame. It is me I do not trust, Fred, but I will not take the key. And I do not blame you if you feel cheated but I never promised anything."

So we looked at each other and I said, "Well, good night," and pulled the door shut and went back to my fleabag.

The next two days we did more of the same and felt like old friends by then except of course she did not know I was an assistant auditor taking home one hundred twenty-two dollars per week, and I could not tell her because if she knew that or the price of Room 140, she would have left town quicker than a busher sold to the Yankees. I had to say something, so I let her know I had business interests back East, which was not exactly a lie, but not the truth either.

And on the third morning we were sitting around the pool, not talking much, having long since reached the point where we did not have to talk, and suddenly Betty gasped, and walking toward us between the chairs was a fellow about my age, but probably better looking, and outweighing me ten to fifteen pounds.

"Well, George, what a surprise," Betty said, and stood up and George glared at her, his face red, but maybe from the sun.

"Your aunt called me when she got your wire where you were," George said. "I flew in this morning. Now are you ready to pack your bags and go home with me?"

"I guess so, George," Betty said. "If you want me to."

I was sitting there pretending to be a palm tree but Betty turned to me and said, "I'd like you to meet Fred Dillon, George."

"Hello," I said, and put out my hand, but George only looked at it so I put it back in my pocket.

"I will go and pack," said Betty in a small voice and turned away and then said, "Oh, heavens, I locked myself out!"

I did not even think. I just said like a chump, "Take my key," and handed it to her, or anyway started to, and held it out in my hand and Betty did not take it but only looked at it, along with George and me, the three of us posing in a tableau and staring at the motel key like it was the Hope diamond.

George was the one who broke the silence. "Why, you lousy little tramp," said George, and turned and strode away.

"This was all my fault; I will fix it," I said, and ran after George, who had let his cab go, I guess, that had brought him from the airport, and was looking for another one, but there was none, Scottsdale not being a town with cab stands.

"I can explain, George," I said, and when he began telling me he did not care to hear, I said, "It will take a long time for a cab to get here, so you may as well listen to me. I come here every year and am well known as no home wrecker. I was sitting in the lobby the night Betty arrived and every room in town filled up, but I know my way around, so I let her take my room and got myself a room in Phoenix which I can very easily prove; in fact I have the key to it in my pocket."

So I showed him the key to my room. "To cinch everything," I added, "I will tell you that Betty has paid me for my room here. And now if you have any sense you will go over to Room 140 and apologize like mad."

He did so and knocked on the door and it opened and I saw him go in and the door slid shut behind him. It made me feel very bitter that he could go into my Room 140 but I could not. I jumped into my car and went for a ride in the Arizona sunshine but I did not care for the sunshine, and did not get any kick out of seeing Camelback Mountain and for two cents would have blown it up.

I told myself that I would not go back to the motel but like a criminal I could not stay away from the scene of the crime, and when I got back I saw them sitting together by the pool. I knew that I would leave Scottsdale as soon as I could get a plane out and never come back again as long as I lived.

"Hey, you," George called as I was turning away and I walked around the pool to them and George was now in a different mood, looking very sure of himself so I knew everything was all straightened out and Betty no longer confused.

"We have this all settled, Dillon," George said, "but I am a man who does not like loose ends. I like everything tied up in a neat package. I know why Betty came out here. It doesn't make sense to me but no sensible man expects a woman to be logical. I'm letting that pass. But I don't want her to spend the rest of her life having any silly ideas about you."

He turned to Betty. "Take a look at this guy," George said. "Take a good long look. He's the biggest phony in Scottsdale. You think he's wealthy, probably retired. You know where he's staying? I looked his place up, I saw his room. He's staying at a dump. He told you it was fancier than this place. It's a flop. He was paying eighteen dollars for his room here and he couldn't afford anything better when he left."

"Fred," Betty said, "you mean you're not a rich man?"

"This is a guy who loves to put on the big act," George said. "I checked his registration at the desk. He listed his firm on the card and I called them. He works for a bank, an assistant auditor in a bank in Nebraska. He doesn't make as much a week as he pays for this room ——"

"Christmas comes but once a year,
A circumstance I loudly cheer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"One hundred twenty-two dollars per week take-home pay," I said. "I get along on it."

"You admit it," George said. "I guess that takes care of you. And here's your room key back."

He flipped it at me. It was a bad throw but I made a one-handed catch. Maybe the people around the pool mistook me for a ballplayer.

"Betty," I said, "it was a pleasure. The best Scottsdale vacation I ever had. I'll never be able to come back again because I'd be seeing you everywhere I went. So Scottsdale is ended for me but I have a lot of memories."

I walked across the grass and past the putting green, the badminton court and let myself into my eighteen-dollar room, 140.

It was a different sort of room now, a hint of perfume in the air. It was tantalizing. I found a bobby pin on the dresser. I lay on the bed smelling the perfume and twisting the bobby pin in my fingers.

Some time later I heard a key turn in the lock. The door slid back and Betty came in. She stood by the bed and opened her purse.

"I owe you a lot of money for this room," she said.

"I won't take money from George," I told her.

"It's my money," she said. "George is on the plane. I said good-by to George at the airport. We had a big argument and that made it easy to send him away with a clear conscience. I am not confused any more. I never really loved George and I found it out in Arizona."

"It's the pure desert air," I said. "It wipes the haze out of your mind."

"What I'll do," she said, "is take your motel room, the other one. That one I can afford for a few days while I look for a job. Would you mind taking me there?"

"Why not stay here?" I said. "The price is the same, eighteen dollars for one or two."

Sunnily, she shook her head. "We're not rich, Fred. And the roll-away is three dollars ——"

"I don't mean with a roll-away," I said. "I mean we take the room as presently equipped. It has all the furniture we need. What I mean is that I love you, Betty, and I don't know if Scottsdale has a city hall, but there has to be one in Phoenix and no doubt ministers of all denominations. What I mean is will you marry me and have a honeymoon with me here in Scottsdale, Room 140. My reservation has five days to run and I would like to make it longer but I am running out of money and I have to go back to the bank anyway. Of course you would be marrying a phony but most of the time I am a working stiff."

"What is phony about living it up on your vacation?" Betty said. "What is a vacation for but to escape? It is the people with no imagination who cannot escape I feel sorry for. People like George. And if you were rich I would be afraid to marry you. Wait outside and I will change my clothes and then we will go to the city hall for the license. Tell the room clerk your wife is moving in so he does not send a house detective prowling around. Maybe some vacation in the future we will come again and then we will need the roll-away. I will hurry."

She kissed me, and it was no peck on the cheek I can tell you, and pushed me out the door. I went across the lawn watching her pull the drapes. Room 140 with a view of Camelback. Kind of kitty-corner from the swimming pool. Maybe you will visit Scottsdale and stay there sometime. It is the finest room in the state of Arizona; as I said before, a kind of shrine.

THE END

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The Midtown Bomber (Continued from Page 39)

him curiously. A stout, middle-aged woman, carrying a shopping bag, edging along the icy walks, smiled at him. His feet turned to ice; his hands grew numb; his body began to shake; his teeth chattered. He waited an hour and a half before the telephone rang.

Fumbling the receiver, Barney said, "Strand here." His voice was shaking with the cold.

"Go to the booth on the corner of Twentieth and Maple," the extortionist said. "Go straight there."

And again the line went dead.

Barney cursed savagely. The pattern was coming clear. The extortionist was only checking now. There were hundreds of phone booths like this throughout the city, standing alone, easily seen. Now he could send Barney from one to another until he was sure Barney was alone and that no effort was being made to trace the calls. How long before he would be completely satisfied?—hours, perhaps days. It was an infuriating prospect.

Twentieth and Maple was far across the city. The distance allowed the car to warm, the heater to drive the cold from Barney's bones. But two hours of waiting in a booth exposed to the full bite of the east wind brought shivering misery again. Two more calls followed in fairly quick order, and then he waited in a booth until three o'clock in the morning for a call that did not come.

"I might have waited in the wrong booth," he told John Paul Cramer the next morning.

Cramer was small behind his desk, erect. His thin face was bleak, his wide-spaced, dark eyes held real anger. He was not a man who could abide failure, even in small things. And this was no small thing. This was perhaps the greatest single responsibility any employee of Gale's had ever carried. Cramer stared at Barney a long moment, lips compressed, fighting some sort of inner battle. Then he reached for the telephone.

"Mrs. Baker," he said to his secretary. "I want Strand equipped with cold-weather gear—insulated underwear, insulated coat and shoes, warm gloves—and charge it to my personal account. See to it at once, please."

He hung up, the anger still in his eyes.

"Thank you," Barney said.

There was no call from the extortionist that day. And none that night. Tension and doubts tormented Barney. Had he waited in the wrong booth? Had some unlucky chance—a passing prowl car, a man who looked like a cop—convinced the extortionist a trap was being laid for him? Would the next word from him be a booming explosion that would rock the store?

Another day without word went by. That night Barney fell into bed. His nerves were raw from overstress, his mind heavy with fatigue. His head had no more than touched the pillow when the telephone rang. He reached for it, then stayed his hand. The tape recorder! He lunged from the bed, crossed to the machine sitting on a table against the wall. It was faithful to its task; the spools were turning. He went back and picked up the telephone.

"Strand here," he said.

A voice said, "Go to the telephone booth on the corner of Sixty-fifth and Concord. It will ring only once in exactly fifteen minutes from now." But it was not the same voice. The extortionist had thought of a tape recorder, and had disguised his voice beyond recognition, or someone else had called for him.

A real smart louse, Barney said savagely to himself.

He dressed, fumbling in his haste—fifteen minutes was very little time to travel the distance he had to go. He wore the insulated underwear and the insulated shoes, but his own topcoat and hat. Quick identification was more important than comfort. He took the suitcase of money and left the house, running. He drove much faster than was sensible on icy streets and reached the appointed telephone with only moments to spare. It rang exactly on time.

Now the voice was that of the extortionist again, crisp, businesslike. He sent Barney to another telephone five miles away, again on a time limit. Hurrying toward it, Barney felt the lift of hope. The time limit was something new. He liked it. These things spoke of a decision finally made.

This is it! he told himself. *This is the night!*

Barney was sent on again, without a time limit, and he waited two hours before the telephone rang. There was another short jump, another time limit, another long jump and another long wait. Barney's hope gave way to despair. The cold got to him in spite of the warmer clothes. New weariness was piled upon old. At two-thirty in the morning he was close to the limit of his endurance.

He was sitting in a booth on the edge of the main highway, twenty-five miles from the city limits. The country about him was flat, treeless, desolate. It was a region of large ranches, mostly rangeland, snow-clad now, swept by the full force of the wind. There were no houses, no buildings of any kind within several miles, and that was the reason the telephone booth was here—to provide the stranded motorist a means of reaching help.

In the first hour, Barney had tried to keep alert by watching the traffic, searching for a car that would warrant suspicion—a car that passed twice, a driver who gave him more than the usual attention. He had seen none. The traffic was light, huge trucks for the most part, a clutter of two or three cars every ten or fifteen minutes, an occasional single car. In the second hour, when the cold had worked deep into his bones, Barney sat huddled and shivering, only half awake, hardly caring at all.

Another half hour, Barney said. *I can stick it that long. I've got to!* And the telephone rang.

"This is Strand," Barney said.

"And this is the final step," the extortionist said. "I warn you—follow my instructions exactly. I'll check each move you make. One wrong move and I'll break off."

Barney's voice was thick. "Just tell me what to do!"

"Go west on the highway," the extortionist said, "at exactly twenty-five miles an hour. After a certain number of miles, a car will pass you. After passing, the brake lights will flash three times, then three times again. You will be just short of a crossroad. Stop at that road, leave the suitcase in the ditch at your right, turn around and go back to the city. Is that clear? Be sure of it! We won't do this twice."

"I've got it," Barney said. "Let's go!"

"Go at once, then," the extortionist said. "Don't attempt to make a call from there. I'm tapped into the line. I'll know."

"I'm going," Barney said.

The line could be tapped, but the extortionist was probably bluffing. Still, Barney would not risk frightening the man at this point. He got his car started as quickly as he could and drove west on the highway, an eye on the speedometer. Twenty-five miles an hour, the man had said.

The speed was much less than average. He was passed many times in the next half hour by trucks, by cars in groups, by single cars.

It'll be a single car, he told himself, *on a straight and empty stretch of road. It'll come up behind me, slow down, and hold there to check me out.*

And presently a car performed in just that way. Headlights came into his rear-view mirror. They came within a few car lengths, then held the distance, matching his speed exactly. The lights remained on high beam. Barney could not say it was the extortionist's car beyond all doubt, but he was almost sure it was. What other driver would act that way?

The car swung out and passed. The windows were fogged with the warmth inside, but Barney could see the dark outline of the driver. Was this the man at last?—just there, no more than a dozen feet away, the man who had caused all the pain and misery? Barney's throat became parched, his mouth went dry.

He watched the car pull in ahead. It drew away perhaps a quarter of a mile, then again matched its speed with Barney's, holding the interval. Not only had Barney had time to see the outline of the driver but he'd been able to see the car. Now, though he didn't consciously will it, certain comparisons occurred to him.

The car ahead was ten years old. The blue smoke of its exhaust spoke of a worn motor, lost power and a top speed of possibly eighty miles an hour. Barney's car was only a year old. It had a powerful motor in top condition, a booming pickup, good road stability and a top speed of over a hundred miles an hour.

The brake lights on the car ahead blinked three times, then three times again. It was the signal. Far more important, it was a final, positive identification. Only he and the extortionist knew the signal—that man was the extortionist!

Barney continued on at twenty-five miles an hour. He watched the car ahead pick up speed and widen the distance between them. There'd be a side road very soon where he was to stop and leave the suitcase. Barney did not look for it. His mind was on the car ahead, the widening distance—on the fact that the extortionist, so near now, would soon be out of sight and perhaps lost for all time.

He jammed the accelerator to the floor. And there was another advantage, he thought fiercely as the speedometer climbed past seventy; he'd had three years' service in police-department prowl cars; he knew his way on ice-sheathed roads as few men did.

He knew the extortionist was watching his rear-view mirror, waiting for the lights behind him to swing into the side road and stop. The moment the side road was past—Barney saw it as a wheel-scarred blur—the extortionist knew what Barney intended. And he ran for it. When Barney saw what was happening, he said, *It figures—he's a damned fool all the way.* The man didn't have a chance. He knew he could come abreast of the man in a few miles, and in another mile he could force him to stop or hit the ditch.

He didn't catch the car on the straight, but he closed the distance by half. The road began to swing in curves then, climbing. Barney lost sight of the car on the first curve, found it again and lost it again on the next curve. He was gaining fast. No more than three hundred yards separated them as they approached still another curve. Barney didn't need to check the speedometer to fit his speed to the maximum the icy road would allow.

On the next straight, he said. *Plenty of time* ——

Then he saw the taillights of the car ahead flash redly as the driver hit the brake. He yelled, "No! For the love of Mike!" uselessly and much too late. The car ahead was already in a wild skid. It went into the fullness of the curve at seventy or better, completely out of control. It struck the guardrail broadside. An explosive cloud of snow and steel and timber flew into the air. The headlights sent a wild glare across the sky and then were gone. There was only a gaping hole in the guardrail when Barney went by, fighting the wheel of his car, risking a great deal to bring it to a stop three hundred yards down the road.

Barney fastened the suitcase chain to the steering column in fumbling haste, then left the car and ran back. He was gasping for breath when he reached the break in the guardrail. The slope below was hardly less than a cliff. Barney saw where the snow had been scarred black by the car's first impact; there was another scar twenty yards beyond. Finally he could make out the dim shape of the wreck in a growth of scrub pine at the foot of the slope.

He went down to it, slipping, sliding, tearing the hide from his hands and knees. The car was right side up; all but destroyed. The top was pounded down to near seat level, the glass shattered, the fenders flattened against the body. He pried at the twisted metal and got a door open. He was sure the driver would be dead—and the driver was dead. But this was not the blow that drove him almost to his knees. He had expected to find the body of a man. This body, even though cruelly mangled, wore the stamp of "housewife" indelibly upon it.

At seven-thirty in the morning the ash-gray light of winter came through the tall windows of Chief Brandon's office at police headquarters without warmth or kindliness. Each face it touched was made old. Few of the men present would have attempted pleasantness on any such morning. They were waiting for John Paul Cramer.

Barney Strand waited, standing near one of the windows, staring at the blank brick wall across the alley. His color was bad, his cheeks were smudged with exhaustion and the stubble of beard. One trouser leg of his brown tweed suit was torn to show a skinned and dirty knee. The suitcase containing the money sat on a corner of Chief Brandon's desk. Barney had not looked at it since he had put it there.

Chief Brandon sat behind his desk, huge, heavy-jowled. Lieutenant Jeffers, darkly handsome, was sitting in a chair, his long legs spread before him. Ford Summers, the district attorney, white-haired, soft and florid, was nibbling his lips as he stared at the floor. Capt. Paul Gabrino stood against the wall, arms folded, looking at Barney, sadness in his round, homely face.

On Playing Games With the Children

Their growing-up point
Is quite easy to pin:
You stop trying to lose
And start trying to win.

Richard Bryan

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Chief Brandon cleared his throat harshly, impatiently. "Where is that man? It shouldn't take him this long!"

Jeffers consulted his watch. "Another five minutes."

The five minutes went by in utter silence. Then, almost on the second, John Paul Cramer was ushered in. "Gentlemen," he said. He looked at Barney, who had turned to face him, steadily and coldly as he removed his topcoat. Then he looked at Chief Brandon.

"Well?" he said.

"I'm sore," Brandon said, suddenly and explosively. "I'm sore as hell, if you want to know. I went with you, Mr. Cramer. I played it your way—all the way—and what do I get? I get my throat cut!" He jerked his head in Barney's direction. "This wise apple—he's got to be a hero. 'Store detective breaks extortion plot singlehanded. City police caught napping.' Now my best chance is gone. Now I'm in trouble up to here."

Cramer's eyes were on Barney. "Strand?"

"Sir?" Barney said, coming erect.

Quietly impatient, Cramer said, "I want your explanation."

"It never occurred to me the driver of that car might not be the extortionist," Barney said. "That was the mistake." There was no apology in his voice. "If you want to know why I tried to make the arrest I'll be glad to tell you."

"I want to know," Cramer said.

"See the stretch of highway in your mind, then," Barney said. "It's long and empty. There are few crossroads and certainly no places to hide. My car was twenty or thirty miles faster than the other. I had the advantage of a faster pickup and a better roadability. More, with my police experience, I figured to be a better driver. I felt I had to make the arrest."

"Arrest?" Lieutenant Jeffers said. "You killed the driver."

Barney's jaw tightened. "The woman killed herself trying to escape arrest. No police officer is responsible for a thing like that, as you well know!"

"It was a botched job," Brandon said. "You can't talk your way out of it. If there was going to be an arrest, I was the man to organize it. I would have had enough cars out there—roadblocks and the like—to show her she couldn't get away. She wouldn't have tried. You scared her silly. You're responsible for her death."

Summers said, "The law takes Strand's view."

"Well, I don't," Brandon said.

Cramer said, "Strand, the explanation I want is why you disobeyed a direct and explicit order. You were told to deliver the money without argument or question. You understood it, didn't you?"

"I did," Barney said.

"Then why didn't you follow orders?"

Barney looked into Cramer's eyes. "I think you know," he said. "But if you want me to spell out the reasons, I will."

"I'll hear what you have to say," Cramer said.

"Nobody—neither you, nor I, nor the chief—expected a chance for an easy arrest," Barney said. "The guy had been playing it real smart. I figured he'd go on being smart—that he'd have the drop planned so nobody could take him."

"And nobody did," Jeffers pointed out.

Barney ignored him. "The chance of an easy arrest hadn't been discussed. When I saw it, I thought a change of plan was indicated. I couldn't talk it over with you. I had to trust my own judgment. My judgment proved wrong. Understand me, I don't apologize for that. You didn't hire a robot when you hired me. You hired a man with a mind. And you expected him to use that mind in your behalf to the best of his ability."

Cramer's dark eyes glittered. "I require a certain level of ability," he said. "One you don't seem to have."

"Just one minute, here!"

The new voice belonged to Captain Gabrino. He came forward to the center of the room, his face flushed and angry, his round eyes belligerent.

"Barney's got a chewing coming," he said. "But there ought to be an end to it. You want to know something?" He looked at the others in turn. "Put me in that spot, and I'd 've done what Barney did. I'll go farther. I'll say Jeffers would have, and almost any other cop, the chief included. Look! There's this guy—he tried to kill you—he nearly killed your woman—he's been giving you all kinds of hell. He's practically in your hands. He can't get away. Take him? Sure you take him! If you've got even one ounce of guts, you've got to!"

"Do you deny it was a mistake?" Jeffers asked.

"No!" Gabrino said. "I don't deny it; neither does Barney. Now, I want to see the man who's never made an honest mistake in his life take a couple of steps forward. Who's gonna be first?"

Summers said amusedly, "I'll have to hold my position."

"You and me and everybody else," Gabrino said. "Now let's do something else. Let's admit to Barney now, so his boss can hear it, that what he did last night wasn't a total loss. It wasn't the bomber in the car, an' Barney didn't take the driver alive. But what he did do was hand us our first lead to the guy—a big and solid one that's goin' to wrap this up."

Cramer said, "Explain that, please."

"Sure," Gabrino said. "Before this morning the bomber was the man in the moon, for all we knew. What've we got now? We've got his woman, or a woman who was working with him, and we've got the car. She's dead, sure. But that don't matter. When we identify her, we'll have him an hour later."

"Can you identify her?" Cramer asked.

"Sure," Gabrino said. "The lab's working on it now—fingerprints, laundry marks, clothes, dental work. A woman somewhere unaccounted for, the neighbors wondering why. And there's the car. We know where she bought it. We know she used a phony name and address, so the registration's no help, but somebody will know that car and who it belonged to. And it's six-to-five the bomber's prints are on it. All we need's a little time."

Cramer looked at Chief Brandon. "Is all this true?"

"Yes," Brandon said grudgingly. Then he pointed a rigid finger at Barney. "But I want him out of it! He's a bungler! This is a police-department case now. There's going to be no advice from the outside, no interference."

Cramer's face colored a little, and he held the chief's eyes for a long moment. "I'm inclined to agree about Strand. But as far as my advice—my interest—is concerned, I think you'd better reconsider."

Brandon had already reconsidered. "I didn't mean it the way it sounded. What I meant ——"

"One moment." Barney stepped forward, lean and angry. "I've got a personal interest in this. Miss Evans took a bomb intended for me. You're not going to cut me out. I'm the only man who has heard the extortionist's voice. I'm the only one who can identify him instantly, without assistance of any kind. You're not going to deny yourself that kind of help."

"No," Summers said, "we certainly are not."

"I can make him give me that kind of help," Brandon said angrily. "I don't have to have him underfoot."

Summers lifted a hand. "This is no time for enforced co-operation," he said mildly. "There is no need for Strand to carry the suitcase until something further is heard from the extortionist. But he can help us in other ways, and we want him to do so willingly. He will continue in his present position, or he'll work out of my office as a special investigator." He smiled at Cramer, then at Brandon. "You might as well retreat, gentlemen. You can't win."

Later, in Gabrino's office, Gabrino said, "Summers is a little guy, soft as a cream puff, but you can't beat him in a tussle. He saved your job, Barney. Never forget it."

"I won't," Barney said. He was in the washroom off Gabrino's office, just finishing shaving with Gabrino's razor. "And now I've got two people I owe my job to. You're the other one. What kind of crazy stunt was that, getting between me and the chief? You tired of your job? You want to go out in North Precinct and be a vegetable?"

"I been there before," Gabrino said.

"Thanks, Paul, from me to you."

"So now," Gabrino said soberly, "I done you a good turn—you do me one. Answer me a question." His eyes were shadowed. "I want to know if I did the right thing, standing up for you."

"I hope you did."

"Maybe not," Gabrino said. "I warned you when this thing started—grudges don't count. When we take this boy, I said, we take him alive. Now I want to know if you picked that spot. Did you run that car over the bank on purpose?"

"I never was closer than three hundred yards. I don't know the road well enough to pick any spot. She was no driver. The road was iced. She hit the brakes going into the curve at seventy miles an hour. What else could happen, Paul?"

Gabrino sighed with relief. "Thanks. A man's got a worry like that, it can drive him nuts."

"Some guys," Barney said. "Only a few." Then he said, "Paul, are the state police going to keep this thing quiet? Or will the whole mess be in the papers?"

"They'll keep it quiet." Gabrino reached for the telephone then and called the lab. "Gabrino here," he said. "How're you making out?" He listened a moment, face darkening. "I know, I know! You haven't had much time and you've got problems. But give me what you've got." He listened again. "All right," he said finally. "Keep at it, and keep in touch."

"Nothing," Barney said, stepping into the office. "Nothing at all."

"Not yet, anyway." Gabrino put the phone down. "Clothes were new, bargain-basement stuff. No laundry marks. Full dentures, upper and lower. No fingerprints on record here, no mug shot."

"Brace yourself," Barney said. "I'm going to hit you in the teeth."

"What d'you mean?"

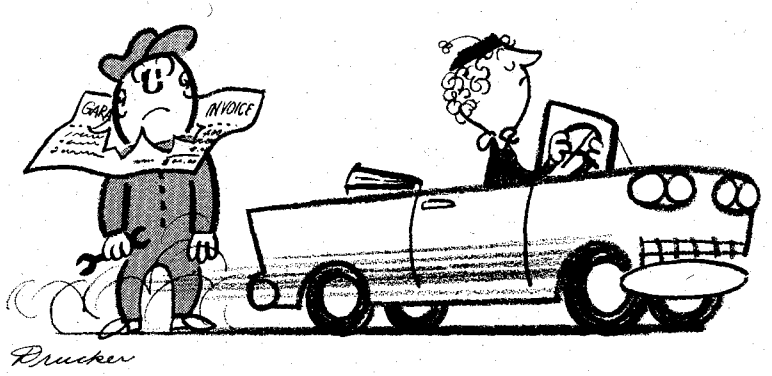
"The extortionist is a real smart boy, remember?"

"So?"

"In the chief's office I said I'd expected him to figure a drop so nobody could take him. Jeffers said nobody did, and he was so right. The extortionist had figured a foolproof drop. Even if we'd taken the woman alive, we wouldn't have had anything."

"We'd have had her!"

"A round zero, Paul." Barney turned to the window, then turned back. "Suppose with me for a minute. Suppose she'd refused to say a single word. Then suppose the extortionist had called us an hour after we'd taken her and said, 'Let



Drucker

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Sam billed Maizie for repairs to her car. She refused to pay, claiming the job was unsatisfactory. Sam finally wrote her boss about it. Maizie thereupon sued Sam for "invasion of privacy."

"He knows my boss hates dead beats and he wrote that letter to coerce me into paying his unfair bill," Maizie said tearfully. "As his letter invaded my privacy and humiliated me, I'm entitled to damages from him."

"All I wanted," Sam retorted, "was my money for the work I did. If I had sued and garnisheed her salary, instead of just writing her boss, he would certainly have known about it, wouldn't he? I was just trying to be nice about it."

If you were the judge, would you make nice Sam pay?

• •

Maizie collected damages from Sam. The court said he had no business writing her employer as he did. In the absence of any court action, it explained, such a letter is an invasion of privacy.

Based upon a 1957 Georgia case.

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her go at once, or within the day a bomb will explode in the store.' What would we have done?"

"We'd have let her go," Gabrino said, "but we'd have known who she was."

Barney put his back against the window sill. "Suppose with me again, Paul. Go to some small town a couple of thousand miles from here. Find a middle-aged, nobody sort of a woman. Bring her here in your car at night, keep her in your house out of sight during the day. Nobody knows she's there. At night, send her out to buy cheap clothes and a secondhand car for cash. Who is she, Paul?"

Gabrino's face was losing color.

"She's nobody," Barney said. "Fingerprints? How many middle-aged women in this country have never been fingerprinted? Millions. How are you going to find the single dentist, among all the dentists in the country, who made her dentures and will remember making them?" Barney lifted a hand and let it fall. "Our one chance—our only chance—of identifying that woman was to make her talk. She can't talk now; she's dead. All the doors are closed."

Gabrino rubbed his round, clown's nose. "We can't publish her picture—not after that wreck." His eyes came up. "We're in trouble, Barney."

Roy Clark sat rocking slowly in his favorite chair before the blank eye of a television set. The only light in the room was the last light of the day, falling weakly through slanted Venetian blinds. He was wearing an old bathrobe and frayed slippers. He was freshly shaved, his thinning hair was wetly combed across the bald spot on the top of his head.

The state of his mind interested him in a remote way. He did not feel anger or anguish; he did not feel anything at all very sharply. His mind was still and clear, like a forest pool, and his thoughts swam about in it unhurriedly, aimlessly.

He was remembering a small town in Southeastern Oregon now. He had lived there between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. As an adult, he had looked back upon those years as the best years of his life. They had been the best because they had been his only years of real tranquillity. His sister, Edith, had made them so. His father's small ranch, just outside town, had been ideal for a young boy and a sister, older by two years, who had found all they required in the company of each other.

He hadn't known then why other young people, even adults, had considered them odd. He knew now, of course, that Edith's mind had not developed past that of a ten-year-old, and that his devotion to her, excluding all others, was strange for a boy. It had been enough to have her with him, going where he wanted to go, doing what he wanted her to do, without question.

Those years had been too few. His father had sent him East at eighteen to live with an uncle who'd offered to put him through college. During his second year in college, Edith had married a farm hand. He'd flunked out of college that year, but since Edith had married, he'd felt no desire to go back home. His life had then become a monotonous succession of unimportant jobs in one part of the country and another. He had finally become an accountant, and his last place of employment had been Gale's.

He'd worked at Gale's two years. He'd lost the position in a reorganization of the accounting department, but the time he'd spent there had not been without profit. He'd become familiar with the city's largest and most prosperous store. When he'd decided upon extortion as a way to make a lot of money, Gale's had been the perfect target—wealthy, completely vulnerable and as well known to him as the inside of his own home.

He rocked before the dead television set. Now he remembered the pain the news of Edith's marriage had brought him—remembered the pleasure he'd felt, twenty years later, when he'd heard her husband had died. Then he recalled the anger and frustration that had followed. Edith had been left childless, comfortably well off in a small home of her own. She could have come to stay with him then, except that his wife of fifteen years, an ugly, unpleasant woman, had refused to have her. His wife's death had reopened the possibility that he and Edith could be together again; but, unpleasant to the end, his wife had suffered a long illness that had left him deep in debt.

Roy Clark had solved that problem. It had not been hard for a man who had the ability to plan with careful attention to detail—and Edith had fitted into the plan perfectly. She hadn't lost her willingness to comply without question. A letter had been enough to bring her to him by bus at night; an hour's discussion had been enough to win her agreement to help.

True, she hadn't fully understood what he'd intended. He had been purposely vague. True, also, was the fact that she had been the weakest link. But her part had been a simple one. She had only to drive the car, to identify Strand's car, to flash the signal and to wait in a motel until she heard from him. At the very most, it might have included pretending to be a mute for whatever time he might have needed to force her release from the police, if the (*Continued on Page 69*)

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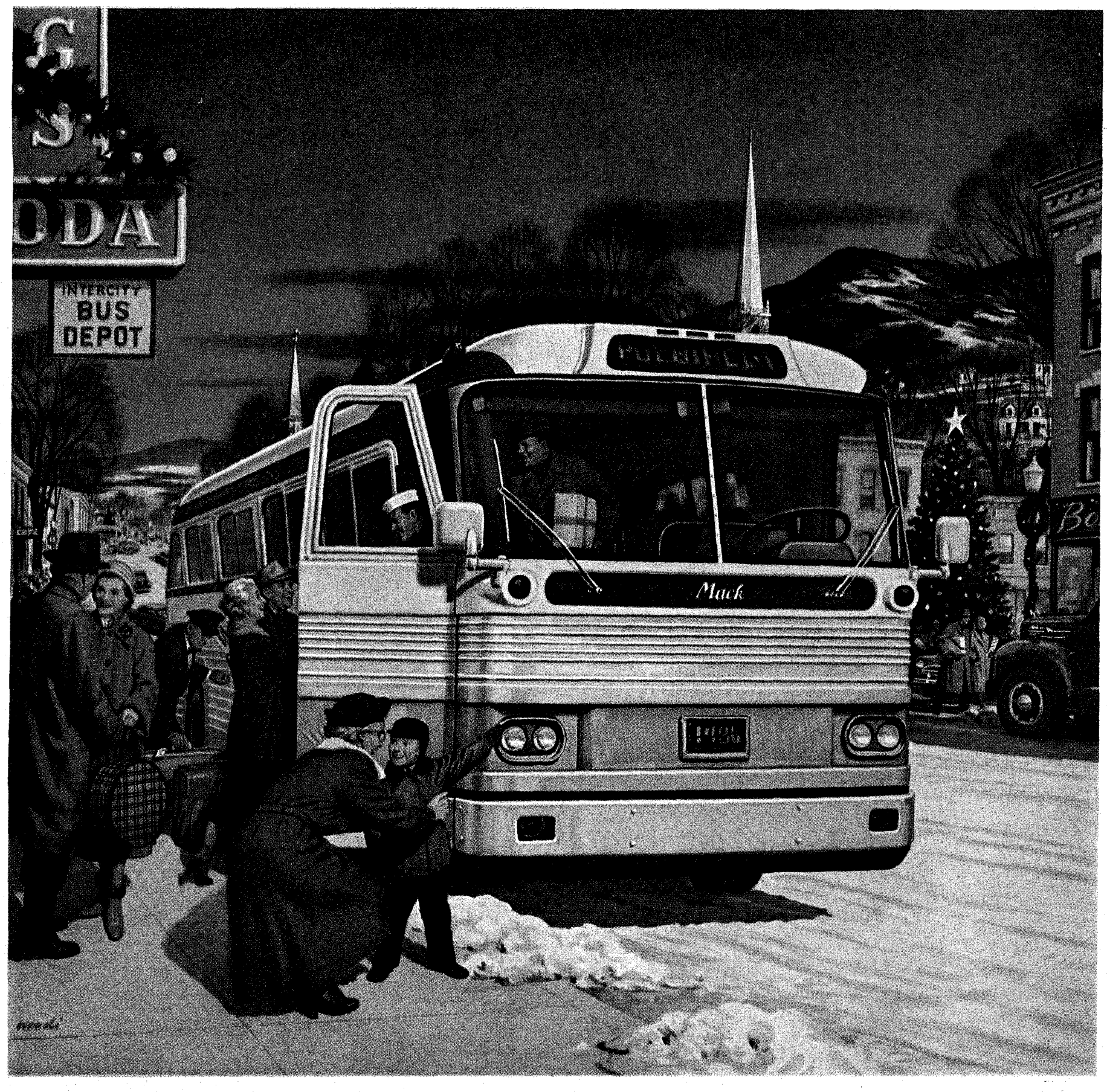

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(*Continued from Page 67*) police had taken her. A few hours, he was sure, would have been enough.

But now Edith was dead. The thought gave Roy Clark a feeling of emptiness. He could still find no anger, no anguish and no remorse. It was strange. He'd had the same feeling when he'd driven past the break in the guardrail, when he'd seen Strand's car parked on the shoulder of the road, and when he'd returned to see the state police and the ambulance there. An onlooker had told him a woman had been killed, but he hadn't needed to hear it to know. The feeling of emptiness had told him.

He'd told Edith to stop at once and give herself up if an attempt at arrest was made. She'd disobeyed him. Why? Fear, of course. Strand had frightened her. She had never been a good driver. It had been no trick for Strand to overtake her and force her off the road. Roy Clark didn't doubt that Strand had thought the extortionist was in the car, but that fact did not relieve him of the responsibility for Edith's murder.

Then, thinking about it quietly, Roy Clark decided the blame was not Strand's—at least not his alone. He was only an employee, only the tool with which the thing had been done. He had obeyed orders. The hand that had guided the tool, the mind that had directed it, the voice that had given the order, belonged to John Paul Cramer—or, more exactly, to Gale's.

Roy Clark wondered what should be done about it. Searching through the clear pool of his mind, he found no sorrow, or fury, no desire for revenge. But he found something else; a feeling of great inevitability.

He had always taken pride in being consistent in all things. If one knew what Roy Clark planned, one knew what would be done. More important, a promise made by Roy Clark was a promise kept.

Very well. He had promised Gale's an explosion, should they fail to meet his terms. And they had failed. More, they had killed Edith, causing him great personal loss and great emotional distress. He had a completed bomb in his basement workshop. It would be no task at all to cause them suffering equal to his own. How easily things worked out for a thoughtful man!

Barney Strand climbed the hospital steps at seven o'clock that evening. He carried a tape recorder and a briefcase containing spools of tape. He had had a few hours' sleep, but his lean face still bore the scars of fatigue that had gone bone-deep. He stopped at the desk on the third floor.

"How is Miss Evans?" he asked the head nurse.

"Just fine." The nurse's voice held a cheerfulness not reflected in her eyes. "Doctor Latimer and Doctor Whitney are very hopeful."

Barney met the nurse's eyes until she averted them. Quietly he said, "Did Doctor Whitney tell you what I was going to do?"

"Yes. And I think it's a good idea."

"Will there be someone to help her?"

"I understand the special nurses are to remain on duty—to keep her company, if nothing else. I'm sure any one of them will be glad to help."

"Thanks," Barney said.

He went down the corridor to Lacey's room. The special nurse on duty, an awkward-looking woman of forty-odd, was in a chair by the window, reading. Lacey was lying quietly on the bed, staring sightlessly into the bandages that covered her eyes.

"Hello, Kitten," Barney said.

She started slightly at the sound of his voice. She seemed about to speak, then changed her mind. She turned her face away from him—a protest more eloquent than words. The nurse had put her book aside. There was grave concern in her long face.

"Lacey," Barney said, "this's no way to act." He put a gentle hand on her shoulder, and she moved her shoulder as if to free it from his touch.

"I asked you to stay away."

"You asked Barney to stay away," he said, "and he did. This is the man you work for, talking to you now. Your boss, Miss Evans, and he needs help."

"No, Barney, go away!"

"Not until you hear me out." His voice was firm and impersonal, a boss's voice. "Doctor Whitney says it will be all right for you to do what I'm going to ask. I'm asking because you can probably do this job better than anyone else. And you're going to do it—if not for me, for Mr. Cramer. He's doing a great deal for you—the best doctors, the best private room in the hospital, special nurses around the clock. I don't see how you can refuse."

"You're trying to trick me," Lacey said.

"I've never been more serious in my life," Barney said firmly. "Hear me out, and you'll understand why. All I ask you to do is listen."

"All right," she said reluctantly.

Barney asked the nurse to leave them alone, then put a chair beside Lacey's bed. "Brace yourself," he said. "It's a grim tale." He began with the first call from the extortionist, because that and all that had followed had been kept from her. Watching her face, the movements of her lips, hearing her small sounds of sympathy and dismay, he was able to gauge her reactions.

"You can say I killed the woman," Barney said. "A lot of people are saying it."

"But it isn't so!" Lacey protested.

"I hoped you'd feel that way," Barney said. "But there's no escaping the fact that I made a horrible mess of a simple errand. The police would have a far better chance of running down the extortionist if I'd simply delivered the money as ordered. Now they're stopped cold."

"But the woman ——"

Barney told her why he thought they were not going to be able to identify the woman. "Our boy had that door closed and locked. The police will go on trying, but that's a thin hope. I've got the only real lead that exists—the voice. And that's where I thought you could help me."

"But how?"

"By listening to tape-recorded voices."

Then he explained that Captain Gabrino had taped and was still taping the voices of all suspects interrogated. There were a lot of them, and there would be a great many more.

"We're up against one big obstacle," Barney said. "The man wasn't using his own voice, or his normal voice, the only time we were able to get him on tape. His normal voice has a New England accent. Gabrino recorded the voices of three men—not suspects—who have the New England accent, so you'll know what we're hunting."

"What is it you want me to do?"

"Listen to the recordings," Barney said. "Hunt for the man. I've been through them and haven't spotted him. You've got more time; you'll be able to concentrate here, and perhaps your hearing is more sensitive just now. Look for small mistakes when you listen to the tapes, some indication the suspect is faking, that he's not using his normal voice. The broad, New England '*A*' might slip out of a man who's pretending he's from, say, Colorado, you see? Our man is educated. The use of an unusual word might trip a man who's pretending he's not."

Lacey's mouth was tense with thought. "In the tape you have of his voice, he might have used an odd sort of word, or an unusual sentence structure. If the same things show up in one of the suspect interviews, it wouldn't matter what accent he used to hide his real voice."

"No, it wouldn't," Barney said.

And he breathed a deep, inward sigh of relief. She was interested, and her interest was growing. There were many tapes. She would be kept very busy for many hours. And so the plan he and Paul Gabrino had contrived that morning might work—it just might. "If she is busy," Doctor Whitney had said in agreement, "she won't have time to be concerned about the possibility of blindness, or the limits of a woman's obligation to a future husband."

"You've got the idea, Lacey," Barney said. "The nurse will help you with the machine and the reels and the notes. I'd like to have you get started right away. Call Paul or me with any idea you get, no matter how small. All right?"

"I'll do it," she said.

Barney watched her push herself higher on the pillow, getting ready, getting set to work. And he could not help but smile. But he did not bend to kiss her. Very businesslike, he said, "I'll keep in touch," and went away.

In his car, waiting for the engine to warm, he remembered he hadn't eaten. He cruised slowly away from the hospital, found a small restaurant, went in and sat at the counter near the cash register. The place had few patrons, the food was acceptable and the cashier, a young and handsome woman, was most friendly. She talked to Barney while he was eating. And when the telephone at her elbow rang, she answered it, listened a moment and said, "Why, certainly," and extended the phone to Barney.

He looked at it blankly. "For me?"

She smiled. "You look like the one, and you're sitting on the right stool."

Barney put his fork down slowly, a sensation of cold expanding inside him. His eyes on the cashier's face, he took the telephone and said carefully, "Yes?"

"Strand," a voice said, "do you know who this is?"

The voice was not quite as it usually was. It had an odd quality of calmness—somehow fragile, as if spun of thin and brittle glass that could be shattered by the slightest jar.

"I know you," Strand said.

"I could have killed you tonight," the extortionist said. "I waited outside the hospital and followed you to the restaurant. Now I'm in a public booth some blocks away. I've decided not to kill you, though it could be said you deserve it."

"She killed herself."

"You were only a tool, carrying out orders," the extortionist said. "The responsibility lies with your superiors—with Gale's."

"You're wrong," Barney said.

"No, I'm not," the man said. He paused for a moment; then, "Your punishment will be substantial. But a far greater punishment is due Gale's. The woman who was murdered was very important to me. It was largely because of her that I wanted the money. Since she's gone, I have no real need for it."

"The money is still available."

"I'm a man of my word," the man went on calmly, as if he hadn't heard Barney. "I'm going to prove that. I promised you a bomb, and a bomb you shall have. It will explode one day soon in one of the busiest sections of Gale's."

Desperately Barney said, "You can't ——"

"Oh, but I can," the man said. "Close the store, lock the doors if you like. I'm in no hurry. You'll have to open the store someday—next week, next month, next year. I'll wait. And then how will you stop me? Can you question every customer, Mr. Strand? Can you open every package?"

"If we have to," Barney said. "But we'll find you first!"

"I think not."

"Suppose we don't. What will you accomplish? Mass murder! What will it prove? The public hasn't hurt you. You say it was Gale's. Then why ——" And he stopped there. He was talking to an empty line.

TO BE CONTINUED

"When do you go back to the beauty shop for a checkup?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Alexander Botts, Detective

(Continued from Page 33)

"But you don't even know what I want."

"Yes, I do, Mr. Botts. You want to talk about that robbery. You want to pump a lot of information out of me. That's how it's been ever since early this morning. Questions, questions, questions—from my boss, from the cops, from a lot of newspaper reporters and from everybody else. If this keeps up, pretty soon I'll talk too much, and then I'll be in trouble sure enough."

"How so?"

"I've talked too much already," he said. "I won't say another word."

We looked at each other in silence. I decided that Steve's main trouble was a suspicious nature. He did not trust the police. He did not trust his employer. He did not even trust me. He was not going to stick his neck out for anybody.

"Steve," I said, "you've got me wrong. I'm not here to get you in trouble. I'm here to help you. I think you know more about this robbery than you let on. I think you're holding out for fear you might get into trouble. And I want you to know that I sympathize with you. I know just how you feel. It looks to me as if those tractor thieves told you they would get you if you talked."

"How did you know that?"

"It was easy to figure," I said. "And here is something even easier. As long as those crooks are running around loose, you'll never be safe. Even if you keep your mouth shut they might think you had been talking—especially if the cops get too close to them. This means your only hope of keeping out of more trouble is to give me the whole story so I can get them locked up in a safe place."

Steve thought this over. "All right, Mr. Botts," he said. "I'll come clean. I lied to the cops and to everybody else. I just didn't want to get mixed up in any more trouble."

"You know who stole the tractor?"

"Yes, Mr. Botts. When they first drove up, I didn't know who they were, and they didn't know me. It wasn't until we got a good look that we recognized each other. They were just as surprised as I was."

"But they went ahead and stole the tractor just the same?"

"They sure did. They grabbed me. They took away my gun. They poked me in the ribs with their own guns. They made me unlock the tractor and drive it onto the van. And then they really got tough."

"Yes?"

"They said if I ever told anybody who they were, they would come back and bump me off. They meant it too. They're dangerous."

"And just who are they?"

"They're a couple of brothers by the name of Stanley. I worked for them as a motor mechanic for a little while last year at a place called Bonanza Oasis in Southern Arizona. They own a lot of property down there and they run an interstate trucking outfit."

"Have they ever been mixed up in anything crooked before?"

"There were all kinds of rumors that they had been smugglers and hijackers. But the cops were never able to prove anything."

"This all begins to add up," I said. "A lot of Earthworm tractors have recently been stolen in this area. A lot of Earthworm tractors have mysteriously appeared in Mexico. And now you tell me these Stanley brothers run a heavy-trucking outfit, they have headquarters down near the border, and they know how to run stuff across into Mexico. Obviously they are the criminals."

"Yes, but how can you prove it, Mr. Botts?"

"I'm going down to this place called Bonanza Oasis. I'm going to investigate these Stanley brothers. As soon as I get the goods on them, I'll call in the cops. And that will be the end of it."

"Mr. Botts," said Steve, "would you let me go along with you?"

"But I thought you didn't want to get mixed up in any more trouble?"

Winter Thunder

By Herbert Merrill

You have no right up there.
  Can't you remember
This time of year is out-of-
  bounds for thunder?
What business have you here
  in mid-December
Growling over midnight bones,
  I wonder.
Starting gullywashers down the
  creeks
And rattling the winter stars
  together,
You roll your yellow eyes and
  puff your cheeks
And blow the night wide open
  with March weather.
Well, that's the way it goes. A
  fellow gets
A set of fixed ideas he can rely
  on,
And then along comes something
  that upsets
His apple cart and dumps a
  dripping sky on
Top of him to leave him at a
  loss
And let him understand, I
  guess, who's boss.

"I don't. But I can see now that you are perfectly right, Mr. Botts. If I stay here, those bums might come back and try to kill me. So I would feel a lot better with you. You're the only man around here that can see this thing from my point of view. And you're the only one that seems to know what you're doing."

"Good for you, Steve," I said. "You can help a lot by showing me where these people operate and by identifying them for me. I am therefore hiring you as a temporary special investigator for the Earthworm Tractor Company at a hundred dollars a week plus expenses. You get a good rest today and tonight, and we'll start out tomorrow morning. Good-by."

I returned to the hotel, where I have been writing this report. As I look back over the activities of the day, I feel that I have made tremendous progress, and I have complete confidence in my ability to break up this gang of nefarious tractor snatchers. Kindly have our comptroller put Steve Tucker's name on the payroll at $100 a week, and send his pay checks and advance expense money in my care.

My address for the next week or so will be Bonanza Hotel, Bonanza Oasis, Arizona.

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON,
PRESIDENT
Friday, March 21, 1958

Dear Botts: When I wrote you last week I merely requested that you urge our customers to take greater precautions in protecting their tractors against theft. I did not then and I do not now intend that you should set yourself up as an amateur sleuth, hire yourself an apparently incompetent assistant and rush all over the state of Arizona on what may well prove a wild-goose chase.

By your own admission, this man Tucker told one story to the police and another story to you. How do you know which is true? I am directing our comptroller not to put Mr. Tucker on the payroll. I would strongly advise that you persuade him to tell his story to the police, and that you terminate your ill-advised efforts to play the part of a would-be detective.

Very truly yours,
GILBERT HENDERSON

Bonanza Hotel
Bonanza Oasis, Arizona
Tuesday evening, March 25, 1958

Dear Henderson: Your letter arrived today just about the time that all of my plans collapsed in what seems to be complete failure. Under the circumstances I am naturally disappointed at your lack of appreciation for my efforts. However, I am not discouraged. I have decided to pay Steve Tucker's salary out of my own expense account, and I will start trying to think up some new scheme for trapping the tractor bandits.

In order that you may understand the situation I will now give you an account of what I have been doing.

Steve and I arrived here at the Bonanza Hotel about two o'clock Friday morning. I had picked this unusual hour, when most people would be asleep, so as to lessen the danger of Steve's being seen and recognized by the Stanley brothers in case they were in town. I registered Steve under a false name, and I instructed him to keep himself hidden in our room at all times.

After snatching a few hours' sleep and eating a good breakfast, which I had sent up to the room, Steve and I sat down at the window and peered out through the Venetian blind.

Steve pointed out a few of the landmarks and told me some of the facts about the town, which is located beside a small spring in a narrow valley, or canyon. Steve had been told that the name "Bonanza" came from a gold strike which had been worked for a few years about 1900 and then abandoned. Twenty years ago the Stanley brothers established a repair shop and stopover for their interstate trucks. The town grew up later.

Directly across the main street from our window were a number of stores, a bank, and a building with a sign, POLICE STATION. There was also a plain wooden warehouse backed up against the vertical rock wall of the canyon. It had a big door but no windows.

"That building," said Steve, "belongs to the Stanley brothers."

"Is that where you used to work repairing tractors?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Botts. The Stanley brothers' repair shop and garage is down at the other end of the street."

"And what about this building?"

"I think it was used for storing supplies or something. But what do we do next?"

"We sit right here and watch," I said. "If this town is the headquarters of those Stanley brothers, they are going to drive in here sooner or later. I want to see what they do."

"Then what?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. It depends on what happens."

We watched for several hours. We had dinner sent up. We had supper sent up. During the night we took turns watching and sleeping. We watched all day and all night Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and almost all day Tuesday—today.

Late this afternoon a big moving van came rolling along the street. It stopped in front of the plain wooden warehouse. Two men got out.

Steve grabbed me by the arm. "That's them," he whispered. "That's the Stanley brothers."

"All right," I said. "I am going down to get a closer look. You stay here."

By the time I reached the street, one of the men had unlocked and rolled back the door. The other backed the van slowly inside the building. The door rolled shut. I sneaked up and gave it a cautious shove. It seemed to be locked from the inside. I listened. Before long I heard a muffled noise. I couldn't be sure, but I thought it sounded like the exhaust of an Earthworm engine. I decided that they must have stolen another tractor and were going to keep it hidden—along with machines they had previously taken—until they could smuggle them across the border. I rushed over to the police station. I found a policeman. "Come quick!" I said. "I've discovered a couple of tractor thieves. You'd better bring a gun. They're desperate characters."

The policeman and I arrived at the warehouse just as the van was slowly coming out. The policeman held up his hand. The van stopped. The two men got out and greeted us pleasantly.

The policeman turned to me. "I know these men. They live here in town, and they are respectable citizens. What gave you the idea that they're tractor thieves?"

"I can show you the evidence," I said. "They steal tractors. They carry them away in this truck. And they must have just unloaded one in the warehouse here."

I darted in the big door, followed by the cop and the two men. I looked around. The place was empty except for a few pieces of furniture in crates. "The tractor must be still inside the truck," I said.

One of the men opened the rear door. The truck was empty. "They must be unloading these machines somewhere else," I said.

"Listen," said the cop. "I don't know who you are, but my advice to you is to stop making a fool of yourself."

At this point I decided nothing was to be gained by prolonging the conversation. I therefore withdrew in a dignified manner and returned to the hotel room. A quick glance out the window showed me that the two men, the truck and the policeman had disappeared.

"Steve," I said, "I have just made a fool of myself. I thought those people were unloading a stolen tractor in that warehouse. But I was wrong. Are you sure those men are the Stanley brothers—the men that stole your tractor?"

"Well, pretty sure, Mr. Botts. It looked like them—and that's their building. But, of course, it's a little hard to see from way up here in this window. And they might have sold the building, so I might be wrong. I'm sorry."

"Well," I said, "we'll just have to hope for better luck next time."

(*Continued on Page 72*)

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(*Continued from Page 70*) "Next time? You mean you're planning something new?"

"It's not much of a plan," I said. "We'll just have to sit around here for the next few days or the next few weeks and hope that something turns up."

I then opened up my portable typewriter and I have been spending the past couple of hours writing this report to you. I am sorry that the situation is so discouraging, but it is always possible I may have better news at some time in the future.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Friday, March 28, 1958

Dear Botts: Your latest letter indicates that your only plan for the future is to sit around indefinitely in a hotel room, hoping that "something turns up." This is not what the company pays you for.

I am therefore instructing our comptroller to discontinue your salary and your expense allowance until such time as you see fit to resume your duties as Sales Manager. And we are not hiring Steve Tucker.

Yours,
GILBERT HENDERSON

Bonanza Hotel
Bonanza Oasis, Arizona
Tuesday, April 1, 1958

Dear Henderson: Thank you for refusing to hire Steve Tucker and also for taking me off the payroll. In order that you may appreciate how much this means to both of us I will now give you an account of the exciting events of the past week.

After I had mailed my letter to you last Tuesday evening, there came a knock at the door of our hotel room. I motioned Steve to hide in the closet. Then I opened the door, and in came the two men whom I had encountered at the warehouse the preceding afternoon. They immediately started a long series of questions and threats with the obvious purpose of finding out who I was and how much I knew. For a time the situation was ominous. Fortunately, however, I have an unusual talent, when I so desire, of making myself appear mentally defective. By exercising this talent I was able, in the course of time, to convince the two men that I was a harmless half-wit with a character so weak that they could scare me into doing anything they wanted.

They demanded that I leave town at once, that I never come back, and that I never mention the subject of tractor thieves to anyone, anywhere, any time. They made a lot of blood-curdling threats about what they would do to me if I disobeyed. Then they left.

Steve came out of the closet. "Those were the Stanley brothers, all right," he said. "They are the ones that stole that tractor—and they are dangerous. Let's get out of here as fast as we can."

"Right you are," I said.

I checked out at the desk. Steve sneaked down the fire escape, and I met him in the back alley. As we drove out of town, I asked him how far it was to the Mexican border.

"I don't think it is more than a mile or so, Mr. Botts, but it's across the mountains. There aren't any roads. There aren't even any trails that I know of."

"How far is the nearest highway across the border?"

"I don't know—maybe fifty, sixty, seventy miles—but they couldn't use the highway. They couldn't get by the border guards."

"Then there's only one answer," I said. "These crooks must be unloading the tractors somewhere out in the desert. They must have found some sort of a trail or pass, not too far away, where they can drive the machines over the mountains and across the border. Our job is to locate this pass."

"Then you're not going to give up and run away?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I'll stop in the next town. I'll stock up the car with food and water and extra gasoline and oil. I'll get some dungarees and a map and a couple of flashlights and anything else I think of. Then I'll head up into the mountains, looking for tractor tracks. Want to come along?"

"I would be a complete idiot to risk my neck trying to catch a couple of dangerous criminals who stole a tractor that did not even belong to me. But I was born stupid, Mr. Botts, and somehow you have got me interested in this thing. I'll go along."

"Splendid," I said.

That was last Tuesday night. We spent the next five days traveling through the mountains, in the car and on foot, looking for tractor tracks. We found nothing.

On Monday morning—yesterday—after parking the car in an arroyo, we climbed to the top of a high ridge south of Bonanza Oasis and scrambled down the far side. As near as I could tell from our map, we had crossed the border. We were in old Mexico. Before long we found a primitive road. There were no tractor tracks, but we could recognize the prints of heavy truck tires. We followed these into a small canyon. They ended at a big door in the front of a wooden building which was backed up against the side of the canyon. The canyon floor was piled deep with broken rock. There were rusty fragments of old machinery lying around.

"Steve," I said, "there must be an old mine somewhere around here. I think I will look into this a little further."

The door of the wooden building was locked, but I finally succeeded in prying it open with a piece of rusty iron. We walked inside. The place was empty.

With the aid of our flashlights we gave the floor a careful examination. The imprint of the truck tires extended a short distance in from the door. Farther on we found Earthworm-tractor tracks. They seemed to be coming right out from under the wooden rear wall of the building. We started working on this wall and finally managed to slide a section of it sideways, so as to uncover the opening of a tunnel leading straight into the solid rock wall of the canyon. Just inside the opening stood an Earthworm tractor. Following the beams of our flashlights, we walked along a line of fifteen Earthworm tractors. One of them Steve recognized as the machine stolen back at Sphinx.

All the machines were facing toward the entrance. Behind the last tractor I found Earthworm tracks. "These tractors," I said, "were brought here from deeper inside the mountain. I want to find out exactly where they came from. It may mean a long trip, so we might as well ride."

Fortunately, the last tractor in the line was equipped with lights. We turned them on and started the engine. After a bit of maneuvering in the narrow tunnel, we managed to get the machine turned around and started in the opposite direction. I let Steve drive. I sat beside him, peering ahead along the bright beams of our headlights. We followed the tractor tracks, passing by the openings of various side tunnels. After about two miles, our way was barred by a wooden partition. Steve stopped the tractor and shut off the engine. We got out and gave a heave to the partition. It moved sideways about a foot. We slid through into a room which was completely dark except for a narrow beam of light from our tractor headlights.

"It's just as I suspected," I said. "We have come through one of those mines that have more than one entrance. The Stanley brothers probably discovered it years ago and concealed the entrances, so that they would have a secret passage to Mexico. You know where we are, don't you, Steve?"

"No."

"We're in the Stanley brothers' warehouse on the main street of Bonanza Oasis. Let's see if we can open the outside door."

As we approached the door, it suddenly opened. Outside stood the two Stanley brothers. Behind them was their big truck. I made a quick dash and managed to escape through the narrow opening in the rear partition. Steve was a little too slow. The Stanley brothers grabbed him, dragged him into the far corner of the building, pulled out revolvers and began threatening him.

"What are you doing here?"

Steve did not answer. One of the men said to the other, "So he won't talk. All right, I'll hold him. You back that truck in here, and we'll load him in the back and take him someplace where we can really work on him."

At this point I decided that the best way to stop this foolishness was to put the Stanley brothers' truck out of action. I climbed into the cab of the good old Earthworm. I kicked the starter. The engine took hold with a roar. I put her in gear and let in the clutch. Then I drove that beautiful Earthworm right through the wooden partition, across the floor, out the main door, and into the front of the truck. This put the truck out of business and stalled the tractor engine.

But everything else came to life. The noise of the crash had been terrific. People came running from all directions. No less than six policemen poured out of the police station and arrived on the double. Steve let out a yell: "Arrest these men!"

This time the cops needed no further urging. The Stanley brothers were so paralyzed by astonishment that they just stood there with their revolvers still in their hands. The cops—who seem to know how to handle situations like this—grabbed the guns, handcuffed the men and took them to jail. Another stolen tractor was found in the van.

That was yesterday. This morning the police told us they had enough evidence to send the Stanley brothers away for a long time. Our distributor arrived from Phoenix with the five-thousand-dollar reward. He told me that employees of the Earthworm Company were not eligible to receive this. Fortunately, I was able to show him your letters stating definitely that both Steve and I were off the payroll. He is therefore dividing the reward equally between the two of us. Steve will resume his job as a tractor driver, and he plans to invest his share of the money in common stock of the Earthworm Company. I am resuming my own job as Sales Manager, and I will keep my share of the reward to tide me over in case you should temporarily remove me from the payroll at some future time.

Steve joins me in sending thanks for your thoughtful action in making it possible for us to receive the reward.

Yours gratefully,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

The Man Who Surprised Detroit (Continued from Page 15)

there would be a substantial market in America for cars of smaller size, less power, lower cost, more economy, and improved maneuverability compared with the low-priced products of The Big Three manufacturers. There is. This market is now being filled from two sources—American Motors and Europe. The wager was a good one and American is cashing in.

Next year it might not be as easy. General Motors, Ford and Chrysler are prepared to present their own smaller and more functional products if the small-car market remains active. Studebaker-Packard has already done so. Romney, however, does not tremble at the prospect of Big Three competition. "If they get into the small-car market they will help popularize small cars, including Ramblers. They will also be admitting that American Motors was right, and they will be ten years behind in experience."

There is a long history behind the present happy position of American Motors. Charles Nash, who had once saved General Motors from bankruptcy and who had introduced Walter Chrysler to the automobile industry, was a solid, thrifty and conservative man. Throughout his life he built medium-priced automobiles with a minimum of risk. He let others take the pioneering chances and make the changes.

If they were good, he adopted them. Nash made solid automobiles and he made money, but he never seriously challenged or made a dent in the big competition.

The next working head of the Nash organization, which by this time was Nash-Kelvinator, was George Mason, who, oddly enough, had been hired by Walter Chrysler and then recommended to Charles Nash. Mason was gregarious, warm-hearted, flamboyant, a sportsman. He was an excellent engineer where Nash had been a great administrator. Mason agreed that Nash's pattern had been all right in his time, but that there was less and less future in bucking the big manufacturers head on. Moreover, he did not quite like the direction the industry was going, toward larger, fancier and more powerful cars. He decided that this path was eventually going to open a weakness among the big manufacturers wherein they would leave unguarded a substantial market among people who wanted transportation—and just that.

Mason called it basic transportation, and he put Nash engineers to the task of determining the minimum car that would provide adequate transportation, reasonable comfort and economy of operation. In order to study what had been done by others, the Nash people assembled a menagerie of all the world's odd cars back of the company offices in Detroit. These even included two-wheelers, probably because Mason had been an avid motorcyclist in his youth. The engineers drove them—Chief Engineer Mead Moore broke an arm falling out of one—tore them down and dissected them. Out of the

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study two new cars were evolved. One was the NX-1, built around an Austin engine, which has since become known as the Metropolitan, which British Motors builds and American Motors markets. The other was a sort of compromise with the space needed for American standards of comfort. It was the 1950 Rambler, revitalizing the old Jeffery name.

The 1950 Rambler approximated the inside room offered by Big Three low-priced models, but in all other dimensions was smaller and had a considerably shorter wheel base—100 inches. It had what American has since been bragging about, a one-piece chassis and body, called unitized construction, and recently adopted by some of the Big Three cars. It was cute, comfortable, somewhat less expensive to buy and more economical to run. Styling was by George Walker, now head of Ford styling.

It was with this car that George Mason decided to implement a very important decision he had made. He had determined to remove his company from the medium-priced field altogether and to risk everything on the small-car market. This was a total reverse of forty-eight years of manufacturing practice by Jeffery and Nash, and it was a thing that had to be concealed from the public and dealers until the company was ready to move.

In 1948 Mason had hired George Romney, then head of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, to support him in this move. Romney, who had previously refused the presidency of Packard, was more than enthusiastic about the Mason objective. He became its principal spearhead within the company, where officials were not at all of one mind about abandoning large cars and becoming small-car specialists.

The 1950 Rambler was an interesting entry in the automobile market. It was not an immediate success. It improved a little in 1951, then slipped slowly backward for the next three years, despite the addition of a 108-inch wheel base, four-door model. Admittedly it faced tough times. The avid postwar market, in which even independents prospered, had cooled off. Competition from the hard-pressing Big Three began to reduce the independents' shares of the market. To add strength in this tough market, Mason had tried to effect a merger with Packard which did not come off. He did, however, get together with Hudson.

The Nash-Hudson merger was consummated May 1, 1954, and American Motors was born. Perhaps there were benefits in it, such as increasing the number of dealers selling Ramblers. But there were certainly detractions. American now had two medium-priced cars to liquidate, instead of one. Manufacturing properties still on the books at millions had to be written off in the thousands. Some dealers took the merger as a profession of weakness rather than strength. In 1954 all three American brands, Hudson, Nash and Rambler, hit postwar lows.

Into this less-than-rosy situation George Wilcken Romney was precipitated by the sudden death of George Mason, October 8, 1954. Four days later, company directors elected Romney president and chairman. The baby was now his, and here is what he faced. The company was losing dealers and about to lose more. Ford and Chevrolet were on their way to a titanic sales struggle which would make sales increasingly difficult for all other makes. American Motors had paid one dividend in mid-1954 and then quit. The company had begun reporting a long string of substantial quarterly losses which would not end until 1957.

Looking back on 1954 and ensuing hard times Romney says, "Every division of the company, except Redisco and Ranco, was sick. And yet we were transforming the company into a more efficient and economical operation and solving merger problems at a very fast rate. The Kelvinator division, a sound and normally profitable arm of the company, just happened to be the victim of doldrums in the appliance field when the automotive divisions were sickest." Redisco, a financing company, continued its profits throughout. Ranco, a profitable controls manufacturer, in which American owned a large interest, was turned loose in 1956. Proceeds of the stock sale were turned into working capital.

Nash and Hudson disappeared by 1957, replaced by Rambler Ambassador, a car of 117-inch wheel base and 200-inch length, a bit smaller than the smallest low-priced Three in outer dimensions. Rambler sales rose, but not satisfactorily, in 1955 and 1956, then reached promising levels in 1957 although the company still showed a loss for its fiscal 1957 year. Meanwhile the American Motors house was becoming notably healthier in spite of the monotonous deficits. Romney had solved dealer trouble by replacing a sales manager who did not believe in the Rambler with Roy Abernethy, who did. George also carried the Rambler message to dealers himself, traveling endlessly and preaching the concept of the economical small car with American-size comfort.

For this work of fighting out of a hopeless spot and exhorting colleagues to fight with him, Romney was peculiarly well fitted. The Romneys had a spectacular record for getting floored and rising again. It started when George was very young. His father was a prosperous member of a Mormon colony in Chihuahua, Mexico, where George was born. The senior Romney then owned a farm, a lumberyard and a factory. Pancho Villa wiped out these possessions, along with George's beloved pony. The Romneys eventually struggled up again, this time as substantial Idaho potato farmers. The swift commodity crackup of 1921 took care of that effort.

"We had nothing but unsalable potatoes," George remembers, "and I believe that never have so few people eaten so many potatoes in such a variety of forms."

Again the family recovered, this time with the family head a substantial contractor in Salt Lake City, a business in which George worked in his high-school years. George had left Salt Lake City before the final flattening came, this time by way of the 1933 depression. His father recovered from this, too, and before anything else could happen he reached a reasonable affluence and died.

George knew about comebacks. But his ability to talk and exhort when the outlook was darker than gray, he acquired in another way. In 1926, at the age of nineteen, young Romney was selected by his church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to accept a "call" for missionary service. The term was two years and George spent the time in Scotland and London.

The Mormons, to use their short nickname, are fairly rare in most parts of the United States. In Europe they are considerably less well known, and for a youthful American to preach this foreign creed in a foreign land was no cinch. It took a lot of persistence, a strong voice and a real knack for exhorting.

Romney tramped the slums of Edinburgh and made door-to-door calls. He mounted a soapbox in Hyde Park, mixing this chore with appearances among London society, where the chief Mormon representative in England was at home. It was a rounding-out experience which George values. And he learned a few tricks. A fellow soapboxer in Hyde Park who was preaching left-wing radicalism, taught him the interest value of hecklers. Thereafter the pair would swap heckling, each in turn joining the other's audience to hurl planted questions that enlivened the affairs.

In 1928 George returned to the University of Utah in Salt Lake City and in 1929 went to Washington, D.C., to continue his schooling at George Washington University. He selected Washington because jobs were plentiful there and since he was broke he had to combine work with school. Speeding through a quick course in a sort of short cut to shorthand, he answered an ad for a male secretary and was employed by the famous Sen. David Walsh, of Massachusetts, a tariff expert. He got halfway through the first letter the senator dictated when they jointly discovered that George's shorthand was entirely too short. George still doesn't know why, but instead of throwing him out at that point Senator Walsh sent him over to the Senate to keep track of the proceedings on the proposed Hawley-Smoot tariff bill.

"It was a wonderful experience," Romney says. "I had practically all of American industry spread out before my eyes and I had to judge for the senator the worth of the opinions expressed. I had a clear view of the workings and thinking of all segments of American business."

In his personal life, however, George had a few live problems. Much earlier in Salt Lake City he had fallen in love with a beautiful high-school classmate, Lenore LaFount. He had made up his mind to marry her, and George does not change his mind very easily. By coincidence Lenore's father was in Washington, one of the first commissioners of the first FCC, and Lenore was in New York studying dramatics and threatening to become an actress.

Every second weekend and more often if he could, Romney entrained for New York by day coach to argue against acting. He lost a lot of sleep and he appeared to be losing the argument against the stage, because Lenore went to Hollywood, had parts in a few pictures and was offered a contract leading to starlet status. George envisioned the dark-haired, gray-eyed Lenore wrapped in the arms of a series of handsome movie actors and he didn't like it. He therefore took a job with the Aluminum Company of America which provided enough income for two, went to Hollywood and pressed his suit. He need not have worried as much as he did. Lenore revealed later that after three months she was bored with Hollywood. She married George.

The Romney family is now six, including the two girls who have married and left home. The remaining four rattle a bit in a commodious Americanized chalet on the edge of the Bloomfield Hills Country Club in suburban Detroit. The two boys who remain are Scott, a gingery teenager, and Mitt, a thoughtful and interesting youngster of eleven. This is a very large part of George's world. It is a close family, with Saturdays strictly reserved for nothing but being together. "It is surprising how well you can get to know a boy when you wash dishes with him."

George is the family gardener and tender of the miniature waterfall that babbles just off a pleasing terrace on the uphill side of the rambling house. He has no other hobbies, no basement workshop. "I have shingled so many roofs, nailed up so many stringers and dug so many basements I don't believe any of the do-it-yourself hobbies could possibly amuse me."

The fact is that he has no time. With Saturdays for the family, Sundays for church work as president of The Detroit Stake with 3600 members, a heavy load of civic work and the automobile business, Romney's calendar is tight. He is a soft touch for anything he believes worth while.

"Why can't you be like her other boy friends and just sit outside and honk your horn?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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Sundays should bring a little relaxation, but here is what Romney did on a Sunday late in October, and it is not at all unusual for him. After breakfast he went to the new Latter-day Saints' tabernacle under construction in Birmingham, Michigan, for a morning-long meeting of church officials. He was late home for lunch, received a visitor who wanted him for a speaking date, then rushed off to a downtown Episcopal church to deliver the principal address of an afternoon service. The church, caught in a deteriorating neighborhood where residents are trying to absorb incoming population without losing standards, was trying to find some promise in the future.

George was in sympathy with their cause, and for his word to them he drew on his favorite topic, voluntary co-operation. He was once head of the Automotive Council for War Production and was so struck by the way the automobile industry co-operated under that program that he applies the principle now wherever he can. From the three-hour church service he and Lenore rushed to the airport to greet an old friend, Secretary of Agriculture Benson, and to take him into town. Earlier Lenore and the boys had attended Sunday school in Pontiac, Michigan.

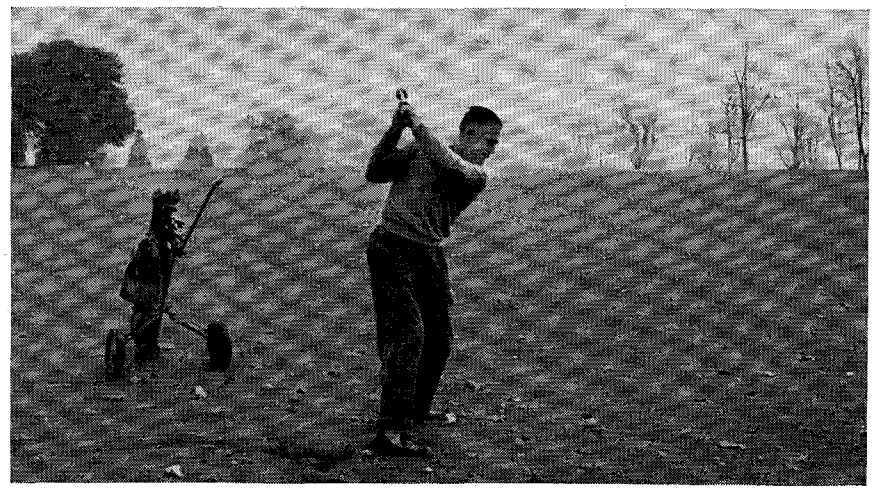
It was easily midnight when the Romneys called it a day, but George was up at dawn for his regular exercise, in which the regularity is as important as the exercise. Short of cloudburst or heavy snow, Romney uses the first daylight hours to play golf on the nearby Bloomfield Hills course. He drives over in a Rambler, pulls a caddie cart out of the car and sails off for as many holes as the season and light will permit—a few holes in winter, eighteen in summer. He plays two balls and lopes between shots. In winter the two balls are of different, durable colors, specially prepared by the American Motors paint expert, who devised the formula.

Romney has a lumbering but effective golf swing, does not know what his handicap is since he rarely appears on the course at any hour but dawn and never enters contests. Club caddies privately refer to him as "the ghost." His persistence in exercise stems in part from church precepts. Mormons lay great emphasis on fitness, health and industry. Most churches, including the new Detroit Tabernacle, have basketball courts and numerous youth recreational programs. The church also has a welfare farm north of Detroit operated by workers who volunteer two or three days of work a year. This includes the Romneys, who also abide by the church ban on liquor, coffee, tea and tobacco, although they hospitably offer all of these things to guests.

George makes the daily trip from home to office in about thirty-five minutes, slightly better than par. Most of his colleagues in American Motors would rather walk than ride with him, but the fact is that he is a superbly efficient driver. He is not only able to take full advantage of every traffic opportunity at a pace that may shade the legal but at the same time he can deliver a sales pitch and pound the dashboard for emphasis.

As a passenger he is the absolute reverse. Ernie, long-time Nash and American executive chauffeur, frequently meets him at odd hours at an airport a fair distance from American's offices. Ernie reports that before they get out of the parking lot George has the reclining seat flat and is not only lying down but asleep. "I know he's asleep," Ernie says. "I can hear him."

On longer drives, perhaps returning from the Kelvinator plant at Grand Rapids, Romney has been known to get into pajamas for a real rest. Since these operations are without audience, George cannot be accused of showing off for sales purposes the bed-seats that have long been an American feature. In 1959 American has added headrests on the reclining seats.



Before he begins his day as boss of American Motors, George Romney plays an early round of golf on a course near his home.

Romney's 11-year-old son, Mitt, is a small-car maker in his own right. Here he gives his dad a ride on a home-made midget auto.

Now that American is back in the money, Romney makes fewer trips. His present relaxation is in notable contrast with his keyed-up condition in the tough days just passed. Then he was inclined to speak loudly, fervently and at times belligerently. He believed in the cause of the small car, but at times he had the desperate feeling that he was neither being heard nor understood. So he raised his voice and pounded harder. He was easily triggered into preachments and sales persuasions even when they were unnecessary or somewhat overdone.

He accepted all challenges and initiated some. He baited the Big Three about their oversize cars, calling them gas-guzzling dinosaurs. In the Senate monopoly and antitrust hearings of early 1958 Romney proposed restrictions on size in the automobile industry which in effect would have split up General Motors, a move that gained him a few private and icy conversations with Harlow Curtice, then GM president. Romney asked for more fundamental competition within the industry; then spoke for his favorite topic, voluntary co-operation among competitors. He also charged that Walter Reuther, by gearing demands of his labor monopoly on the largest possible profit target, the profits of General Motors, was reaching an opposite goal to that which he professed. Romney said that Reuther was trying to kill off the smaller and less profitable by patterns based on the biggest wallet in the industry.

Before it emerged from what George calls "the bruising years," American Motors had some hair-raising escapes. The atmosphere throughout was murky. Friends and acquaintances in Detroit treated American Motors officials and employees and even Lenore and the children with the sympathetic curiosity of observers who are viewing a corpse that has not yet toppled over. Much more of that, and morale could have been broken wide open.

A potentially harmful incident occurred in 1956 when Louis Wolfson, a widely known business and stock-market figure, telephoned Romney that he had acquired a substantial position in American Motors stock and would like to talk about the company. The upshot of this and further meetings was a cargo of press clippings, a brief period when Wolfson had two directors on the American board, and eventual trouble for Wolfson with the Securities and Exchange Commission—a conflict in no way related to the American Motors Corporation.

To this day American officials do not know whether Wolfson helped or hurt the company by pushing them both into the headlines. Wolfson at that time had the reputation of a winner, but as Romney told him in stating that he thought Wolfson would hurt American, he was also known as a liquidator in troubled situations. He did commit one specific and potentially lethal act. He let it be known that he thought American ought to drop Nashes and Hudsons and concentrate on Ramblers. This is exactly what American had contemplated clear back to George Mason. But American had hundreds of dealers making some bread and butter on these cars and a prediction that they would be orphans shortly would result in loss on millions of dollars' worth of Nash and Hudson parts. It was imperative that the company sell these parts as completed automobiles and it was also imperative that dealers get the chance to sell the cars. Premature word that Nash and Hudson were dead would kill both sales to dealers and sales to the public.

The impact of all such troubles in the prevailing poor atmosphere can best be measured in results. American dealers dropped to 1900—they now number 2800 and individually they are stronger dealers. Financially, American drew down nearly $70,000,000 of $73,000,000 in bank credit which, it was firmly established, would not be expanded by the lenders. Ranco was sold because American needed more money and couldn't get it from the bankers.

Those bank loans are now a matter of hearty amusement among American officials. They were paid on the nose. One man at one time had tried to buy part of them at fifty cents on the dollar. Roy Chapin, Jr., vice president, said, "It can easily be guessed that some banks among the group had written off the loans we repaid, or at least had set aside heavy reserves against them. Therefore we have been in the position of making their 1958 earnings look a lot better than they expected."

By consolidation of plants, reduction of body shells to two, and the introduction of economies American had, as Romney announced, pulled down the point at which American could break even to 120,000 cars per year. The company failed to hit this mark in 1956, failed again in 1957. But in March, 1958, with Ramblers now the only cars produced, plus about 1200 imported Metropolitans a month, Rambler suddenly took fire. By May it had scored the best sales month in its history and upon introduction of 1959 models in October, sales soared enough to indicate a total for the calendar year about double the previous year.

What happened in the spring of 1958? No one can really put a finger on it. But something did, and if Romney's prediction of 300,000 cars in 1959 is sustained, American, already near the ceiling of its capacity, will have to consider expansion. This is a far different climate from that of 1954 to early 1957.

Of those days George says, "I kept wondering if our timing was right and—I prayed a lot."

He did some other things too. He cut his own salary 40 per cent and at one point inaugurated an economy which, for a $200,000,000 corporation, was painfully amusing. As in other corporations, a few American employees every year complete certain spans of employment which call for congratulations on their long service. A gift is usually in order and American Motors' practice was to present a rather good clock to each such employee. When the question of clocks came up in 1956, the man who handled presentations consulted Romney. "Well, look," George said, "don't buy those clocks this year. We can give everyone a certificate guaranteeing that we will present the clocks later. But right now let's save the money. I think they will understand why."

The company may not have been saved by the clock, or even a handful of them, but that's how things were a short while back for American Motors. And now? Move over, Merriwell! THE END

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1. English Lavender Essence and Soap, $1.50
2. 'Bond Street' Perfume, $10. 3. 'Bond Street' Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, $4
4. Gift Soap Chest: 2 each of Crushed Carnation, Red Roses, Lavender, $3.50
5. English Lavender Essence, Talc and Soap, $3
6. Red Roses After Bath Freshener, 3 Guest Size Soaps, $2.25

FOR HIM

7. After Shaving Lotion and Men's Cologne, $3
8. Shaving Foam, Cologne, Invisible Talc and After Shaving Lotion, $5.85
9. After Shaving Lotion, Deodorant Stick and Invisible Talc, $3.75
10. Shaving Foam and After Shaving Lotion, $2.25
11. De Luxe Gift Flask of After Shaving Lotion, $3.75 All plus tax (except soap)

YARDLEY GIFTS

belong under the best Christmas trees...$1.50 to $12.50

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The Gift of Love (Continued from Page 24)

Finally, when there was no place left to look and her heart was pounding with effort and despair, she sank down on an empty orange crate and simply sat. It wasn't possible, but it was true. Alfred was gone, and the money was gone with him. All the pennies and dimes so painfully saved from grocery money and carfare and every fantastic small economy she could find.

I shouldn't have left him out here in the garage, Kathy thought numbly. *Anybody could get in here, any time, and take him. And somebody did. Merry Christmas!* she thought, feeling her eyes fill suddenly with tears. *Happy New Year!* She thought of the watch in the window of Hime's Jewelry Store, the beautiful man's wrist watch before which she had lingered every day for weeks. Hank's watch. There hadn't been a time, in all these last weeks, when she had dropped a coin into Alfred without thinking of that watch, of the card she would write—TO HANK, FROM KATHY, WITH LOVE—of the look on Hank's face when he opened it.

They had agreed there was no money for Christmas. Hank would be expecting, at most, a token gift—a tie, a pair of socks. More than anything in her life, Kathy had wanted to surprise Hank, surprise him with something rare and rich and wonderful, a gift of love, so amazing and fine that it would erase the tired, tense lines that had appeared around his mouth these last few months. Something that would bring the lightness and the laughter back again, the way it had been in the beginning, before he had begun to worry about money. This Christmas was their first together—she had wanted it to be perfect, and now there wasn't going to be any Christmas at all.

Slowly, Kathy stood up and went back into the house. She went into the living room and sat down on the edge of the couch, staring at the wide crack that ran down the plaster wall across the room. The one other piece of furniture to sit on in the room, an easy chair, was worn and shapeless. The cheap coffee table in front of the couch was scratched and stained. The Christmas tree that had looked so magical with its colored lights shining in the darkness the night before seemed suddenly only pathetic in the daylight. It was a small tree, and cheap.

For the first time since they had been married, for the first time since she had looked across a college classroom into Hank's blue eyes and fallen in love, Kathy wondered, with a sudden coldness, if everyone else had been right. Everyone who had said they were crazy, she and Hank, to get married so young.

She had never wondered before. She had only felt faintly sorry for people so poor in the coins of love that they could care about such things. There had been only one thing. There had been only the small, growing pain of knowing that, somehow, Hank was not quite so happy as she. Somehow, to Hank, the money—or the lack of it—made a difference. He cared that the only house they could afford to rent was in this shabby, worn-out part of the city. And there had been the time, last summer, when he had finished going over the budget (Planned Poverty, they had named it) and had emerged looking grim and set.

"We can just make it," he said, "if we don't squander a lot of money on unnecessary items like food, clothing and shelter." His voice tried for lightness, but didn't quite succeed, and Kathy found herself recalling dark warnings about poverty coming in the door and love flying out the window. She got up and hurried across the room and kissed him.

"Listen," she said, "don't you know that I would gladly live in a cave, munching on roots and berries, just to be near you?"

Hank didn't smile. "I know," he said, "but I wish you didn't have to. It isn't fair to you, living like this."

"But, Hank," Kathy said, "next year you'll have your degree. This is only temporary ——"

"So is life," Hank said. He got up and began to stride up and down the room. "I ought to quit school and get a good job selling used cars," he said. "It isn't good never to have anything fine, anything extra. It shrivels the soul." He looked at Kathy. "A girl like you should have a nice home, and ——"

"Sure, and emeralds," Kathy said. She got up and padded behind him until he made a turn and nearly ran her down. She put her arms around his neck, and kissed him again. She took a long time doing it, and when she was finished some of the grimness had left his face. "Now I ask you," she said softly, "is that the kiss of a shriveled soul?"

And Hank had laughed finally, and kissed her again, and everything had been all right, or almost all right. Except that they hadn't joked so much about Planned Poverty any more. In fact, Hank hadn't joked so much about anything any more. That's why the gift, and Christmas, had been important. It was to have been a refutation of their poverty.

Sitting alone in the little living room, staring at the unlit tree, Kathy supposed she should call the police, but she thought of it with dread. She had been foolish to leave the money in the garage—only last week someone had stolen the hubcaps off their car. The police wouldn't be able to get her money back. Nothing would do that. And if she called them, Hank would have to know, now, the moment he got home from his Christmas job at a downtown store. Now, on Christmas Eve. Oh, that would be great, she thought. That would be simply fine. As if things weren't bleak enough already. She wouldn't tell him until later, she decided, till after Christmas.

She got up, then, and looked in her purse. There were three dollar bills there and a handful of coins. Grimly, she put on a coat and went out. When she returned, she had a neat, Christmas-wrapped package under her arm. Inside were a tie and a pair of socks, matching. They were blue, and they were cheap, and they were practical (Hank needed socks—he needed everything). Carefully, she filled out the little card. TO HANK, FROM KATHY, WITH LOVE, she wrote. She put the package under the tree. She crossed the room then, sat down again on the couch and waited, alone in the gray afternoon.

At three minutes of five Hank's key turned in the lock. He was whistling noisily, and his arms were full of bundles.

"Hi," Kathy said. She swallowed. "Merry Christmas," she said. Hank seemed unaccountably cheerful, and, somehow, that made everything seem worse than ever.

"You haven't lighted the tree," Hank said in an astonished voice. He went over and plugged in the cord, and the little tree sprang into light. "The trouble with you, kid," he said, "is that you lack the true Christmas spirit. Must be some Scrooge blood in you, back somewhere."

As he talked he was unloading bundles—potato chips, cold meat, little cartons from the delicatessen down the street, a bottle of wine. He opened the wine and poured it into two glasses, handing her one. Then he pulled something else from the shopping bag. "Come here," he said, "something to show you."

She went over to him, and to her surprise he grabbed her and kissed her thoroughly. When it was over she tilted back her head and looked at him suspiciously. "Hank," she said, "have you been drinking?"

He laughed. "Mistletoe," he said, waving the bit of greenery over her head. "Old Albanian custom. Old Albanians do it all the time." He pinned the mistletoe over the doorway, still whistling. "No," he added, "I have not been drinking. I am merely filled with the spirit of Christmas."

He paused, and snapped his fingers. "Music!" he said. "We must have a little Christmas music!" He turned on the radio, and a popular holiday tune filled the room. "Kathy, I am disappointed in you. Without me, it pains me to think of your dank, mossy little life. You have as much Christmas spirit as a salmon. Here," he commanded, "sit down."

Baffled, Kathy complied. She hadn't seen Hank like this in weeks—in months. He came toward her then, handing her the wine and a slice of rye bread with a slab of cold meat on top. "Knackwurst," he commented, in an explanatory voice. "Traditional Christmas fare. Eat!"

Kathy ate. They drank the wine and ate the meat and cheese and bread and salad. The room grew dark, and the little tree glowed brightly. The radio had switched to carols now, the loveliest of all music, and Kathy thought wistfully of what a beautiful Christmas this could have been.

"Some people open their presents Christmas Eve," Hank said suddenly. He pulled a small, brightly wrapped package from his coat pocket. "I mean, that's legal, isn't it?" he said.

"Why, yes," Kathy said, "I ——" She stopped. She glanced at her package for Hank, beneath the tree, and she thought again of the watch, the wonderful gift that might have been, and suddenly she thought, *I will tell him. I've got to. It would be better for him to know, at least, that I wanted to give him something nice, that I tried.* "Hank," she said, "I want to tell you something, I have to explain ——"

But Hank wasn't listening. He handed her a package. "Open it," he said.

Kathy looked at the box. It was carefully wrapped, and there was a card. TO KATHY, FROM SANTA CLAUS. Slowly, she pulled off the paper and opened the box. Inside, rich and unbelievable on its red velvet cushion, lay a watch—a beautiful, fragile lady's watch, edged in tiny diamonds. Amazed, Kathy looked up at her husband. "Hank," she said, "I—don't understand. It's beautiful—it's lovely, but ——"

"Here," he interrupted impatiently. "Here, put it on." He lifted it out of the box and carefully clasped it around her wrist. Lifting her hand, Kathy held it up to the light from the tree, and they both looked at it, the row of tiny diamonds catching the thousand-colored little lights.

"Hank," Kathy said slowly, "where did you get the money?" But she knew, she thought, she knew—cigarette money, carfare money, lunch money—how painfully, how slowly saved. Oh, she knew. This watch was much finer, even, than the one she had hoped to get for him. But thinking of that—of what she had wanted to have for Hank, in this moment, and did not have—was unbearable now. Her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Hank," she said, "Hank, it's so lovely. I love it—I'll wear it always, as long as I live. But, Hank, I've got to tell you ——"

Hank was grinning. "The last of the heavy spenders, kid, that's me," he said. He poured the rest of the wine from the bottle and gestured widely with the glass. "Play your cards right, baby," he said, leering, "and I'll take you out of this dump ——" Abruptly, he dropped the pose and sat down at her feet. "I wanted to get you something nice. Just once, something nice. But I never thought," he said, looking at the watch on her wrist in a kind of unbelieving pleasure—"I never thought I'd be able to get you something like this." He shook his head. "I was amazed," he said, "when I cracked old Alfred on the head this morning, and ——"

"When you what!" Kathy said.

"You remember Alfred," Hank said, "the pig we won at the ——"

"I remember," Kathy said, in a voice that was suddenly weak with shock. Alfred, she thought, of course! Hank had been saving in Alfred too. And this morning, all unknowing, he had taken her savings, along with his own, and bought her a watch! Kathy suppressed a sudden wild, overwhelming desire to laugh. She could see Alfred's bland, silent smile as first Hank, and then she, Kathy, made secret contributions. Alfred knew all along, she thought. Oh, this was funny; this was really very funny. And she was glad, because, now, she could tell Hank everything. The money hadn't been lost at all.

That was when she looked at Hank again, and all her thinking stopped. Because, there it was—on his face, in his voice, in his eyes. Since the moment he had walked in tonight, the gift in his pocket, it had all been back again—the laughter, and the lightness, and the pride. She had wanted Hank to be happy this Christmas, she had wanted to give him something rare and rich and wonderful, and, she realized slowly, she had. Quite by accident, she had. She had helped him to give to her, to feel, now, in the very beginnings of their life together, the pride of the man who gives something fine to the woman he loves. For Hank, this moment was the most precious gift of all—and he would never know that she had helped to give it to him. Because to tell him that would be to spoil it—not much, perhaps, but a little. He would laugh with her at the joke, and he would understand, but it would not be quite the same; and this first Christmas, to remember, would be changed a little from this high moment, for both of them, changed only a little, but changed forever.

So, she would never tell him, she thought. It would be a lie, but a Christmas lie—like the wonderful lie of Saint Nicholas and reindeer on the roof.

Suddenly, Kathy felt light and happy. She reached beneath the tree and picked up the box containing the tie and socks. They were really a lovely shade of blue, she thought, exactly the color of Hank's eyes. She held the package out to him. "Merry Christmas," she said.

Hank took the box, but before he turned to open it, he looked once more at Kathy's watch. He shook his head again. "It's amazing," he said. "You save a little every day, and it's amazing how it mounts up!"

Kathy smiled. "Absolutely amazing," she said.

THE END

It Always Applies

All-purpose advice to a
moppet:
Stop it.

Marian Gleason

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We Crossed the Sahara on a Motor Scooter

(Continued from Page 27)

homes and lives of a thousand strangers. And I found there a treasure, intangible, but more precious than gold. That treasure was friendship and good will. It was what enabled me to make my journey on a financial shoestring.

I suppose that almost everyone has felt, at some time or other, the impulse to chuck it all and take off with a knapsack on his back to seek adventure in the far corners of the world. Few do it. There was certainly nothing to indicate that I would be one of the few. Born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and raised in Ocean City, the second of an insurance broker's six children, I had shown no more than an average boy's interest in overnight hikes and bicycle trips. I attended college and studied commercial art before going into the Army. At twenty-six I could look forward to a career in advertising when I got home.

The event that changed this snug prospect was a chance meeting in a picturesque little tavern on the outskirts of Rotterdam, in the first week of my journey. I heard a guitar and singing as I passed by. I am a folk-song collector, so I decided to go in and see if I could learn one or two new ones.

The singer was a tall, bearded young man in worn traveling clothes. As soon as he saw my guitar, he hailed me in German. In a matter of minutes, we were rocking the place with a duet. After our song I learned that his name was Rudi Thurau. He was twenty-two, a native of Hamburg and a former music student with a severe case of wanderlust. He had just returned from a trip to Calcutta—on a bicycle.

"I meant to go around the world," he said, "but thieves there stole my bike." They had also stolen his gear, and he had been forced to work his way home on a tramp steamer, which had docked in Rotterdam only that morning.

A happy coincidence had brought us together. Rudi had nearly a year's experience in just the kind of traveling I wanted to do—getting behind the scenes and meeting the people instead of just sight-seeing. What's more, he still had an itchy foot. By the time the waiters were piling the chairs on the tables, we had agreed to team up—his know-how and my transportation—to travel together.

Language was no problem for Rudi and me. He spoke German, Dutch and Spanish. I had English and, thanks to Uncle Sam's Army schools, French and German. Our chief asset in getting to know people was that we practically never paid our way with money, but with our guitars instead.

As we traveled through the picture-postcard countryside of Holland and Belgium, we worked out an approach that was designed to get us, quickly and painlessly, close to the people we visited, to be accepted or rejected as they saw fit.

It worked this way: We would pick out a farmhouse—one that looked picturesque and interesting—and ride into the yard. We would ask if we could spend the night in the barn, out of the cold, or the wind, or the rain or sometimes just the night air. Almost always we could.

Once in the hayloft, we would begin to rehearse our folk songs. Pretty soon we would have an audience. The children were usually the first to appear, then the adults. It was a rare night when we weren't invited into the farmhouse for supper, or a cup of coffee at least. Once there, we would sing and play for the family, share their meal and talk with them about themselves. More often than not, the evening would end with an invitation to spend the night in the spare room, if there was one, and the next morning we would be sent off with a big breakfast and our lunches under our arms.

Through France and Spain we traveled this way. Sometimes, if we didn't find a hayloft, we camped out for the night. Other times our hosts wouldn't hear of our leaving after only one evening.

I will never forget M. André Choullet, who welcomed us to his farm in Southern France with a huge smile and a dinner to match, then bedded us down in feather bolsters for the night. The next day, he proudly showed us his livestock and crops and, after a huge lunch, insisted that I inspect his wine cellar while Rudi fixed a flat on the motor scooter.

M. Choullet made "only enough for the family," but his cellar was lined with huge casks, each a different vintage. We sampled them all—so enthusiastically that afterward, while touring the vineyard itself, we just had to lie down in the shade and rest for a while. Rudi finally found us, fast asleep, in time for dinner and another night in the feather beds. In the morning when we left, our host slipped me two bottles of his best vintage, with a broad wink and a grin.

I'm not sure when our tour took on a life of its own—drawing us on, fascinated, to meet more people and make more friends. In Spain, we finally ran out of ready cash and thought of calling it quits. But a friendly tavern owner gave us a free meal and a chance to entertain his patrons in the evening. During the next three days he gave us enough odd jobs, so that we had a pocketful of pesetas to get us to Madrid. There, the motor-scooter club gave us a royal welcome. We also taped a radio program—for which we received enough money to get us to Lisbon.

The Portuguese capital is filled with friendly, lively young people, who arranged for our appearance on their brand-new television station and kept us busy in a whirl of parties for two weeks. The television appearance netted us enough cash so that all thoughts of stopping were gone. We pressed on to Gibraltar, and then Africa.

We made the crossing from Gibraltar to Tangier on July eleventh, and almost at once found ourselves caught up in the tensions which have gripped North Africa for years. We had hoped to go from Morocco to Algeria, and thence straight down across the Sahara. But rebel warfare in Algeria was hot and heavy. Our visas were delayed. We traveled south along the coast of Morocco to Agadir, hoping to get permission to enter the desert from there. But the governor refused because of tribal unrest. We were about to make the long trek back up the coast, when we learned of a short cut through the Atlas Mountains. The road, a military track cut by the Foreign Legion before Moroccan independence, would save us a couple of days on our northward journey.

"There may be trouble up there," the governor warned us. "The whole area is in unrest. The Berbers may be hostile, and there may be bandits. I can't prevent you from going, but I advise against it." We thought things could hardly be that bad and decided to try it anyhow.

The military road, only wide enough for a single truck, winds along sheer, barren cliffs that drop thousands of feet to little green valleys. As we rode upward, we met a few natives on foot and on donkeys. None responded to our greetings. Occasionally we saw figures watching us from the rocks above—whether herdsmen or bandits, we couldn't tell.

In the late afternoon, thunderheads began boiling up. It was evident that we were in for a cloudburst. In a matter of minutes, a deluge hit us. Ahead, a group of houses nestled in a hollow beside the road. We could see figures scurrying to and fro, getting under cover.

"Should we ask for shelter?" I said.

"Why not?" said Rudi. "If these people were going to attack us, they'd have done it by now."

In the doorway of one of the huts, a tall, slender Berber with piercing eyes and a weathered face stood watching us. We pulled up, and I spoke to him in French, asking if we could have shelter.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Arriving 6:25

By Ruth M. Kempher

The rails wait
  Carefully, tautly lacing down
The captive fringes
  Of the town.

The town stirs,
  Troubled by the creeping
    dark,
Rattles a restless truck,
  And dogs bark.

The rails tense,
  Infinitely gathering, quivering
    tight.
Then, like a worm, with sections
  Meld of shining light,

A train comes,
  Humping jocularly into sight.
It stops, and pounding on the
    rails, it spews
  Commuters through the night.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

He replied that we could. Too wet to worry about whether we were going into a trap, we dashed for the door.

While we kicked off our shoes outside the entrance, our host dispatched a boy with a mat to cover the scooter. Then he took us inside, indicated that we were to sit down and set about making the strong, mint-flavored tea that is served as a gesture of hospitality in parts of the Arab world. We knew then that there was nothing to fear.

The room was small and low-ceilinged, with a packed-earth floor. As evening came on and the downpour continued, our host graciously laid mats for us at dinner. We shared couscous—a barley-like cereal dish seasoned with spices—with him, his brother and his brother's son, who lived with him. After dinner the other men of the settlement came in to look at the strangers and listen to our songs. The women stayed strictly apart and appeared only to serve the meal.

Our host's name was Abdullah, and he could neither read nor write. To him, time was meaningless. He had neither clock nor calendar. He thought that France was part of Morocco and that America was part of France, and I suppose that he might be called benighted. But he faithfully prayed to Mecca five times daily and obeyed the Moslem precept to honor the stranger. He gave us shelter for the night and sent us on our way the next day with our ideas about hostile mountain men considerably changed.

When our visas to enter Algeria finally came, after many weeks' delay, we found that they did not include permission to cross the desert, only permission to enter the country. We could see that we were getting an official delaying action. We were fed up with waiting, so we decided to go ahead, permission or no.

We were the first, I believe, ever to try to cross the Sahara by motor scooter. On October tenth, we set out along Route 2, from Oujda, Morocco. Like other Sahara "roads," this one is merely a track, marked by concrete-filled oil drums at hundred-yard intervals, which stretches from Colomb-Béchar on the north to Gao on the south, a distance about the same as that from New York to Kansas City. In between are a handful of military outposts, ancient Arab oasis towns and a few settlements where the French are exploring for oil.

The first leg of our journey, from Oujda to Colomb-Béchar, was by train, because the military authorities said the road was mined. The railroad, it seemed, was believed to be mined too. Our engine pushed two empty boxcars ahead of it to set off any mines. A company of soldiers and a tank rode on a flatcar to fight off any rebel attack. But we didn't hit any mines, and there was no attack.

At Colomb-Béchar, we set out on our own. Now we had the desert sun to deal with. It was not so easily handled. Sunstroke and heat exhaustion were constant risks, and, in spite of the heat, I found it best to don my woolen traveling suit and fasten a towel around the back of my helmet to keep off the burning rays. The sand blew in our eyes with every stir of breeze. It was so fine it worked its way into the camera gears, the pores of our skin and everything we carried. We depended for our drinking water and our fuel on shipments sent out, by prearrangement, with the truck caravans which passed us every few days.

We might camp alone at night, alongside one of the road markers, to awaken in the morning with camels grunting around us and the laughter of children in our ears. A caravan had come up in the darkness and pitched camp. In this way we met the Tuaregs, nomad princes of the desert who still keep slaves and refuse to do manual labor. They shake hands, to learn if you have calluses. If so, you are beneath their notice. They believe that schooling is for lesser creatures who must work, and they resist sending their children to the nomad schools which the French sponsor. But we found them cordial and pleased at our interest in them.

Once, the native constables in an Algerian desert town threw us in jail as rebel spies. But a lieutenant from the nearby fort, realizing who we were, let us out the next day. He gave us our first showers in two weeks, at the fort, and sponsored our appearance at the weekly movie that night. A hat passed among the troops netted us seven dollars.

We were within 200 miles of the desert's edge, when the Sahara finally lashed out at us with all its fury. A slashing sandstorm descended on us from over the horizon before we had a chance to take cover. Sand and dust filled our eyes and nostrils and raked our exposed hands and faces. We were between markers and decided to make it to the next one before stopping, but because the visibility had dropped to six yards, we missed it.

Ordinarily, we would have stopped and waited for the storm to die. But we were within hours of a rendezvous with one of the truck caravans carrying water and fuel for us. Fearful that the caravan would pass us in the storm, leaving us stranded some sixty miles from help, we searched frantically for the marker.

For two hours we made fanning runs by the compass through the blinding,

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choking storm. Then we found the drum and huddled by it, gasping. The storm let up just as the trucks came by. They did not expect to meet us for several miles and would have passed us if we had not hailed them. They assured us that we were very lucky, and we solemnly agreed.

The last leg—a hundred miles or so—of our thirty-day journey across the desert was by truck, at the insistence of the military, who said we could never make it by scooter through the loose sand. We got off the trucks at the town of Tessalit in the French Sudan, where a polite but firm official looked at our papers, found they weren't legal and almost had an apoplectic fit. But he couldn't very well send us back, so he telegraphed Dakar for a confirmation of our visas to cross the Sahara. Thus legalized, we went on to Gao, on the banks of the Niger, and began to build a raft. We had made it across the desert. Now we wanted to sail down the Niger to the coast.

In two weeks we had a stout platform of logs lashed to gasoline-drum floats, with a mat roof to keep the sun off. Rudi worked out a method of harnessing the motor scooter to a propeller, which he forged himself, so that we could move under power. He built a set of dual rudders for steering, and arranged everything so that the rudders and prop could be retracted when going through rapids or marshy spots.

We set sail in mid-November, at the beginning of high water. The river was a broad expanse of blue, moving gently under a clear sky. The banks were fringed with greenery which quickly faded out to flat, baked expanses of red clay and dusty rock. The only other craft we saw were the pirogues—dugouts—of native fishermen, snugging the banks to avoid the swift center current which carried us.

Within a few days, the river showed us its many faces. We lost the channel and had to pole out of swamps twice. We were tossed like corks in a half-dozen rapids. The sun glared at us from the water with baleful intensity. Once, when Rudi went over the side to clean reeds from the propeller shaft, he was bitten by a small, emerald-green, poisonous water snake. In seconds, his hand began to swell, and pains shot up his arm. Luckily, one of our friends in Gao had given us a snake-bite kit, and immediate care prevented any ill effects.

As we moved south, the vegetation grew more lush, and soon jungle rose on both sides of the river. At night, we tied up near native villages whenever we could. Our approach was to ask for milk, which was the most sanitary native food available. We had taken pains to learn a few basic words in the dialect of each tribe we were likely to meet, and often there was someone in the village—usually a French Army veteran, and frequently the chief—who could speak some French. While the milk was brought we would chat, and later the guitars would come out. We frequently spent the night ashore as honored guests, with feasting and dancing. One night, however, we did not.

It was at a fishing village, where the villagers had been busy drying their day's catch when we came along. The chief ordered one of the fish—a huge carp, perhaps thirty pounds—served in our honor. The meat was rich and white, with a smoky flavor from the fire. We unlimbered the guitars, and soon the villagers had their drums and pipes out too. We alternated folk songs with jungle rhythms. Some of the women and girls danced. Then everyone looked at me expectantly. I said, "Rudi, give me a Charleston," and got up and demonstrated my best buck and wing.

During the next hour or so, a warm glow of friendliness pervaded the atmosphere. It was a familiar pattern to us. Next would come a place to sleep, and in the morning happy farewells.

Rudi and I indicated that it was bedtime. The chief smiled and nodded. Then he spoke to one of the men, who left the circle and returned in a few moments with two giggling teen-age girls in tow. Our smiles froze as we heard the chief explain that, because we were such fine fellows, he wanted to make a present of one to each of us to keep us company on the rest of our journey.

"She'll be right down."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I looked at Rudi. Rudi looked at me. I smiled at the chief and called for a huddle. "What do you think?" I said.

"Out of the question," he said. "Passports, visas ——"

"O.K.," I said. "You start the engine, and I'll handle the getaway." With that, I smiled again at the chief and indicated we had something on the raft for him. We all went down to the shore.

We had brought along trade goods, and from these I selected three handsome presents. A pocketknife for the chief, with a thong for hanging it around his neck, as he had no pockets. For each girl a shiny mirror. While Rudi fired up the motor scooter, I stepped ashore and with great ceremony presented the gifts. Then, while everyone was inspecting them, I smiled at one and all, stepped aboard and cast off. Rudi poured on the gas. As we moved out into the current, I called, in French, "Good night, good night. . . ."

Another day of travel brought us to a stretch where high, red-sandstone bluffs lined the right bank of the river. Among the trees which topped the bluffs, we spotted a group of monkeys. Rudi wanted to make some movies of them, and we steered to the bank and tied up.

Rudi had picked out a route up the bluff as we approached. He led the way. But I kept getting a shower of pebbles from his heels, and I decided to try it on my own. I told him what I had in mind.

"All right," he said. "But be careful. This rock is old and rotten." I made my way through the thorn trees to a place where a series of ledges and outcroppings seemed to offer fairly easy, if steep, going up the sixty or seventy feet to the top. I slung my camera on my back and started.

About halfway up, I felt the little ledge I was standing on suddenly shift under me. I lashed out for a handhold on the next one up. For a split second, I thought I was safe. Then, with dreamlike ease, the ledge I had grabbed peeled off in a huge flake. As I toppled backward, I saw the boulder above it start to move out too. Then the whole cliff seemed to be rumbling down with me. The whole dust-red and jungle-green Niger landscape whirled around me as I fell, bounced once off another ledge, sailed into the thorn trees and hit.

I came to with Rudi bending over me, a tremendous weight on my right arm, and a huge rock nuzzling my cheek. Groggily, I was aware of Rudi lifting a boulder from my arm and giving an exclamation. Then he picked me up and headed fast for the raft. Something warm was trickling over my fingers. I was beginning to feel numb. I still wasn't sure what had happened, but I knew it was bad.

It was bad—a double compound fracture of the right forearm, with bone showing white at the wrist and again halfway to the elbow. Rudi bandaged and splinted it as best he could, while I took five aspirins. Then he began the nightmare two-day run down-river to the nearest medic station shown on our map—a place called Gaya.

On the way we hit the worst rapids that we had yet seen. Rudi, forced to do two men's work, lost two blades from the propeller on the rocks. That started a tooth-jarring vibration that lasted until we reached the outpost. We also hit an eddy among some islands that carried us twenty yards upstream and whirled us around like a top before letting us go. At night my blood drew thousands of mosquitoes from the marshes. But we finally made it to Gaya, where a medic treated my arm. The next day a visiting doctor put me aboard a truck for the nearest hospital—at Niamey.

At Niamey, my doctor friends took one look at the swollen arm and said that another twelve hours without treatment would have meant its loss. They set the bones, but warned that a specialist would be needed soon if I wanted to play the guitar again. Faced with this emergency, Rudi agreed that I should fly home to the Johns Hopkins Medical Center in Baltimore, while he made for the coast with the scooter to seek passage for the States. I cabled home for a loan to finance the flight, and as soon as the doctors would let me out of the hospital, with my arm in a cast, we set about dismantling the raft.

On December twentieth, after selling or giving away most of the equipment, we sent the raft's carcass down the river with a note on it, "Send me on to the sea." Then Rudi set out on the 2000-mile trek to Dakar and, we hoped, a chance to work his way across to America. On the twenty-second I got aboard the weekly plane for Paris, waved good-by to all my friends and took off for home. I made it to Baltimore on Christmas Eve, in time to celebrate the holiday with my family.

Rudi made it to America by March. We marked time until fall, while my arm healed and our new plans matured. Since then we have resumed our interrupted journey—with some changes.

I said in the beginning that our journey has changed my life, and it has. Rudi and I have had some thrilling adventures, but most important has been the discovery that there is a wealth of understanding and good will in even the most isolated tribesman, if he is approached properly. Our experiences in breaking the "strangeness barrier" have whetted our appetites for more. Therefore, we are continuing our motor-scooter jaunt around the world—a project that we expect will take at least the next three years, as we travel through Mexico and Latin America; then Australia, Asia, the Middle East, Africa again and back to Europe.

But first we are covering the United States, telling about our travels, even as we continue them. This is a result of our happy discovery that we aren't the only ones who believe that a face-to-face, handshaking campaign for understanding is important. The People-to-People program, set up by President Eisenhower in 1956, is devoted to encouraging just this kind of good will and understanding among the peoples of the world. Cyrus S. Ching, chairman of the program's speakers' committee, has kindly arranged lectures and public appearances for us across the country. When he initiated the People-to-People program, Mr. Eisenhower said that "the ultimate way of achieving the peace we all seek is to develop not one, but thousands of methods through which people can gradually learn a little more of each other." We hope that our travels will make some small contribution in that direction. THE END

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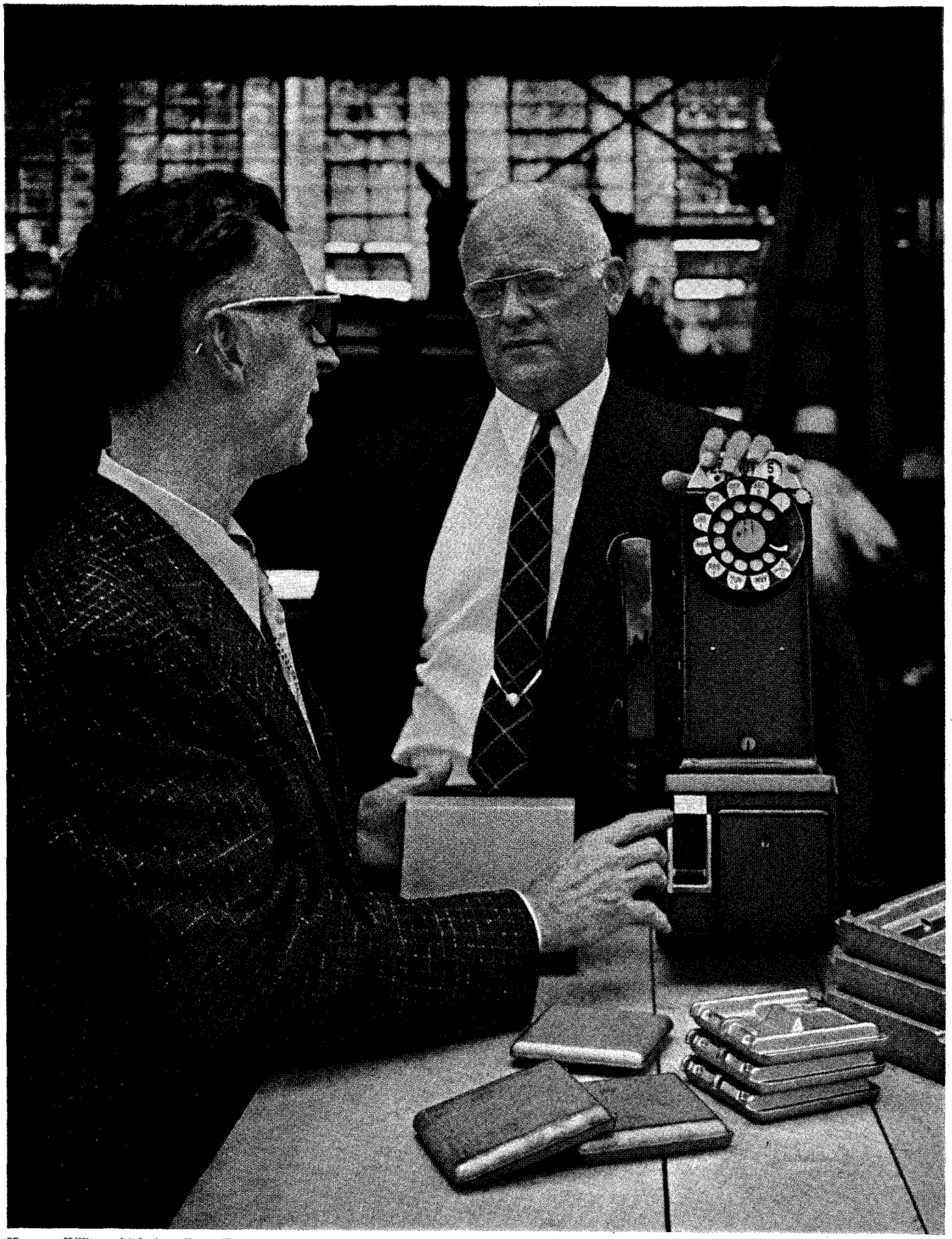

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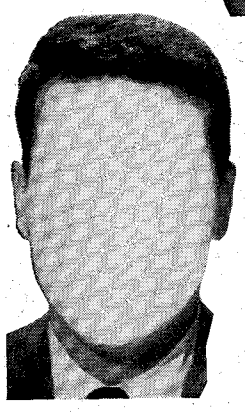

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Keeping Posted

Gem Over the Transom

Doctor and Mrs. Harvey, with Billy, Amy (aged 2 months), Libby, John, Jr.

The heart-stirring true Christmas story on page 28 was discovered among the stacks of unsolicited manuscripts received daily by the Post. **Dr. John Collins Harvey** is associate professor of medicine at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. In submitting the article, he confessed that Mrs. Harvey, a capable critic, thought that it wasn't "right," that it needed reorganizing and sounded too scientific—"Nonetheless, I wrote it as I did!" It is published that way, as a gem that glows through any technical faults there may be in its presentation. So the author, whose previous writing was wholly for the medical journals, had fun telling his wife that now he would need a literary agent, but she needn't apply. Doctor Harvey, a Yale graduate, went to Hopkins for medical school and stayed on to teach. He had the privilege two years ago of a private audience with the late Pope Pius XII and found that the pontiff had read one of his scientific papers. Probably life's greatest pleasure is "our four lovely children, ranging from eight years to two months—they certainly keep life popping."

Tales of the Authors

Humorist **H. Allen Smith,** page 25, says he got a long-lasting mail reaction from his last Post article (COOKOUTS CAN BE MURDER, May 31) and that when an envelope finally showed up postmarked Fiji Islands it gave him a thrill—could it be from a cannibal? Could this reader, having at last learned that boiling dinners outdoors in iron pots reduces vitamin content, now be eager for civilized details about barbecuing his meat? It grieved Smith that the letter was from an Englishwoman asking for recipes.

One day a small motor scooter, which appeared to be battle-scarred, stopped before The Curtis Publishing Company and from it, to the amazement of Philadelphians, alighted two bearded men and a monkey on a leash. The men were **Rohn Engh** and **Rudi Thurau,** whose fantastic scooter trip across the Sahara is related, with the help of **Robert Seaver,** on page 26. The monkey, Bubu, was acquired in Nigeria for a trade-in of two mirrors, just in time for him to escape a native stewpot. The three scooterites took an elevator to the Post editorial rooms and, while the men chatted with editors, Bubu, munching a banana, studied with deep interest the folkways of American natives.

Rudi Thurau, Rohn Engh and Bubu.

According to Plan—Almost

Camera captures the whole Sire family.

When **Glen** and **Jane Sire** were sixteen-year-old pupils in Glendale, Calif., High School they set up a Master Plan for Life. They would get married (they did in 1946); they would become a free-lance writing team (since 1952 their double byline has appeared in many magazines, and its Post debut is on page 24); and they would have six children. The children part of the plan was somewhat readjusted when the sixth child proved to be twin boys. In the heavily populated picture you see: upper tier, parents; second tier, Laura, 10, Sukie, 6, Amanda, 5, Phoebe, 4; on the ground, Joe, 8, George, 16 months, Dave, same age minus 11 minutes. In their home in Anaheim the co-authors have built themselves a soundproof writing room inside another room, called the Nautilus. They go through two doors to get in and then leave the doors open so they can hear what the children are up to. This fall Simon and Schuster published the Sires' first book, Something Foolish, Something Gay (which has the odd twist of being about teen-agers who are happy and well-adjusted) and Columbia Pictures paid $30,000 for the movie rights. The Sires' children are deeply interested in their mailman—they get a 1 per cent cut on everything their elders sell.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy"

Pete Martin has a fascinating chat with these popular entertainers.

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